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LIFE OF

LIEUT.-GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON.

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LIFE OF

LIEUT.-GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON

(STONEWALL JACKSON)

BY

PROFESSOR R. L. DABNEY, D.D.

OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

VOLUME II.

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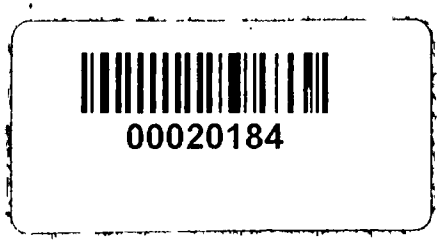

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PREFACE.

THE cause for which General Jackson fought and died has been overthrown. But it is believed that this fact has not diminished the affectionate reverence for his memory and interest in his exploits felt by those who laboured with him in that cause. On the contrary, they regard the events which have occurred since his lamented death as further evidences of his genius and prowess. Although he who undertakes to write the history of an acknowledged failure usually has a hopeless and discouraging topic, yet the lustre of Jackson's exploits and character is too bright to be dimmed, even by disaster; and his is universally admitted by his friends and foes to be a name so spotless, that it shines independent of the cause with which he was connected.

My chief motive for supplying this customary exordium to my book, is the wish to answer the natural question in the reader's mind, what right I suppose myself to have to claim qualification for the task I have assumed. My answer is, that it has been intrusted to me by the widow and family of General Jackson, supported by the urgency

of his successor in command, Lieutenant-General Ewell, of his venerable pastor, and of many other friends in and out of the army. One advantage for my work I may claim, which brings far more of responsibility than of credit to me, in the possession of the fullest collection of materials. The correspondence of General Jackson with his family, his pastor, and his most prominent friends in public life, has been in my hands, together with copies of all the important official papers on file in the War Department of the late Confederate Government. I have had the advantage of the fullest illustrations of the battle-fields, and the theatre of war where General Jackson acted, from the topographical department of the same Government, and from careful personal inspection. It was also my privilege to enjoy his friendship, although not under his orders, during the campaign of Manassas, in 1861; and to serve next his person, as chief of his staff, during the memorable campaigns of the Valley and the Chickahominy in 1862. So that I had personal knowledge of the events on which the structure of his military fame was first reared.

My prime object has been to portray and vindicate his Christian character, that his countrymen may possess it as a precious example, and may honour that God in it, whom he so delighted to honour. It is for this purpose that the attempt was made so carefully to explain and defend his action, as citizen and soldier, in recent events.

Next, it was desired to unfold his military genius, as displayed in his campaigns. The prominent characteristic of General Jackson was his scrupulous truthfulness. This Life has been written under the profound impression, that no quality could be so appropriate as this in the narrative which seeks to commemorate his noble character. Hence the most laborious pains have been taken to verify every fact, and to give the story in its sober accuracy, and with impartial justice to all. I am well aware that perfection is not the privilege of man in any of his works; and hence I must be prepared to be convinced, by the criticisms of others, that I have not been wholly successful, in this aim, but I trust I have been so far successful as to receive credit for right intentions. And especially would I declare, that in relating the share borne by General Jackson's comrades and subordinates in his campaigns, I have been actuated by a cordial and friendly desire to do justice to all. If I shall seem to any to have done less than this, it will be my misfortune, and not my intention.

If my story presents the hero without any of those *bizarre* traits which the popular fancy loves to find in its especial favourites, it is hoped that the picture will be, for this reason, more symmetrical, and if not so startling, more pleasing to every cultivated mind. The reader may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is the correct picture, save that no pencil can do justice to his

devoted patriotism, his diligence, his courage, and the sanctity of his morals.

The reader will note a certain polemic tone in the discussions which attend the narrative; and while strict truthfulness has been studied, candid expression has been given to the feelings natural to a participant in the recent struggle. The explanation is, in part, this: that the whole work was written before the termination of the contest; the first portion, containing all the controversial matter, was published in Great Britain more than a year ago, and has been circulated in that country and this; and the remainder of the biography was in process of publication when the Confederate armies surrendered. The animus of my book will not appear strange to any one who remembers that, when it was published, my fellow-citizens were universally engaged in a strenuous war against the United States, and I was myself in the military commission of the Confederate States. The question may be asked, Does not the termination of that contest, by the complete submission of the South, point out the propriety of modifying the tone of the work? After a careful consideration of this question, I have been constrained to believe that it was best to leave my original work substantially untouched. As has been stated, the first eight chapters, containing all that is most controversial, had been irrevocably given to the public many months before the end of the war. To attempt to recall

and suppress it now would appear rather a foolish scrupulosity than sound wisdom. Nor would this course be consistent with the interests of literature. It has been often said that cotemporaries cannot write impartial histories of their own times, because of their too lively sympathy with the passions which agitate the actors. It is more certainly true that, if cotemporaries do not write with such partiality or impartiality as they may, it will be impossible for any other historian in posterity to write a truthful narrative. None but eye-witnesses and actors can contribute the facts which are to be the materials of future history. And their facts are esteemed by the philosophic and judicial compiler of the subsequent age as scarcely more important than their animus. He wishes to know not only what men did, but how they felt,—how the events transpiring affected them,—from what impulses and views they acted. While he does not blindly adopt the passions of either party, it is these which enable him to reproduce the very complexion and colour of the times he describes. Hence it is for the interests of historic truth that those who describe cotemporary events should give candid expression to the emotions of their times.

It may also be asked, Does not the duty of promoting mutual forbearance, and the restoration of good feeling between the sections lately at war, require the suppression of controverted opinions, and of accusations which, however true, can now be urged with no good result? In

answering this objection, I shall candidly acknowledge myself utterly sceptical, both by temperament and conviction, of that deceitful and glossing philosophy by which it is dictated. There is no true and solid basis for public well-being but rectitude. The truth, manfully spoken, can never be unwholesome. If the complaints of the conquered section are just, then they ought to be stated and discussed until a stable foundation for peace, good government, good feeling, and prosperity is laid in just and magnanimous treatment. If those complaints are unjust, still it is best that they be candidly stated, respectfully listened to, and calmly discussed, as long as they are sincerely entertained in the hearts of the sufferers; for only in this way can they be eradicated. It is to me simply incredible that a people so shrewd and practical as those of the United States should expect us to have discarded, through the logic of the sword merely, the convictions of a lifetime; or that they could be deceived by us, should we be base enough to assert it of ourselves. They know that the people of the South were conquered, and not convinced; and that the authority of the United States was accepted by us from necessity, and not from preference. Should they hear the Southern people now disclaiming and reprobating the principles which are unfolded in my book as the animating principles of General Jackson, they must inevitably remember that this Southern people, three years ago, was unanimously applauding and inciting

him in acting them out; so that it would be self-evident to our conquerors that we were either traitorously false to our darling hero then, or are equally false to them now. The people of the United States have too much shrewdness ever to suppose that the sons of the Revolutionary sires who, as their comrades, assisted in winning liberty from the British Lion, and who have recently given new proofs of their undegenerate manhood, are spaniels, to be made affectionate by stripes. The people of the South went to war because they sincerely believed (what their political fathers had taught them, with one voice, for two generations), that the doctrine of State-sovereignty for which they fought was absolutely essential as the bulwark of the liberties of the people. They have been convinced by main force that they are unable to save that doctrine. The only way to make them truly loyal again to the Government of the United States, is to convince them, by just treatment, that they went to war under a misapprehension, and that their liberties may still be securely and fully enjoyed under a consolidated government. It would be only a useless and degrading concealment for the people of the South to profess a suppression of the honest convictions upon which they have lately acted, either at the dictate of deceit on their part, or of persecution on the part of their conquerors. For these reasons, it has appeared to me every way most manly and beneficial to leave this explication and defence of General

Jackson's resistance to the Federal Government as it was written during the progress of the conflict. Its suppression would conceal nothing, and deceive nobody; its publication will give to subsequent generations a lively picture of the temper of the times.

But I am ready to add, with equal candour, that when I thus declare boldly the principles upon which the Virginians of 1861 acted, I do not intend to be understood as retracting that acquiescence in the result of the arbitrament of the sword, and that submission promised by me in common with almost the whole South. I have voluntarily sworn to obey the Government of the United States, as at present established and expounded to us by force of arms. That oath it is my purpose to keep. The Federal agent who administered it to me taught me expressly that its obligation was of this extent, and no more: that it did not bind me to think or say the principles on which I had acted were erroneous, but to abstain in future from the assertion of them by force of arms.

ROBERT L. DABNEY.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
VA., *April* 1, 1866.

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LIFE OF

LIEUT.-GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON.

CHAPTER IX.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1862.

THE campaigns of 1861 had been but a prelude to the gigantic struggle which was to be witnessed in 1862. The prowess and superiority which the Confederates everywhere displayed, rudely awakened the people of the United States from their dreams of an easy conquest, and exasperated their pride and revenge. The Washington Government now resolved upon a new policy. This was to raise armies so vast, and to add to their *momentum* by such deliberate preparation, as to overwhelm their gallant enemies by material weight. Under the industrious management of General M'Clellan, their levies reached, if they were to be believed, the enormous number of seven hundred thousand men; and it is probable that more than half a million were actually under arms, and drilling with the greatest care. Hitherto, the different campaigns had been detached, but in 1862 they assumed connexion with each other. The movements in Virginia were related to those in the Great West, and the brilliant

events in the district commanded by General Jackson had a vital influence upon the campaign in Virginia.

In writing the military history of this great commander, two objects must be kept in view. One will be to explain the strategic grounds which support the propriety of his own movements; the other to show the intimate connexion of his successes with the fortunes of the war. Many persons have claimed his career as an illustration of the uselessness of the science of warfare, and an instance of success in defiance of it. They have conceived of him as a leader who discarded rules, and trusted only to his fortunate star, to rapidity of movement, and to hard blows. They suppose his victories were the results of his boldness only, with that inexplicable chance which to man's natural reason appears good luck, and which a religious faith, like that of Jackson, terms Providence. But while the perpetual and essential influence of the Divine power is asserted, which alone sustains the regular connexion of means with ends, it will be shown that these conceptions are erroneous; that General Jackson's campaigns were guided by the most profound and original applications of military science, as well as sustained by the vigour of their execution, and that they are an invaluable study for the leader of armies.

The reader has now reached the commencement of that wondrous campaign in the Valley of Virginia, which created his fame. Before the narrative is begun, it will not be unprofitable to pass in review the general theatre of the war, and the posture and advantages of the two

parties. This survey, as well as the subsequent history, will involve the use of a few technical terms, whose definition may be helpful to the unprofessional reader. In accordance with the best usage, the word *Strategy* will be employed to denote the art of giving the proper direction to the movements of an army upon the theatre of war. A *Strategic Point* is a place which, from geographical or other reasons, secures for its occupant some advantage in strategic movements, and thence some control over a part of the theatre of war. Thus Manassa's Junction was an important strategic point for the Confederates in 1861, because the two railroads meeting there gave them the decisive advantage in all movements over the territory through which they pass. So, an important fortress, a *focus* where many highways meet, a mountain defile constituting the main entrance to a region, may be such a point. The phrase *General Tactics* expresses the art of arraying and using an army successfully upon a field of battle; while special tactics is the drill which is taught to the single soldier, the company, or the battalion, in the several branches of infantry, cavalry, or artillery. A *Base of Operations* is that line or series of neighbouring points, in secure possession of an army, whence it sets out to assail its enemy, whence it continually draws its supplies and reinforcements, and to which it may retreat for safety. Its *Line of Operations* is the zone along which an army advances from its base toward the object of its attack; and its *Line of Communications* is but the same track, usually viewed in the inverted direction. It might appear from this definition, that an army's line of opera-

tions would be projected always at right angles to its base, or in a direction approximating this; but while this is often true, it is not necessarily so, and instances arise in which the most successful line of operations may be oblique, or even almost parallel to the base. Other terms which occur will now easily explain themselves to the attentive reader, without the formality of definitions.

The one decisive advantage, to which the North owes all its successes over the South, has been, not its larger territories, or population, or armies, or geographical position, but its superiority upon the water. And this is true, as will be made clear, notwithstanding that it has been chiefly a war upon land. At the division of the Union the Government of Washington retained all the Federal Navy. Many of its States were maritime and manufacturing communities, while those of the South were chiefly agricultural; hence the multiplication of ships and sailors, from the river-transport up to the man-of-war, was far more rapid among them. This inequality was made more ruinous to the naval force of the South by the further fact, that the initial superiority of the North excluded her rival from all foreign sources of supply for equipping and manning ships. The result has been, that the Confederates have had no opportunity to cope with their invaders upon the water; and wherever an entrance was open to Federal ships, either upon sea or river, the former have been expelled.

It has also been the misfortune of the Confederate States, to have the hitherto unsettled question, whether

shore-batteries can prevent the passage of ships of war, decided in novel instances of the most serious importance to them. When ships were only propelled by the winds, a motive power never so forcible as steam, save in tempests, variable, uncertain, liable to desert the mariner at the critical moment, and leaving him no option save that of moving in a direction somewhat conformed to its own, or else, of casting anchor, artillerists might well boast that the stationary battery would usually destroy the vessel which challenged its fire. But our generation has witnessed the introduction of steamships of war, having a regular and unfailing motive power within themselves, propelling them, irrespective of winds and tides, in any direction desired, and capable of a speed as safe and steady at once as that of the gentle breeze, and as rapid as the hurricane. When to these advantages is added the iron plating, which, if not impenetrable, at least delays the ruin of the ship's framework, until after a series of blows it becomes probable that such a vessel of war might brave the bullets of shore-batteries, and pass them with impunity without silencing them. But the old authorities of the land service, confident in the former precedents, still declared that such batteries must ever be a secure protection against the entrance of ships of war into rivers and harbours; and it required the disastrous events of Island No. 10, of New Orleans, and at last of Vicksburg, in each of which the batteries were passed, and thus rendered useless, without being silenced, to teach the Confederate Government this new fact in warfare.

Let it be remembered, then, that the oceans which bound two sides of the Confederate States, belong to their enemy, affording them a way of approach, cheap, speedy, and secure from assault. This fact renders the whole sea-shore, wherever harbour or inlets gave access to Federal ships, a base of operations to their armies. It has made it all an exposed frontier, and brought the enemy upon it all, as though he had embraced its whole circumference with coterminous territories of his own. Popular readers may form to themselves some conception of the disastrous influence of this fact, by representing to themselves the inland kingdom of Bavaria, assailed at once on four sides, by Austria, Switzerland, and the German States, all united under a single hostile will. The similitude is unequal only in this, that the Confederate States have a larger area than Bavaria. The professional reader will comprehend our disadvantage more accurately, by considering that our enemies thus had two pairs of bases of operations, at right angles to each other; whence it resulted, that from whatever interior base a Confederate army might set out, to meet the invading force advancing from one of these sides, the Confederate line of operations must needs be exposed, at a greater or less distance, to a Federal advance from another base, threatening to strike it at right angles. And the cheap and rapid transit of large masses by water, from one line of operations to another, gave to the exterior lines all the advantages for concentration usually possessed by the interior.

But this was not the worst: the Confederate territories are penetrated in every part by navigable rivers, either

opening into the sea, which is the territory of the Federal, or into his own frontiers.

From the east and south, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the James, the Roanoke, the Neuse, the Cape Fear, the Savannah, the Alabama, the Brazos, pierce the country from the sea, while the Mississippi, itself an inland sea, which floats the greatest men of war, passes out of the United States, through the middle of the Confederacy, to the Gulf of Mexico. The Tennessee and the Cumberland, with their mouths opening upon the Federal frontier, and navigable in winter for war-ships as well as transports, curve inward, deep into the heart of the south-eastern quarter; and the Arkansas and Red Rivers open up the States west of the Mississippi. Now, the naval supremacy of the Federalists having been asserted upon all these streams, it is the least part of the evil, that their fertile borders have all been exposed to ravage, and the wealthy cities which grace them have been wrested from the Confederates. The margins of all these rivers are thus made capable of becoming new bases of operations for invading armies, as secure as their own frontiers. The difficulties of distance, arising from the great extent of the Confederate territories, are reduced, and worst of all, no interior base remains to the Confederates, from which strategic operations can proceed in any direction, but that line is found parallel to some one of these bases of Federal operations; and so, exposed at no great distance, to their advance at right angles upon it. Or, if there is an exception, it is only found in the regions surrounding the Appalachian range, in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia,

equally removed from the navigable waters of the Ohio, the Tennessee, and the Atlantic streams. And here, accordingly, the Confederates may be expected to make their most successful resistance, and the Federalists to find their accidental advantages lost, and their true obstacles beginning.

The true strategic difficulties of the Confederates have ever arisen more from their enemies' command of the water, than from their superior numbers. A review of the crowd of disasters with which the year 1862 opened, will be the best illustration of these reasonings.

The first of these was the battle of Mill Spring, or of Somerset, in the south-eastern part of Kentucky; where the Confederates, at first victorious, were struck with discouragement by the death of their beloved commander General Zollicoffer, and suffered a defeat. This insulated event was without consequence, save as it showed improved spirit and drill in the Federal soldiery. February 8th, a Federal fleet and army, entering Albemarle Sound in North Carolina, overpowered the feeble armament on land and water, by which the Confederates sought to defend Roanoke Island, the key to all the inland waters of the region. The enemy established himself there; and this naval success was one of the causes which led to the evacuation of Norfolk at a later day; because it gave a base for offensive operations against the rear of its defences. The Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston, to whom the defence of Kentucky and Tennessee was intrusted, had stationed his main force at Bowling Green, in Kentucky, a position in itself strong and well

chosen. But his retention of it depended upon his closing the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland Rivers, to the enemy; because the former ran parallel with his line of communications, and the two latter actually passed behind his rear. He attempted to close the Mississippi by batteries at Columbus, the Tennessee by Fort Henry, and the Cumberland by Fort Donelson. The first of these posts was supposed by friends and enemies to be of adequate strength. But the second fell after a feeble defence, February 6th, and the third after a bloody and heroic resistance, February 15th. These events at once compelled the evacuation of Columbus on the Mississippi, because they gave the Federalists, on the margin of the two rivers now opened to them, a base of operations parallel to the line of communications which connected the Confederate army, at Columbus, with their base. The next defence was attempted at Island No. 10, between that place and the city of Memphis. The Federalists, after an expensive and futile bombardment, made an essay to pass the batteries with their gunboats, without waiting to silence them; and being partially successful in this, compelled the evacuation of the post, which they could not reduce, by threatening the communications of the garrison. The necessary corollary was the fall of Memphis without a defence. There now remained for the Confederates no practicable line of operations in all West and Middle Tennessee: for the reason that the three streams, diverging from points near Cairo, the great naval depot of the Federalists, and open to their fleets, gave them bases of operations on all their banks, parallel to any line upon

which the other party might move. The determination of Generals A. S. Johnston and Beauregard to transfer the campaign to the southern bank of the Tennessee, was therefore in strict conformity with military principle; although it required the loss of the capital of the fine State of Tennessee, and two-thirds of its territory. The result of their wise strategy was the victory of Shiloh, April 6th; yet even this was almost neutralized by the facility of concentration which the naval resources of the enemy gave them. The selection of Corinth as the strategic point for the protection of the State of Mississippi was also correct; for it gave the command of the railroads diverging thence eastward and southward. But the advantage of river-transportation for troops and munitions of war, to the neighbourhood, speedily enabled the Federalists to assemble so enormous a preponderance of means in front of General Beauregard's position there, as to compel his retreat to an interior point. Had he withstood this motive for retreat, another, still more controlling, would in time have appeared: the Mississippi River, now open to the enemy of Vicksburg, offered them a base, parallel to General Beauregard's line of communications from Corinth with his rear; so that it was practicable to assail that line by advancing from the water.

The extravagant joy of the Federalists at the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson was generally ridiculed. It was said that the capture of two hastily-constructed earthworks, mounting a few cannon, was no exploit to justify the boastings of a great fleet and army employed in their reduction. The results of these successes were far greater

than their glory; and they spoke far more strongly against the providence of the Confederate rulers than for the prowess of the Federal armies. The true gravity of the events was not in the fact, that the reduction of such works was a difficult or honourable task, but in the fact that the Confederates lacked either the wisdom or the means to interpose more stable defences in avenues of such vital importance to their campaign. It is now manifest that the possession of the three rivers decided that of the theatre of war. It is not intended that the mere access to the margins of these streams, and the opportunity to use them as bases of operations on land, would have been enough, without a preponderance of military means to be employed thence; but that, without the advantage of these bases, even the great superiority of the Federal numbers would not have availed to give them the campaign.

But the most fatal of all these advantages was the occupation of New Orleans. This success also resulted from the discovery, whose novelty was so unfortunate for the Confederate cause, that war steamers could pass batteries with impunity. After the chief of the naval force had despaired of the reduction of the forts which guarded the approaches to the city, Commodore Farragut, April 24th, essayed, what was then esteemed the rash experiment of passing them by night, with perfect success. The rich and unarmed city then lay at his mercy, for the Confederates had no fleet adequate to resist his approach, and the surrender of the forts was the obvious sequel to the loss of that which they were intended to protect. The Mississippi River was now open to the Federal navies

through all its length, except the section embraced between the fortesses of Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Thus their strategic advantages were extended indefinitely for operating in all the States on both sides of its waters. The greater success of the Federalists in their south-western campaigns is explained by the position of these great rivers. When the advantage which they possessed in them is considered, the only wonder will be that they did not accomplish more with their vast military resources. Their failure to conquer the whole is only to be explained by their own timidity and feebleness in execution, coupled with the bravery and talent of the Confederates. It is no small glory to the latter to have saved any part of their country from an enemy possessed of strategic advantages so deadly.

The policy which should have been adopted for defence by the Confederate Government is also indicated by these events. They should have understood that there were four vital points,—the mouth of the Mississippi, its course at the western extremity of Kentucky, the mouth of the Tennessee, and the mouth of the Cumberland, to the defence of which every energy should have been bent from the first day of the war. The loss of one of these, and especially of one of the last three, rendered nugatory the defence of the others, because the invading army, penetrating along the one stream which it had opened, could base itself upon its banks far in the rear of the forces defending the other two, and, by threatening their communications, compel their retreat. The obstacles placed upon all of them should, therefore, have been equally impreg-

nable. It had been better to neglect anything else, and to suffer any incursions by land, than to fail in this. And since the recent introduction of steam into ships of war, with the earnest warnings of enlightened naval men, ought to have aroused at least a mistrust of shore-batteries as a sufficient defence against ships, other and more certain means of resistance should have been provided at these essential points. To the construction of enough efficient war-ships to hold these four avenues, the energies of the Government and people should have been directed, at the earliest hour, with an activity akin to that of desperation. The Confederates then possessed the wealth, the skilled labour, and the material supplies of Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, and Norfolk; by neglecting to expend a part early and wisely they lost the whole of them.

At the place last named the Confederates were employed during the winter in one enterprise, which pointed in the right direction,—the construction of the iron-clad steamer 'Virginia.' This powerful and unique ship, armed with the most formidable rifled cannon, was prepared for action early in March, and on the 8th of that month attacked the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads, destroying three frigates and several gunboats, and putting the remainder to flight.

This brilliant action filled the people with delight, and the noble ship was accepted as a sufficient defence for the mouth of James River against all the men-of-war which the Federalists could at that time bring against her. Her prowess showed that a few such vessels in the Mississippi

might have saved the disasters of the south-west, and the occupation of a third of its territory.

The disparity of the strength of the two parties was pointed out at the beginning of the war. The geographical position of the Confederate States, it has been now shown, rendered them yet weaker for a defensive war; but to this species of resistance they were shut up. At the beginning of the campaign of 1862 they had experienced a further diminution of strength in the virtual loss of Kentucky and Missouri. A few of the chivalrous citizens of these States, accepting banishment rather than subjugation, followed the fortunes of the Confederacy; but their territories, their revenues, and their wealth were now in the hands of the oppressors. The military events which induced this result need not be detailed here, for they would lead too far away from the proper subject—the Virginian campaign. After this loss, which occurred before the struggle reached its acmé, the Confederate States had about eight and a half millions of people, including among them nearly all the Africans of the South, with whom to resist twenty millions. This statement declares, more forcibly than any eloquence of words, the heroic character of the defence which they have since made.

Comparisons of present with past events assist us to appreciate the merit of the latter, by the help of the estimate established for the former in history. Let the defence of the Southern Confederacy against the United States be illustrated, for instance, by that of Spain, in the Peninsular War, against the designs of Napoleon, which were not unlike the aggressions of the Federals in iniquity.

Spain then possessed about eleven millions of people, an army of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand men, and a navy superior to that of the United States at the opening of this war. Her soil was open to the invader only at one quarter, for the sea which surrounds her was held by the fleets of England, in conjunction with her own; and these reduced the navy of France to an absolute inactivity. Access to her wealthy colonies was open throughout the struggle, and no blockade obstructed the entrance of the British arms and supplies. On the other hand, the population of the French Empire was double that of the Federal States, but the armies of the Emperor were not more numerous than those employed for our conquest. The vast difference against Napoleon was, that during the whole Spanish struggle his strength was also tasked with gigantic wars elsewhere, while the malice of the Federal has met no diversion from any other nation in its concentration upon the work of our destruction, and to his armies, equal to all the imperial legions, must be added the efforts of a great navy. Yet, with these relative means of aggression, Napoleon overran the whole territory of Spain, occupied her capital, and compelled her to a war of six years, in which she was seconded by the whole military power of Great Britain to shake off his grasp. What then must have been the energy of the Southern character as compared with the Spanish, or what the impotency of the Federal administration as compared with the French, to reduce the consequences of their invasion to so partial a limit at the end of three years of lavish expenditure and bloodshed?

The opening of the campaign of 1862 found the Federalists firmly seated upon the coast of South Carolina at Beaufort, and of North Carolina at Fort Macon, Newberne, and Roanoke Island. On the eastern borders of Virginia, they occupied Fortress Monroe, and Newport News, all the lower peninsula between the James and York Rivers, and the mouth of the Rappahannock. Near the ancient towns of Williamsburg and York, General Magruder, with a few thousand men, held their superior numbers at bay: and his guns maintained a precarious command over the channels of the two rivers. Around Washington swarmed "the Grand Army" of General M'Clellan, upon both banks of the Potomac; while its wings extended from the lower regions of the State of Maryland to the Alleghanies. It was confronted by the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, with its right wing resting upon the Potomac to Evansport, and commanding the river by a formidable battery, its centre about Manassa's Junction, and its left at Winchester under General Jackson. This army was composed of volunteers enlisted for one year; and the hour when their term of service expired, was now fast approaching.

Neither State nor Confederate Government had yet adopted any permanent system for raising or recruiting armies. The Congress was just moving, under the impulse of threatening disasters, towards the adoption of a general conscription, which placed all the male white population, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, in the military service.

But this law, while it promised ultimately to bring a

multitude of new soldiers into the service, released a number of veterans, who were more than thirty-five years old. It moreover involved the reorganization of every regiment, by the election of new officers; a work which was in progress throughout the early months of the campaign. All the forces of the Confederacy, being volunteers, had claimed the republican privilege of election. The fruits of this vicious system of appointment were now becoming more painfully manifest; when to its other relaxations of authority were added the desire on the part of the officers to propitiate the favour of their soldiers by indulgence, in view of the approaching vote, and the disposition of other aspirants to oppose their pretensions to a re-election, by every species of cabal. The troops were chiefly raised by authority of the States; during the remainder of the war, they were to be governed by that of the Confederacy. That power therefore proposed to introduce, along with their conscription, a uniform system for its armies. The 3rd of March, General Jackson, through a member of Congress from his Military District, urged the adoption of two principles: of which one was, that the right of electing should be arrested, save for the lowest rank of commissioned officers, third lieutenants; and that above that grade all vacancies should be filled by promotion. The second was, that promotion should not be obtained by seniority, unless the applicant was approved by a Board of Examiners, whose rejection, when sanctioned by the Commander-in-Chief of a Department, should be final. Although the reorganization of the Virginia regiments, for the second year, was completed under laws of

the State, without these wholesome regulations, they were soon after embodied in the laws of Congress. Their effect has been steadily to raise the efficiency of the officers, and thus the discipline of the army. But during the first, and the greater part of the second campaign, the lack of competent and energetic officers for companies and regiments was the bane of the service, and the constant grievance of the commanders. In many, there was neither an intelligent comprehension of their duties, nor zeal in their performance.

Appointed by the votes of their neighbours and friends to lead them, they would neither exercise that rigidity in governing, nor that detailed care in providing for the wants of their men, which are necessary to keep soldiers efficient. The duties of the drill and the sentry-post were often negligently performed; and the most profuse waste of ammunition, and other military stores, was permitted. It was seldom that these officers were guilty of cowardice upon the field of battle; but they were often in the wrong place, fighting as common soldiers, when they should have been directing others. Above all, was their inefficiency marked by their inability to keep their men in the ranks. "Absenteeism" grew under them to a monstrous evil; and while those who were animated by principle were bravely in their places on the day of action, every poltroon and laggard found a way to creep from the ranks. Indeed, it was no rare thing to hear these leaders reason, that efforts to keep the latter class in their places were injudicious; because they would be of no use, if present! Hence the frequent phenomenon, that regiments which on the books

of the commissary appeared as consumers of five hundred or a thousand rations, were reported as carrying into action two hundred and fifty or three hundred bayonets. The thinness of these ranks must needs be repaired by the greater devotion and gallantry of the true men. They were compelled to take their own share of the bullets and those of the cowards in addition; and thus the blood which was shed in battle was almost exclusively that of the noblest and best, while the ignoble currents in the veins of the base were husbanded.

At the approach of the spring campaign, other causes, less discreditable, concurred to diminish the armies in Virginia. Furloughs were liberally given, in order to encourage the men to re-enlist with cheerfulness. A majority of the officers were at their homes, professedly engaged in collecting absentees, or in recruiting new men. The fevers of the previous autumn had decimated the most of the regiments. While, therefore, the diligence of the Federal Government was swelling the host of M'Clellan to two hundred and thirty thousand men, the command of General Johnston was absolutely diminished more than one half when the season of activity arrived. It was manifest that he would be in no condition to cope with his adversary in his present positions. His chief protection against a catastrophe had been, for some time, the condition of the roads, which forbade campaigning. A winter and early spring of unprecedented rains had so softened the argillaceous soil of the Bull Run, that the two armies lay immovable, like two hostile ships fast grounded in a shoal of mud, a little too remote for com-

bat. General M'Clellan was anxiously awaiting the first drying suns of March to move his gigantic army forward to that triumph, for which he had been so assiduously preparing them for eight months; and General Johnston was watching for the same juncture to retire to a more interior line of defence.

The goal of the Federal advance was, of course, to be Richmond; and to its capture every movement was to converge. General M'Clellan was to drive back the left wing of the Confederate army at Winchester, by the forces under Shields and Banks, to insulate and overpower the right wing resting on the Potomac at Evansport, and to surround and crush General Johnston at Manassas, or else to force him toward Richmond, and pursue him. The army on the peninsula, setting out from Fortress Monroe, was to press back General Magruder, and assail the capital from the east. The forces in the Valley, having beaten General Jackson, were either to converge towards the rear of Manassa's Junction, by crossing the Blue Ridge, or else to march south-westward up that district, and at Staunton meet a powerful force from the north-west, which was preparing to advance from Wheeling under General Fremont. Staunton was manifestly one of the most important strategic points in Central Virginia. It is situated on the Central Railroad, and at the intersection of the great Valley Turnpike (a paved road which extends from the Potomac continuously to the extremity of South-western Virginia). It is also the *terminus* of the turnpike to Parkersburg, in North-west Virginia, and the *focus* of a number of important highways. Its possession decided that of the

whole interior of the State, and of another avenue, the Central Railroad, leading to Richmond from its western side. As this road, on its way to the capital, passes by Gordonsville, the intersection of the Orange and Alexandria road, on which General Johnston now depended as his sole line of communications, its possession by the Federalists would at once endanger that line, and compel him to seek a position still more interior. Moreover, Eastern Virginia, south of Gordonsville, was the great tobacco-planting region, and consequently yielded no large supplies for the capital or armies. The great central counties, to which Staunton was the key, were the granary of the Commonwealth. There was, then, little hope that the capital, with the large armies necessary for its defence, when thus insulated from its sources of supply, and open only to the south, would endure a very long investment. Considering these things, and remembering that if Staunton were surrendered, the concentration of General Banks's and General Fremont's columns there must inevitably occur, thus placing a third army of commanding strength far in the rear of General Johnston's left, and of his temporary base, General Jackson declared that the Valley was essential to the defence of Virginia. Geographically, it is the heart of the State. Its vast resources were essential to our strength; and if seized by the enemy, would enable them to deal deadly blows. If they seated themselves in force there, they could not be dislodged, save at great cost; because no favourable base and line of operations against them would remain to the Confederates.

The retreat of General Johnston from Manassa's Junc-

tion implied that of General Jackson from Winchester, for reasons already explained (in Chap. VII.); and for the latter, no practicable line of operations would remain north of Front Royal and Strasbourg. These two villages, both on the line of the Manassa's Gap Railroad, marked the opening of the twin valleys, into which the Masanuttin Mountains divide the Great Valley for fifty miles. The strategic question for General Jackson was, whether he should move to Front Royal, at the mouth of the Eastern Valley, or to Strasbourg, at the beginning of the Western, and on the great road leading to Staunton. At the beginning of March, this question was receiving careful discussion by letters between his Commander-in-Chief and him. The former advised that he should retire to Front Royal, and thence up the south branch of the Shenandoah, because it was in the direction of his own intended retreat, and therefore upon convergent lines; because thus the retreating wings would be prepared for a more rapid concentration than those of the invading army, and for a vigorous blow at each of them in turn; and because it was contrary to all sound discretion to allow the enemy to attain a point between the Manassas army and the army of the Valley, from which he might act against them on interior lines. General Johnston accordingly enjoined on General Jackson not to permit the Federalists to insinuate themselves between Winchester and the Blue Ridge. Had there been no armies on the theatre of war save those of M'Clellan and Johnston, Banks and Jackson, these views would have been correct. But General Jackson declared his preference for a retreat up the main

Valley, in the direction of Staunton. That place, he argued, would be the object of Banks's endeavours, rather than a junction with M'Clellan in front of General Johnston; because, by approaching Staunton, he threatened General Edward Johnson's rear, and compelled his retreat without a blow; he thus opened the way for General Fremont's unobstructed advance, and effected a junction with him; and he placed himself, in redoubled force, so far in the rear of General Johnston's left, and so near his line of communications, as to necessitate his retiring without battle, and yielding to M'Clellan the vast and precious circuit of country which has been described. For this reason, he said the main Valley must not be left open to General Banks. But unless the Confederates from Winchester moved so decisively towards the Blue Ridge, as to leave the road to Staunton undefended against him, they could not effect General Johnston's purpose, of converging on lines shorter and more concentric than those of the enemy's advance. Indeed, since a short march from Charlestown, by the way of Berryville and Milwood, would place General Banks at the fords of the Shenandoah, and on the main roads from Winchester to Manassas, if that purpose were to be the dominant one, the Confederate army ought to move that very day, not towards Front Royal, but directly towards Manassas. If such an object were in view as dictated the masterly strategy of July 1861 [to make an immediate concentration, and fight a successful battle for the retention of Manassa's Junction], then this would be the proper moment; but in no other case. On the other hand, he declared that he did not

believe General Banks could cross the Blue Ridge to bear upon General Johnston, while he remained in the Valley near him, acting upon the line of communications with Staunton, and continually threatening his right. General Jackson therefore desired to be permitted to retire to Strasbourg; but he closed his manly argument with the assurance, that he should promptly and cheerfully obey the wishes of his Commander-in-Chief, whatever they might be. General Johnston conceded to him the exercise of his own discretion; and he made preparations to retreat, when it became necessary, up the Valley, by sending his stores and sick to Mount Jackson, forty-five miles above Winchester. It will appear how far events confirmed his speculations.

To a friend in the Confederate Congress, General Jackson thus disclosed his own wishes. Speaking of the Valley of Virginia, he says:—'What I desire is, to hold the country as far as practicable, until we are in a condition to advance; and then, with God's blessing, let us make thorough work of it. But let us start right. . . .

'In regard to your question as to how many troops I need, you will probably be able to form some idea when I tell you that Banks, who commands about 35,000, has his head-quarters in Charlestown, and that Kelly, who has succeeded Lander, has probably 11,000, with his head-quarters near Paw Paw. Thus you see two Generals, whose united force is near 46,000, of troops already organized for three years of the war, opposed to our little force here; but I do not feel discouraged. Let me have what force you can. M'Clellan, as I learn, was at Charlestown

on Friday last: there may be something significant in this. You observe, then, the impossibility of saying how many troops I will require, since it is impossible for me to know how many will invade us. I am delighted to hear you say *Virginia* is resolved to consecrate all her resources, if necessary, to the defence of *herself*. Now we may look for war in earnest.

'You ask me for a letter respecting the Valley. I am well satisfied that you can say much more about it than I can, and in much more forcible terms. I have only to say this; that if this Valley is lost, Virginia is lost.—Very truly, your friend, T. J. JACKSON.'

CHAPTER X.

KERNSTOWN.

By the 11th of March 1862, General Jackson had removed all his sick and supplies to Mount Jackson, and had gathered in all his troops from the outposts to Winchester. He now had only the First, Second, and Third Virginia Brigades, the last containing two small regiments, Colonel Ashby's regiment of horse, and six batteries of field artillery. On that day, General Banks approached within four miles of Winchester, on the north, and General Jackson went out and offered him battle. This challenge Banks declined, although his force present on the field was fourfold, and preferred to await the arrival of General Shields with his reserves. The Confederates, therefore, returned in the evening to their camp around the town, and General Jackson assembled the commander and colonels of the Stonewall Brigade, as a council of war, to lay before them a daring project which he had conceived. While he was awaiting them, he went to take his supper with the hospitable family whose board he frequented, and appeared in their parlour with his military cloak, spurs, sword, and haversack. His spirits were unusually bright and genial, and his countenance glowed

with animation. His friends, on the contrary, were oppressed with gloom; for they could not but see that the movement of stores to the rear, which had been so complete, portended the evacuation of Winchester, and their surrender to the hated oppressions of the enemy. To the inquiries of the ladies, he replied by a polite evasion, while he evidently sought to relieve their apprehensions. According to the usage of the family, the domestic devotions were to follow the meal; but the master, presuming that General Jackson must be too busy on this occasion to be delayed by them, paused to give him an opportunity to retire. He, however, requested the privilege of joining in them. At their close he arose, asked that a lunch be placed in his haversack, and went away with a cheerful 'good evening,'—merely saying that he hoped to dine with them on the morrow as usual. His friends, reassured by his air, and by their implicit confidence in his prowess, went out to make a call. In an hour, the General returned, with a rapid stride, and gave the door-bell an energetic ring. Upon learning that the family were out, he left with the servants a request that their master should repair to his head-quarters immediately after his return; and they said that he looked anxious and hurried. His friend hastened down to his office, and found him prepared for mounting, striding across the room with rapid steps, and depressed with an inexpressible weight of sadness. General Jackson then explained that it was his plan to march the army back by night, after allowing them time to refresh themselves, to General Banks's front, and, having made his dispositions

in profound silence, to begin a fierce attack upon him at the "small hours" of the morning. General Shields had not yet come within a supporting distance; but by the next day he would be united with his commanding general, and the odds would then be so enormous that it would be madness to resist them. General Banks had an army of new and unsteady troops, half intimidated by the fame and valour of the Confederates, while the latter were animated by a towering enthusiasm and confidence. He believed that the darkness, the suddenness and fury of his attack, the lack of experience in evolutions among the Federalists, would throw them into confusion; and, by the vigorous use of the bayonet, and the blessing of the Providence in which he trusted, he should inflict upon them a great overthrow. He was exceedingly loath to leave the gallant, loyal, and generous town, with all the fine country around it, to their ruthless sway, without a struggle. But when he consulted his officers, he found them too reluctant to permit him to hope for a successful execution of his plan. They argued that the troops had already marched ten miles to and fro that day, and the night attack would require a further journey of six miles, after which they would reach the scene of action too much wearied to effect anything; and that there was at least a probability of an advance of the enemy from Berryville; which would place them, at the critical moment, upon the right and rear of the Confederates.

As he detailed these facts, General Jackson paced his floor in painful indecision, and repeated an expression of his bitter reluctance to leave Winchester without one

brave stroke for its defence. Then passing full before the candles, he lifted up his face with a look of lofty determination, and his hand convulsively grasped the hilt of his sword, while he slowly hissed through his clenched teeth words to this effect: "But—let me think—may I not execute my purpose still?" As he uttered this, his eye burned with a fire before which his friend, who had never seen the light of battle in his face, confessed he could not but tremble. Then releasing his sword, he dropped his head, and said, "No; I must not do it: it may cost the lives of too many brave men. I must retreat, and wait for a better time." The air of grief again possessed him, and he proposed to return to his friend's dwelling, to take leave of his family. He bade them a sad farewell, but said he hoped a good Providence would enable him soon to return, and bring them deliverance. The next morning, at dawn of day, the Confederate army left Winchester for Strasbourg, and at 9 o'clock A.M. the column of General Banks began cautiously to enter it. As they approached, Colonel Ashby slowly withdrew his troopers into the streets, and then through the town, while he remained the last man, and sat quietly upon his horse until the enemy had approached within a short distance, when he gave his defiant shout, and galloped away. The Federalists found not a single prisoner, horse, musket, or waggon, to enrich their conquest. The citizens of Winchester, who saw their nervous timidity at the thought of Stonewall Jackson's proximity, and their ignorance of his real numbers, were convinced that, had the night attack been made, they would have been utterly

routed. General Shields' troops were so far in the rear, that they did not begin to arrive until 2 o'clock P.M., and it is therefore manifest that the affair would have been decided before they reached the scene of action. But the panic among their friends would not have been slow to propagate itself among them.

General Jackson wished, after once surrendering the lower Valley, to draw the enemy further into the country, and thus both to relieve General Johnston of their pressure, and to diminish the numbers with whom he would be required to deal in his front. After marching to Strasbourg, twenty miles above Winchester, the 12th of March, he retreated slowly to the neighbourhood of Mount Jackson, reaching it the 17th. There he received a despatch from General Johnston, dated March 19th, stating that it was most desirable the enemy's force in the Valley should be detained there, and prevented from reinforcing General M'Clellan. To effect this he requested General Jackson to return nearer the enemy, and remain in as threatening attitude as was practicable without compromising the safety of his army. The Commander-in-Chief was completing that hazardous retreat from Manassa's Junction to the south side of the Rappahannock, begun March 10th, by which he so skilfully delivered his army and its whole *matériel* from the jaws of his powerful enemy. M'Clellan was also endeavouring to envelop him with his multitudinous hordes, and to this end was just drawing a number of regiments from the army of Banks to aid in turning General Johnston's left. They had already begun their march, and were preparing to cross the Blue Ridge

at Snicker's Gap, while their General, regarding Jackson as a fugitive whom it was vain to pursue, had returned to Washington to boast of his bloodless conquest, leaving the remainder of his army in charge of General Shields. Upon receiving the orders of his Commander-in-Chief, the Confederate General prepared for a rapid return towards Winchester. Leaving the neighbourhood of Mount Jackson, March 22d, he marched that day to Strasbourg, twenty-six miles; while Colonel Ashby, with his cavalry and a light battery of three guns, advanced before him, and drove the enemy's outposts into Winchester. The rapidity of this movement took them by surprise. The troops which remained with General Shields were encamped below the town, and Ashby found only a feeble force in his front. With these he skirmished actively and successfully; and in the combat an exploding shell from one of his guns broke the arm of the Federal Commander. So audacious was Ashby's pursuit that his scouts privately penetrated the town of Winchester and communicated with the citizens. The latter knowing that many regiments had been sent towards Manassas by Snicker's Gap, and seeing very few remaining near the town, assisted to confirm him in the impression of the paucity of the enemy's numbers. He accordingly sent back to General Jackson the assurance that there were but four regiments of infantry occupying Winchester, and that they were preparing to return to Harper's Ferry, which encouraged him in turn to push forward his whole force on the morning of the 23d. But the alarmed enemy had advanced all the forces encamped below the town, and had

sent couriers to recal all those which were on their march towards Manassas. When the General therefore reached Barton's Mills, five miles from the town, at noon of that day, he found Ashby pressed back to the high lands south of Kernstown, and confronted by considerable masses of the enemy.

It was the Sabbath-day; and if there was one principle of General Jackson's religion which was more stringent than the others, it was his reverence for its sanctity. He had yielded to the demands of military necessity, so far as to march on the sacred morning, that he might not lose the advantages which opportunity seemed to place within his reach, but now a more inexorable necessity was upon him. It was manifest that Colonel Ashby had been deceived in his estimate of the force opposed to him; and Jackson had reason to anticipate that General Johnston's desire to have the powerful army of Banks recalled was fulfilled too efficaciously for his own safety. The region about him and in his rear was a beautiful champaign, swelling with gentle hills; and on that side of Cedar Creek, twelve miles behind him, there was no defensible position against superior masses. The whole country was practicable for the manœuvres of cavalry and artillery. To delay, therefore, was to incur the hazard of being enclosed in the overwhelming numbers of the enemy; already it was doubtful whether a prompt retreat would be safely concluded. General Jackson's resolution was therefore immediately taken, to assail the enemy on the spot, and win, if not a decisive victory, at least the privilege of an unmolested retreat, before the preponderance against him

became more alarming than it already was. In the force with which he proposed to attack them, more than half the commissioned officers were absent either on furloughs or recruiting service; for a few days before it was supposed that the cessation of the enemy's pursuit would allow a period of quiet, to be devoted to the needed work of reorganization. Many of the men were also at their homes; so that after deducting the stragglers lurking with the baggage train, the foot-sore, whom the rapid march had left behind, and a regiment detained to guard the equipage, there were but two thousand seven hundred of the little army left to meet the enemy.

The great road crossing the Opequon Creek, a quiet mill stream five miles from Winchester, proceeds thither over a series of long and gentle slopes, through a country smiling with fertility, and almost denuded of its forests. Two miles from the Opequon, after surmounting a moderate ridge, it reaches Kernstown, a hamlet of a dozen houses, seated in the midst of meadows, three miles from Winchester. All the vicinity was divided into farms by stone fences, which also lined the highway continuously. Here there was nothing in the nature of the ground to offer advantage to the smaller force. A mile to the left, or west of the turnpike, is a country road which also crosses the Opequon, and passing through gently undulating farms converges towards Winchester, in such a direction as to meet the main thoroughfare at the nearer side of the town. And west of this country road there is an elevated ridge parallel to it, terminated at its rear, or south-western end, by the Opequon, which curves around it. This range of

hills, after running forward for two miles towards the town, sinks into the plain. Although elevated enough to command the whole neighbourhood, it is not craggy, but so rounded as to permit the ascent of artillery; and it is clothed with forests, with a few small fields interspersed, and notched by successive depressions, which descend into ravines between the lateral spurs of the hill. West of this ridge is another vale, filled with meadows and farm-houses, among which the ascending course of the stream threads its way parallel to the main crest. The larger part of the fields here, likewise, were enclosed by fences of limestone, which, rising to the height of four feet, offered a very adequate breastwork against the fire of musketry. A mile west of the region last described, still another road passes in the direction of Winchester, called the Cedar. Creek turnpike. This route manifestly gave the enemy access to the left and rear of the Confederates.

General Jackson's plan was to contest the wooded ridge with the enemy; for upon it rested their right flank, and its heights gave their artillery commanding positions whence they could sweep all the champaign between it and the great road. With their wings thus supported, the one by the hills and the other upon Kernstown, and their centre strengthened with fourfold numbers of infantry and artillery, an attack in front gave no promise of success. The only hopeful project for the inferior force taking the aggressive, was to amuse the enemy's centre and left, while the main body availed itself of the covert and strength of the same heights, which were occupied at their northern end by them, and to direct the whole

weight of the assault against their right. The obvious mode for effecting this would have appeared to be to ascend the ridge at its south-western end, and thus proceed along its crest; but such a movement was forbidden by an extensive pond, formed on the Opequon for feeding a mill, whose waters embraced that extremity of the hill. General Jackson was compelled, therefore, to march his infantry and artillery obliquely from the great road to the hills, under a hot cannonade from the enemy, without the ability to return his fire at that time. But the movement was effected without loss, and without confusion. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the following dispositions were completed: On his extreme right, which rested upon the turnpike in front of Kernstown, he posted Colonel Ashby, with his battery of three guns, all his cavalry, except four companies detached for the left, and four companies of infantry from the Stonewall Brigade. These were ordered to occupy the attention of the enemy's left by a constant cannonade, and to press them as opportunity might permit. Next to the turnpike was placed the 5th Virginia Regiment, to hold a mile of space, and to watch the enemy's centre. Effective resistance from so small a force was, of course, not to be expected; but General Jackson relied upon his artillery, commanding the country along which they must advance if they assumed the aggressive from the centre, and yet more upon the engrossing occupation which he expected to give them upon their right wing, to hold that part of their army in check. Nor was he disappointed of this hope. His main line of battle was finally formed, with no small interval between it and the

regiment last named, obliquely across the wooded ridge, with his left advanced. Next the right were the 42d and 21st Regiments of Virginia Volunteers, and the 1st Battalion of Virginia Regulars, composing the 2d Brigade under the command of Colonel Burks. Next to these, on the left, was the Stonewall Brigade, with the 2d Regiment on its right, and then the 33d, the 27th, and the 4th. The left of the infantry line was composed of the two regiments of the 3d Brigade, the 37th and 23d, under the command of Colonel Fulkerson. These occupied the farther, or western side of the ridge. Beyond the meadows which lay at its base, four companies of cavalry were stationed on a hill which overlooks the country to the Cedar Creek turnpike, to check the assaults of the enemy's horse. The batteries were posted in the centre, in front of the Stonewall Brigade; for their line passed across the higher grounds, most suitable for the position of artillery.

Thus disposed, the little army advanced against the enemy, with its left continually thrown forward, through the alternate woods and fields which covered the sides and crest of the high lands. After a spirited cannonade, by which several batteries of the enemy were silenced, the infantry engaged with inexpressible fury, at close quarters, the 27th Regiment leading off. In some places the lines were advanced within twenty paces, partially shielded from each other by the abrupt little ravines, where the Confederates, lying upon their breasts behind the protuberances of the ground, or retiring a few steps into the hollow places to re-load, held their enemies at bay by their scathing discharges. As regiment after regiment

came into position, their heroic General led them into the hottest of the fire; and wherever the line wavered under overwhelming numbers, he was present to cheer the fainting men and bring up the reinforcements. But he had no reserves, save the 5th Virginia, which was speedily released from its first position by the inactivity of the enemy in that quarter, and the 48th left as a baggage guard. Only the former of these came up in time to share in the action, and was introduced to reinforce the 2d Brigade between the 42d and 21st, where it bore its full share of the glories and dangers of the combat. On the Federal side, the superior numbers enabled them perpetually to bring up fresh troops. As one regiment recoiled, reeling and panic-struck, it was replaced again and again by another; and the officers, secure of victory from their preponderating force, were seen riding madly behind the wavering lines, goading their men to the work with the sabre. The Confederates, on the other hand, having no succours, fought until they exhausted their ammunition. As the men fired their last cartridge, their officers allowed them to go to the rear; and, after a time, the thinned lines presented no adequate resistance to the fresh crowds of enemies. Near nightfall, General Richard B. Garnett, commanding the Stonewall Brigade, in the centre, seeing his fire dying away for lack of ammunition, and his line pierced on his right, assumed the responsibility of authorizing a retreat of his command, without orders from General Jackson; and nothing now remained but to protect the movement from more serious disaster.

Where every regiment fought with steady heroism, and

none retired until they had fired the last round from their cartridge-boxes, detailed exploits can scarcely be singled out, without injustice to the men passed over in silence. But a few particulars, in which the actors possessed not more courage, but more opportunity, should be described, as having a decisive influence on the battle. On the right, Colonel Ashby cannonaded the enemy continually with his three guns, with such audacity as to win ground all the day from their multitudes. They advanced their infantry through a tract of woodland, to seize his pieces; when his four infantry companies, thrown forward as skirmishers, scoured the forest with enthusiastic courage, and repulsed the attacking party, until the artillery was again posted in a more secure position. Later in the day, this daring leader executed a cavalry charge against the extreme left of the Federalists, drove their first line back upon their reserves, and captured a few prisoners. In that quarter, they advanced no more during the day. Upon the left, where the advance was first confided to the 27th and 21st Regiments, supported by Colonel Fulkerson, and Carpenter's and M'Lauchlan's batteries, the guns were advanced with great spirit under the eye of General Jackson, delivering an effective fire towards the right and front. The infantry engagement was opened by the 27th, seconded by the 21st; and these two regiments sustained the whole brunt of the fire with unsurpassed heroism, until Colonel Fulkerson passed to their left, and the remainder of the Stonewall Brigade came up. Twice they routed their assailants in quick succession, and held the Federalist army in check while the line of battle was com-

pleted. In the centre, the 5th and 42d regiments, with the batteries of M'Lauchlan and Carpenter, were the last upon the field. While the enemy pressed up to close quarters, and shot down the horses and gunners at the pieces, the latter replied with murderous discharges of canister-shot, at the distance of a hundred paces. This determined resistance saved the batteries, with the exception of two guns, of which one was disabled, and the other entangled in a fence, and of four caissons, whose horses were slaughtered. On the left, Colonel Fulkerson, upon becoming warmly engaged, perceived between him and the enemy a long stone fence, to which each party was advancing, intending to employ it as a breastwork against the other. The boldness of the Confederates secured them that advantage. Reaching the covert a moment in advance of the enemy, they fell upon their knees, and delivered a volley so withering, that the whole line before them seemed to sink into the earth. The larger part of the Federalists were indeed killed or wounded by that unerring fire; and the remainder, to escape instant death, prostrated themselves, and attempted to crawl to the rear. But in this endeavour nearly all perished; the mountain riflemen picked them off with deadly aim before they reached the shelter of the wood. The regiment thus annihilated was said to be the 5th Ohio. A New York regiment, coming to their aid, escaped with a fate little less terrible; for when they sheltered themselves behind another stone fence running to that occupied by Colonel Fulkerson at right angles, and endeavoured to fusillade the Confederates from its shelter, that skilful commander moved a part

of his line down, along his own defence, to a point below the juncture of the two walls, whence he delivered an enfilading fire upon the exposed rear of the astonished Federalists. But finding the centre of the Confederate line broken, at nightfall he retired in good order, bringing off his two little regiments in safety. The four companies of cavalry upon the extreme left had been instructed by General Jackson to hold themselves prepared to charge the enemy should he retreat, or to protect the Confederate infantry, should it be forced to that alternative. They now rendered good service, by holding in check, and ultimately putting to flight, the Federal cavalry, which had made a circuit by the Cedar Creek turnpike, and sought to interrupt the retreat of their friends. But on the eastern side of the Opequon, a number of the fugitives found themselves enclosed, at dark, between the mill-pond and the enemy, and were thus captured. The infantry retreated a few miles to the neighbourhood of Newtown, while the cavalry of Colonel Ashby took its station at Barton's Mills, a mile in the rear of the field of combat, and held the enemy in check until ten o'clock of the next morning. General Jackson himself, begging a morsel of food at the bivouac fire of the soldiers, lay down in the field, to snatch a few hours' repose, a little in the rear of his outposts.

Such was the battle of Kernstown,—in which twenty-seven hundred Confederates, with eighteen guns, attacked eleven thousand Federalists, and almost wrested the victory from their hands. For General Jackson estimated their force actually engaged at that number, besides heavy

reserves upon their left which were not brought into action. The next morning, while remarking upon the struggle, he said: "Had I been able to bring up two thousand more men, I should have beaten them." The officer to whom he spoke replied by referring to the dense masses of unbroken infantry hanging behind Kernstown, and expressed the opinion that any success won by so small a force must have been unavailing, because these reserves, by threatening his right, would have compelled him to arrest his career. Jackson answered: "No; if I had put the men to flight, they would all have gone together." The troops marshalled against him were unquestionably the best in the Federal army, composed chiefly of hardy Western men, habituated from childhood to field-sports and the use of fire-arms; and while those who have a visible odds of four to one upon their side, deserve but little credit for their boldness, and would have no excuse for their panic, the perseverance with which the Federal regiments brought their weight of numbers to bear against the Confederates, notwithstanding bloody losses, is some testimony to their manhood. General Jackson's loss was eighty killed outright, three hundred and seventy-seven wounded, and two hundred and sixty captured,—making a total of seven hundred and seventeen, or more than one-fourth of the whole force engaged. The loss of the enemy was never divulged; but there are reasons for believing that it was nearly quadruple that of the patriots. Their officers reported their killed as four hundred and eighteen. The loyal citizens of Winchester were permitted to perform the last offices to the Confederate dead upon the field

of battle; and, as they collected the glorious remains, they had an opportunity to observe that the slain invaders lay four times as thick. Hundreds of corpses were sent by railroad to their northern friends for interment, and many more must have remained, unhonoured and forgotten, to find their common tomb in the pits of the battle-field. The generous women of Winchester demanded and obtained leave to carry their ministrations of love to the Confederate wounded in the hospitals of the enemy,—for many of the captives were also wounded,—and thus they were enabled to estimate the numbers of disabled men belonging to the other party. The unfortunate 5th Ohio, in particular, filled hundreds of cots with its wounded. From the testimony of these witnesses, it is believed that as many men were disabled by Jackson in the enemy's ranks as he had soldiers in his own. Their greater loss is to be accounted for by his skill in handling his forces, by the superior accuracy of the Virginians' aim, by their discipline and deliberate courage, and by the density of the enemy's ranks, which hardly permitted a well-directed shot to miss its object.

This was the first pitched battle in which General Jackson had supreme command, and it was fought exclusively by Virginians, except that a few Marylanders participated in its dangers. Its effect was to raise the estimate of the prowess both of soldiers and leader to an exalted height; and from this day, the great qualities of the Virginian soldiery, depreciated at first by their own Southern brethren, but illustrated and redeemed at Manassas, have shone forth unquestioned by all. Kernstown

has remained, among the many more bloody days, when greater hosts pursued the work of slaughter in this sanguinary war, a name expressive of the sternest fighting, to the Confederates, to spectators, and to the Federalists. The soldiers of the old Jackson division, when describing the horrors of some subsequent struggle, are wont to say that it almost reminded them of Kernstown. The peaceful citizens of Winchester, who have met the strange fate of having their ears grow more familiar with the sounds of battle than those of many a veteran, still declare that none of the tempests of war which have howled around their devoted town raged like that of Kernstown, with cannonade so fast and furious, and such reverberating roars of musketry. The Federal soldiery, after timidly pursuing the Confederates the next day for a few miles, returned to their quarters, with no triumph upon their tongues, or in their countenances. Their commander, with the usual gasconade of the Federal Generals, claimed a brilliant victory; but his boasts awoke no answering enthusiasm among his followers. The deadly energy of Jackson's blows filled them with gloom and dread, as they asked themselves, what was the task which they had undertaken in seeking to conquer this people in their consolidated strength, whose resistance, in their weakness and disorganization, was so terrible. To this sombre impression the spirit of the captives and the oppressed people contributed no little. The former, as they passed through the streets to their prisons, were joyous and defiant, the sympathies of the patriotic multitude converted their progress rather into an ovation than a defeat, and they rent

the air with shouts for their country and General, which their gloomy captors durst not suppress. The very scenes upon the field of blood, harrowing as they were, intimidated the Federal spectators. The regiments which suffered most in Jackson's command were raised in the lower Valley and in the town itself. As soon as the permission was given to the Mayor and citizens to bury the dead of their defenders, they flocked thither upon this errand of grief and mercy. The cultivated and accomplished female, the minister of religion, the tottering grandfather, were seen together, in all the *abandon* of their anguish, running to and fro, pouring water into the parched lips of the wounded, composing the convulsed limbs of the slain into decency, and looking eagerly into every begrimed and haggard face of dead or dying to recognise a son, a husband, or a brother. Yet, amidst all these horrors, the very women were as determined as the brave men whose fate they bewailed, and arose from beside the corpses whose discovery had just informed them of their bereavement, to declare to their invaders that none of these miseries, nor death itself, should bend their souls to submission. Yet these same women, with a generosity equal to their heroism, divided their cares and gifts between wounded friends and foes in the hospitals where they languished together.

General Jackson had directed his wounded to be gathered at the village of Middletown, eight miles above the field of battle. Intending to retreat to a strong position above Cedar Creek, and there stand on the defensive, he had instructed his Medical Director to collect every

vehicle which was available, and send the sufferers to the rear before the army retired. The morning was approaching, and that officer, after working all the night at the humane task, and employing every carriage which he could procure, found a large number of wounded awaiting removal still. On meeting the General he informed him of this, and added that he knew not where the transportation was to be obtained, and that unless some expedient were discovered these brave men must be left to the enemy. General Jackson ordered him to have the necessary vehicles impressed from the people of the vicinage. "But," said the surgeon, "that requires time; can you stay to protect us?" "Make yourself easy," said Jackson, "about that. This army stays here till the last wounded man is removed." And then, with a glow of passion suffusing his face, he cried, "Before I will leave them to the enemy I will lose many men more." It was such traits as these which made him the idol of his soldiery. It is related of the great Bruce, that, while retreating before his enemies in his expedition to Ireland, the distress of a poor laundress, who was too helpless to follow the army, and was therefore about to be abandoned to the savage pursuers, touched his heart. He halted the host, and said, "Gentlemen, is there one of us who was born of a woman so base as to leave this poor soul to her fate? No; let us rather die with her." And he then drew up his men in line of battle to await the enemy; but they, supposing he had received reinforcements, or was more powerful than his former retreat indicated, recoiled, and feared to assault him. In like manner, the bold front

which Jackson assumed held the enemy at a respectful distance. They did not venture to annoy him, save by a few cannon-shot, and, after the first day, discontinued their pursuit. He retired to the neighbourhood of Woodstock; and thus, in three days, his army marched seventy-five miles, and fought a hardly contested pitched battle.

The battle of Kernstown was, technically, a victory of the Federalists. They held the field, the dead, and the wounded. But, like those of Pyrrhus at Heraclea, and of Cornwallis at Guilford, it was a victory with the results of a defeat. The conquerors, crippled by their losses, and terrified by the resistance which they met, dared not press the retreating Confederates. But above all, the object of the battle was won by General Jackson. The Federal army in the Valley was detained there, and the troops which were on their way to Manassas to increase the embarrassments of General Johnston were recalled. The army of the latter extricated itself from its perilous situation, and retired in safety behind the Rappahannock; while M'Clellan, foiled in his plans, arrested his advance at Manassas, and began to consider the policy of transferring the campaign to the peninsula.

Yet General Jackson was not satisfied with the results, and insisted that a more resolute struggle for the field might have won it, even against the fearful odds opposed to him. The chief error of the battle, he believed, was the unexpected retreat of the Stonewall Brigade from the centre, for this necessitated the surrender of the field. His disapprobation was strongly expressed against its brave General, Garnett, nor was he willing to accept the

justification that their ammunition was expended. A regiment of reserves was at hand, and the bayonet, his favourite resource, yet remained to them, and he did not consider all the means of victory as exhausted, until the naked steel was employed. Justice to one now dead requires that these facts should also be stated; that General Garnett's gallantry was declared by the officers of his brigade to be conspicuous on this bloody field, that they concurred with him in the opinion that the troops were not withdrawn too soon to save them from destruction, and that proceedings against him were dismissed, and he was again employed by the Government in a most honourable post, in which he surrendered his life at the battle of Gettysburg. It is neither necessary nor practicable to pass a correct judgment upon the question, whether General Jackson's animadversions upon his conduct at Kernstown were erroneous. It is enough to testify, that all men regarded them as consistent with the justice of his intentions. This instance may serve to show Jackson's rigid ideas of official duty, which were always more exacting as men rose in rank.

On the 1st of April the army retreated to a range of high lands overlooking the north branch of the Shenandoah, five miles below the town of Newmarket, called Reede's Hill. The stream is bordered here by a wide expanse of fertile meadows, over which this hill dominates; and artillery posted upon it commands the bridge by which the great highway crosses it. The Federal forces, again under the command of General Banks, now advanced by slow and cautious steps to the opposing hills, whence,

for many days, they cannonaded the Confederates without effect. General Jackson, meantime, keeping Colonel Ashby in front, busied himself in refitting his crippled artillery and recruiting his forces. The 10th Virginia regiment joined him, and was assigned to the 3d brigade, to which Brigadier-General Wm. B. Taliaferro was now promoted. His men returned rapidly from hospitals and furloughs, and a multitude of new recruits poured in, inspired by the growing fame of the General, and the urgency of their country's danger. Especially was the enthusiasm of the people stimulated by the chivalrous and modest courage of Ashby, whose name roused the thrilling hearts of the youth like the peal of a clarion. His regiment of troopers was speedily swelled to twenty-one companies, and more than two thousand men. Including these, General Jackson's aggregate force now mounted up to more than eleven thousand. But the irregularities and official neglects which have been described were still lurking in all the regiments, and prevalent in the cavalry. Colonel Ashby had little genius for organization and discipline; tasks which, at best, are arduous in a force continually scattered upon outposts, and harassed by hardships, and which were impracticable for a commander seconded by few competent officers, and compelled to launch his raw levies at once into the employments of veteran troopers. The continuance of this imperfect organization was caused by the indiscreet action of the War Department itself. The Secretary, dazzled by Colonel Ashby's fame and exploits, had given him independent authority to raise and command a cavalry force. When

General Jackson attempted to stretch his vigorous hand over that part of his army, so as to bring order out of confusion, he was met with a reference to this separate authority, and a threat of resignation. Knowing Colonel Ashby's ascendency over his men, and finding himself thus deprived of legitimate power, he was constrained to pause, and leave the cavalry unorganized and undisciplined. Colonel Ashby and a Major were the only field-officers for the twenty-one companies; nor had they any regimental organization whatever. The evils and disasters growing out of the crude condition of this force will manifest themselves in the subsequent narrative. They give a valuable illustration of the importance of those principles of military order and subordination, established by experience, and of the danger of such departures from them as that of the Secretary of War in making Colonel Ashby independent of his commanding general. Of his great command, one-half was rarely available for duty, while the remainder were roaming over the country, imposing upon the generous hospitalities of the citizens, or lurking in their homes. The exploits of their famous leader were all performed with a few hundreds, or often scores, of men who followed him from personal devotion rather than the force of discipline. Thus the effective force which General Jackson was now able to wield against the enemy, may be correctly estimated as seven or eight thousand men, with thirty guns.

The position on Reede's Hill, with so strong an artillery, was impregnable in front. But while, on the right, it was supported upon the Masanuttin Mountain, on the left it

could be turned with facility by fords of the North River, above the main bridge, which were practicable in all dry seasons. Luckily, the melting snows of the western mountains concurred with the rains of spring to swell the current, and General Jackson continued to hold the position until he should be more seriously menaced by Banks. Its chief value to him was in the fact, that it covered the juncture of the great Valley turnpike at New Market, with that which leads across the Masanuttin, by Luray, the seat of justice for Page County, to Culpepper. The head-quarters of General Johnson, with the army of North Virginia, were now at that place, about fifty miles distant from General Jackson; and it was desirable to hold possession of the route, that a speedy union of the two armies might be effected, should necessity demand it. The next movements thence inaugurated a new arrangement of the forces upon the theatre of war. The chapter will therefore be closed with a few brief extracts from General Jackson's letters to his wife, illustrating the events which have just been narrated.

March 24th, just after the battle of Kernstown, he wrote:—

"Our God was my shield. His protecting care is an additional cause for gratitude." .... "My little army is in excellent spirits: it feels that it inflicted a severe blow on the enemy."

April 7th.—"I trust you and all I have in the hands of an ever kind Providence, knowing that all things work together for the good of his people. So live that your sufferings may be sanctified to you; remembering that

our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." [In allusion to the illness of his wife.]

"Our gallant little army is increasing in numbers, and my prayer is, that it may be an army of *the living God*, as well as of its country. Yesterday was a lovely Sabbath day. Though I had not the privilege of hearing the word of life, yet it felt like a holy Sabbath-day, beautiful, serene, holy, and lovely. All it wanted was the church bell, and God's services in the sanctuary, to make it complete. . . . . After God, *our God*, again blesses us with peace, I hope to visit this country with you, and enjoy its beauty and loveliness."

No Christian reader can fail to note here the parallelism between these sentiments, and those of the ancient warrior-saint in similar circumstances. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

April 11th.—"I feel much concerned at having no letter this week, but my trust is in *the Almighty*. How precious is the consolation flowing from the Christian's assurance, that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'"

"God gave us a glorious victory in the S. W. (Shiloh), but the loss of the great Johnson is to be mourned. I do not remember having ever felt so sad at the loss of a man whom I had never seen."

In explanation of his Sabbath attack at Kernstown, he wrote:—

"You appear greatly concerned about my attacking on Sunday. I was greatly concerned too; but I felt it my duty to do it, in consideration of the ruinous effects that might result from postponing the battle until the next morning. So far as I can see, my course was a wise one; the best that I could do under the circumstances, though very distasteful to my feelings, and I hope and pray to our *Heavenly Father* that I may never again be circumstanced as on that day. I believed that, so far as our troops were concerned, necessity and mercy both called for the battle."

"I hope that the war will soon be over, and that I shall never again have to take the field. Arms is a profession that, if its principles are adhered to for success, requires an officer to do what he fears may be wrong, and yet, according to military experience, must be done, if success is to be attained. And this fact of its being necessary to success, and being accompanied with success, and that a departure from it is accompanied with disaster, suggests that it must be right. Had I fought the battle on Monday, instead of Sunday, I fear our cause would have suffered; whereas, as things turned out, I consider our cause gained much from the engagement."

For his achievement at Kernstown, the Confederate Congress rewarded him with the first of those honours which were afterwards showered so thickly upon him. The following resolutions of thanks were unanimously passed:—

1. "Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States, That the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to Major-General Thomas J. Jackson, and the

officers and men under his command, for gallant and meritorious services, in a successful engagement with a greatly superior force of the enemy, near Kernstown, Frederick Co., Va., on the 23d day of March 1862."

2. "Resolved, That these resolutions be communicated by the Secretary of War to Major-General Jackson, and by him to his command."

CHAPTER XI.

M'DOWELL.

FROM April 1st to April 17th, General Jackson occupied the position already described upon Reede's Hill. Meantime the grand armies of the Potomac had wholly changed their theatre of war. April 1st, General M'Clellan appeared at Fortress Monroe, on the eastern extremity of the peninsula between the James and York Rivers, and began to direct the approaches of his mighty host against Richmond from that point. On the 4th, he appeared before the lines of General Magruder, at Young's Mill, while at the same date the troops of General Johnson were pouring through Richmond, from their lines behind the Rappahannock, to reinforce their brethren defending the peninsula. General Jackson's prospect of a junction with the main army in Culpepper were therefore at an end; and his movements were thus rendered, for a time, more independent of the other Confederate forces. The correctness of his reasonings upon the probable movements of the Federalists was now verified. He was convinced that Staunton would be the aim of General Banks, if he were guided by a skilful strategy; and the official report of General M'Clellan, since published, shows that his instruc-

tions to that General were, to press to that point as soon as his means would permit. The forces at his disposal now amounted, according to General M'Clellan, to 25,000 men, besides General Blenker's Division of 10,000 Germans, which having been just detached from the Federal army of the Potomac to reinforce General Fremont in the north-west, was ordered to pause at Strasbourg, and support General Banks during the critical period of his movement. For the rest, the position of the Federal forces in Virginia was the following: General Fremont, in command of the north-western department, was organizing a powerful force at Wheeling, while General Milroy, under his orders, confronted the Confederates upon the Shenandoah Mountain, twenty miles west of Staunton, and considerable reserves, under General Schenck, were ready to support him in the Valley of the south branch. At, and near Manassa's Junction, were stationed forces amounting to about 18,000 men, guarding Washington City against an imaginary incursion of the dreaded rebels; while the 1st Army Corps of General M'Dowell, detached from the grand army, against the urgent remonstrances of General M'Clellan, lay near Fredericksburg, to protect the capital in that direction.

On the side of the Confederates were found the six regiments of General Edward Johnson, impregnably posted on the Shenandoah Mountain; the army of General Jackson at Reede's Hill; the division of General Ewell upon the Rappahannock, confronting the Federalists upon the Orange and Alexandria Railroad; and the command of General Anderson, about ten thousand strong, watching

Fredericksburg. The whole remainder of the forces in Virginia was collected upon the peninsula, to resist the advance of M'Clellan.

By the 17th of April, the fords of the North Fork of Shenandoah, above Reede's Hill, were becoming practicable; and General Jackson's position there was no longer secure. He therefore resumed his retreat on that day, and retired, by two marches, to Harrisonburg, the capital of Rockingham county, upon the great Valley turnpike; while General Banks timidly pursued him. From Harrisonburg he turned aside to the east, and passing the southern end of the Masanuttin Mountain, which here sinks into the plain, crossed the South or main Fork of the Shenandoah River, at Conrad's Store, and posted himself in the valley of the Elk Run, at the gorge of Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge. The highway to Staunton was now seemingly open to General Banks; but he durst not pursue it. This was indeed one of the most adroit manœuvres of the great strategist. His position in the mouth of the mountain gorge was unassailable, and deprived his adversary of all the advantage of his superior numbers. Yet he threatened thence the Federal rear the moment they attempted to advance upon Staunton; and thus arrested him as completely as though a superior force had been planted in his front. From his own rear a good turnpike road led over Swift Run Gap, into Eastern Virginia and to the Central Railroad, forty miles distant, at Gordonsville; thus providing him supplies, a secure line of retreat, and communication with General Ewell in Culpepper. There was, indeed, one grave objection to the

movement; but the manner in which General Jackson's insight into his adversary's character here modified his application of the maxims of the military art most clearly displayed his genius. Had his enemy been enterprising, this objection would have been decisive; but knowing his slowness and timidity, he safely disregarded it. From Harrisonburg a turnpike road leads south-westward to the Warm Springs, passing through Jennings' Gap in the Great North Mountain, which was not guarded by any adequate force, along the eastern base of the Shenandoah Mountain, in the immediate rear of General Edward Johnson's position there. A forced march of little more than one day would have conducted General Banks to this spot; where proper concert with General Milroy in front would have insured the destruction of the little army of Confederates. The two Federal forces united would then have easily occupied Staunton, and made the Valley untenable for Jackson, thus deprived of the expected co-operation of Johnson. But the fear of leaving his rear exposed for a moment to the terrible Stonewall, together with the difficulty of passing the Shenandoah at Bridgewater, where the citizens had destroyed the bridge, were enough to deter General Banks from so promising a movement. General Jackson stated in his correspondence that he foresaw the danger of such a manœuvre, and calculated the timidity of his opponent as a sufficient defence.

About the time of his march to Swift Run Gap, an incident occurred which showed his decision. The elevated valleys of the Blue Ridge Mountain are inhabited by a poor, rude, and hardy people, little amenable to law in the

best times, who live as much by hunting as by agriculture. Among a part of these an insurrectionary movement arose against the conscription, and a few score of the men assembled in one of their fastnesses, and prepared for a forcible resistance to the laws. General Jackson at once sent a force and dispersed them, capturing some of the more daring. For this act of promptitude he received the thanks of the authorities.

In the previous winter, General R. E. Lee had been stationed next the President in Richmond, as general director of the operations of all the armies in the field. The high estimate held by General Jackson of his character and accomplishments was pleasantly illustrated by the manner in which he received the news of this appointment at Winchester. Much had been said by his friends there of the desire that he should receive reinforcements. One evening at supper, he said, with a smile, to the lady whose hospitality he was sharing, "Well, madam, I am reinforced at last," and pointed her to a paragraph in the newspaper from Richmond just received, which announced the appointment of General Lee as Commander-in-Chief. It was his wisdom and counsel which he regarded as equivalent to new forces.

While General Jackson held Banks thus checkmated for a fortnight at Harrisonburg, he was busily corresponding with General Lee concerning the proper direction to be given to his and the neighbouring Confederate forces. Three movements were discussed by them, of which the first was to draw General Ewell to Swift Run Gap, in order to hold General Banks in check, while General

Jackson combined with General Edward Johnson to deliver a crushing blow against Milroy, and then associated his and General Ewell's forces against Banks. The second was, to leave General Johnson for a little while, with a detachment from General Jackson's force intended to mask his withdrawal from Banks, to hold the Valley as best they might, while he marched with General Ewell across the Rappahannock, and made a vigorous onslaught against the Federalists upon the Manassas Railroad, and at its Junction. It was hoped by General Lee that the news of this attack, so far towards his base, would cause Banks's immediate retreat to Winchester, or even to the Potomac. The third project was to leave the same dispositions for the defence of the Valley, effect a junction with General Ewell at Gordonsville, and marching thence to Fredericksburg, unite with the forces of Generals Anderson and Field, and attack the Federal army in that neighbourhood. This assault gave promise of alarming the Government at Washington, of recalling Banks, and of disturbing the arrangements of General M'Clellan on the peninsula. As General Lee remarked, the dispersion of the enemy's forces clearly indicated the policy of concentration, to attack some one or other of their detachments. But he gave General Jackson full discretion to select the project which he preferred. He decisively chose the first. The secret history of this movement is related here, because many have asserted, according to their *hypotheses*, that General Jackson was a mere fighter, and no strategist; that the plan of the Valley campaign was due to another mind. On the contrary, the choice was left wholly to his judg-

ment; and the first among the three schemes, the one adopted, and so gloriously effected, was of his suggestion. It is easy to argue for his preference of it, after it was so sanctioned by complete success. But the considerations which seem to have decided General Jackson to prefer it were such as these:—That it made a more complete concentration of our strength, in that it included General Edward Johnson, who, upon the other plans, would have been left aside, with a detachment also of General Jackson's own army; that it provided a more complete protection for the Valley and Staunton, of which he so highly appreciated the strategic importance; and that, if successful, it would as effectually neutralize the Federal forces on the Rappahannock, through the fears excited for Washington City, and thus assure the left flank of the army protecting Richmond against an assault from the direction of Fredericksburg.

General Ewell was accordingly withdrawn from the Rappahannock towards Gordonsville, and then towards the eastern outlet of Swift Run Gap. He brought with him three brigades,—those of Brigadier-Generals R. Taylor, Trimble, and Elzey, with two regiments of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Th. S. Munford, and Lieutenant-Colonel Flournoy, with an adequate supply of field artillery. The whole formed an aggregate of about 8000 men, in an admirable state of efficiency. The afternoon of April 30th, General Ewell entered Swift Run Gap, and took the position which General Jackson had just left to march towards Staunton. General Banks had been deceived by feints of an attack in force in the direction of Harrisonburg, on

the previous day and on that morning, so that he received no knowledge of the true direction of General Jackson's movement. The object of the latter was to reach Staunton by a route which, while not so circuitous as to consume invaluable time, should be sufficiently so to conceal his march from the enemy, and protect him from an attack on the road. The incessant rains of a late and ungenial spring had rendered all the roads, which were not paved, almost impracticable. After careful explorations, General Jackson determined to ascend the eastern or right bank of the Shenandoah river to Port Republic, a village seven miles from Harrisonburg, and then, instead of proceeding direct to Staunton by a road of twenty-five miles, to cross the Blue Ridge into Albemarle County by Brown's Gap, and go thence to Staunton along the line of the Virginia Central Railroad. This route made three marches; but it completely masked his movement, and mystified both friends and foes, for no one, except the General's chief engineer, knew whether he was on his way to the east or the west.

In the midst of a dreary rain the army left its comfortless bivouac on the Elk Run, and made a half march between the river and the western base of the Blue Ridge, towards Port Republic. The stream is here separated from the declivities of the mountain by a plain of two or three miles in breadth, whose flat, treacherous soil, softened by the rains, was speedily converted by the trains of baggage and artillery into a quagmire without apparent bottom. If the teamsters attempted to evade this by turning aside into the woodlands, as soon as the fibrous

roots of the surface were severed, the subsoil proved even more deceitful than the mire of the roads, and a few vehicles made the track impassable. The rivulets descending from the mountain were swollen into broad rivers, and the glades of the forest were converted into lakes. The straggling column toiled along through water and mud for a few miles, yet enthusiastically cheering their General when he passed along it, and then bivouacked in the woods, while he, with his suite, found shelter in the hospitable mansion of General Lewis. In the morning the clouds were gradually dispersed by the struggling sun; and General Jackson, having established his head-quarters in the little village of Port Republic, and having assigned to a part of his staff the duty of arresting all transit between his line of march and the enemy, returned with the remainder, and addressed himself to the arduous task of extricating his trains from the slough, which would have been to any other a "slough of despond." Each detachment was preceded by a large party of pioneers, who, with excessive toil, so far repaired the effects wrought by the wheels of the preceding one, as to pass over another train. Whole road-beds formed of stones and brushwood sunk into the quicksands, and others were placed above them again and again. The General and his staff were seen dismounted, urging on the labourers; and he carried stones and timber upon his own shoulders, with his uniform bespattered with mud like a common soldier's. From Thursday afternoon until Saturday morning the trains struggled along, sorely scattered and travel-soiled, until at length all were assembled

at the western opening of Brown's Gap. The energy and determination required to drive them, in a day and a half, through those sixteen miles of incredible difficulties, were equal to any display of these qualities ever made upon the field of a great victory.

The mountain-sides afforded a road-bed so stony that no floods could soften it; and on Saturday the army passed over to Whitehall in Albemarle, by a track rough, but firm, cheered by a brilliant sun, and full of confidence and elation. The Sabbath morning dawned upon them clear and soft, in their pleasant bivouacs along the green meadows of Moorman's river; and the General, after hard debate with himself, and with sore reluctance, gave the order to march again, surrendering the day of holy rest, which he would have so much enjoyed, to military necessity. General Johnson reported himself closely pressed by the enemy west of Staunton; and the crisis forbade the expenditure of a precious day. When General Jackson had left the great Valley turnpike at Harrisonburg, to turn aside to Swift Run Gap, the people of Staunton, in their panic, supposed that he was gone to reinforce the army near Richmond, leaving them to their fate; and unauthorized messages from officers near head-quarters confirmed this erroneous construction of his movement. The consequence was a fit of alarm, in which public military stores were hastily removed or destroyed, and the most exciting news of the certain occupation of Staunton by the enemy was sent to the force on the Shenandoah Mountain. General Johnson was detained from his command at the time; but the officer next in rank concluded that the junc-

ture required immediate action to rescue the army from capture. He therefore evacuated his strong position on the mountain, and retired to West View, only six miles west of Staunton, prepared to evade the approach of Banks on that place, and retire to the Blue Ridge. Thus the advanced forces of Milroy were brought within ten miles of Staunton, and he was about to establish his communications with the Federalists at Harrisonburg. General Jackson therefore pressed forward from Whitehall to Staunton, reaching the latter place at evening on the Sabbath, to the unspeakable delight of the inhabitants, who had only heard that the army had disappeared again into Eastern Virginia, no one knew whither. By Monday evening the whole army came up, and the junction with General Johnson was virtually effected.

Meantime General Banks no sooner learned that General Ewell had reached Elk Run, and that General Jackson had vanished thence, than he hastily evacuated Harrisonburg, and retreated to Strasbourg, followed by the cavalry of Ashby. The imagination of the Federal leader was affrighted with the notion of an attack in front from Ewell, while the mysterious Jackson should fall upon his flank or rear, from some unimagined quarter. Yet his force present at Harrisonburg, about twenty thousand men, was superior to that of both generals united!

On Wednesday morning, May 7th, a day having been employed in collecting and refreshing the troops, General Johnson broke up his camp at West View at an early hour, and marched against the enemy, followed by General Jackson in supporting distance, with the brigade of General

Taliaferro in front, that of Colonel Campbell next, and the Stonewall Brigade, now commanded by General Charles S. Winder, in the rear. The Corps of Cadets, from the Military Academy, forming a gallant battalion of four companies of infantry, under their teachers, was also attached to the expedition. The spruce equipments and exact drill of these youths formed a strong contrast with the war-worn and nonchalant veterans, as they stepped out, full of enthusiasm, to take their first actual look upon the horrid visage of War, under their renowned Professor.

The first collision with the enemy occurred about midday, at the intersection of the Harrisonburg and Parkersburg turnpikes. There a Federal picket was surprised, and nearly captured, escaping with the loss of a few men and horses. Their advanced posts at the eastern and western bases of the Shenandoah Mountain were immediately deserted, with some military stores, and the position upon the top of the mountain, lately held by the Confederates; and they retired across the Bull Pasture Mountain to M'Dowell, making no other resistance to the advance of the Confederates than a few ineffectual cannon shots. The latter paused for the night upon both sides of the Shenandoah Mountain, with the rear brigades many miles behind the front. On Thursday morning, May 8th, the march was resumed early, with General Johnson's regiments still in advance, and the ascent of the Bull Pasture Mountain was commenced. This ridge, unlike its neighbours, has a breadth of a couple of miles upon its top, which might be correctly termed a table-land, were it not occupied by clusters of precipitous hills, which are them-

selves almost mountainous in their dimensions and ruggedness. The Parkersburg turnpike, proceeding westward, ascends to this table-land, passes across it, and descends to the Bull Pasture River, by a sinuous course, along the ravines which seam the sides and top of the mountain alike; so that it is almost everywhere commanded, on one or both sides, by the steep and wooded banks of the valleys which it threads. On the right and left of the road, the western portions of the rough *plateau* which has been described, were occupied by pasture lands, covered with the richest greensward, with here and there the prostrate trunk of a forest tree long since girdled and killed. The chasm which separates the higher reaches of these lofty pastures is a mile in width; and far down in its bottom, the turnpike descends toward the river, until it debouches through a straight gorge of a few hundred yards in length, upon the bridge. Artillery, planted upon a hillock beyond the river, commanded this reach of the road with a murderous fire.

Generals Jackson and Johnson having ascended the mountain cautiously, and driven away a picket of the enemy which quartered its top, proceeded to the western ridge of the pasture lands on the left of the road, and occupied the forenoon in examining the position of the enemy. The grounds here belonged to a patriotic citizen named Sitlington; while the rival heights, on the right of the turnpike, fed the cattle of a proprietor named Hull. The latter were found to be occupied by two regiments of Federal riflemen; but the distance was too great for effective volleys. Beneath them lay the smiling hamlet of

M'Dowell, crowded with Federal troops, stores, and artillery, while beyond, the champaign stretched away with a smooth and gentle ascent to the westward for a number of miles. The edges of the vale next to the position of the Confederate Generals were fringed by a forest, which covered the steeper and more barren slopes of the mountain's foot. This wood was speedily found to be infested by the enemy's skirmishers; but a detachment of General Johnson's riflemen easily kept them at bay, and chastised their audacity whenever they attempted to advance from cover. The open field itself, of ¼ mile's length, was heaved into confused and billowy ridges, presenting, on the whole, the concavity of an irregular crescent toward the west. The ravine by which the Confederates reached this field from the turnpike is narrow and precipitous, and occupied both by the forest and by a stream of rude boulders, which the rains had precipitated from the ridge above. Yet it was judged that, by the strenuous exertions of men and horses, field-guns might have been carried up after several hours' labour.

From the ridges of the pasture-field General Jackson quietly watched the enemy far below him for a number of hours; while they cannonaded him and his escort from a battery on the further side of the vale, whose guns had their muzzles elevated toward the sky, and their trails thrust into trenches in the ground. It was no part of his purpose to engage them that day, nor on that ground. He had reason to hope that they were ignorant of his junction with General Johnson, and that they supposed they had only the six regiments of the latter to deal with.

His troops had not all come up; and the Stonewall Brigade especially was many miles in the rear. His purpose was to amuse the enemy, while his engineers diligently explored the mountain to the right and left for a road which might lead him to their rear. To the zeal of his artillery officers, who offered to bring up batteries, he quietly replied: "Thank you; not yet;" and at length added to one of them: "Perhaps Providence may open a way toward Monterey for you to-morrow." (Monterey is the next village, ten miles west of M'Dowell; and was in the enemy's rear.) In truth, his explorations had already been successful in leading him to a rude mountain road, practicable for artillery, which, passing far to the right of Hull's mountain pastures, enters the highway five miles in the rear of M'Dowell; and his orders were just issued to move a formidable park of artillery, with sufficient escort, by this road during the night, who were to assume a good position behind the enemy. His preponderance of force would have enabled him thus to envelop and crush the army of Milroy.

But that officer had astuteness enough, though ignorant of these formidable preparations, to apprehend something of the danger of his position. If once the lofty fields occupied by Generals Jackson and Johnson were crowned with artillery, their plunging fire would have made the whole valley of M'Dowell untenable for him; and the altitude forbade an effective reply. At mid-day General Schenck arrived with three thousand additional bayonets; and they resolved to take the initiative, and drive the Confederates from their threatening position at once. How

little purpose General Jackson had of commencing the action that evening appears from the fact, that as the afternoon advanced he had dismissed all his staff, save two members, upon different errands, with kindly instructions to seek the repose of their quarters when they had fulfilled those functions, and had sent orders to the Stonewall Brigade, which was at length approaching the top of the mountain, to descend again and seek a suitable encampment. But the advance of the enemy did not, for all this, find him unprepared. Although he had carefully avoided making any display of force upon the open hills, the regiments of General Johnson were close at hand, and the brigades of Taliaferro and Campbell within supporting distance. The aggressive intentions of the enemy now becoming manifest, the 52d Virginia regiment was brought upon the field, and posted upon the left, speedily followed by the 58th and 44th Virginia, and the 12th Georgia regiments. The 52d Virginia having been disposed as skirmishers, were speedily engaged in a brisk encounter with the enemy's skirmishers, whom they handsomely repulsed. The other three regiments then arriving, were soon afterwards posted as follows: the 12th Georgia on the crest of the hill, and forming the centre of the Confederate line, the 58th Virginia on the left to support the 52d, and the 44th Virginia on the right near a ravine.

General Milroy's advance now began in good earnest. He was protected in his approach by the convexity of the hills, and by the wood interposed in the Confederate front, until he emerged from it, and engaged their skirmishers. These he drove before him, and poured a galling fire into

the Confederate right, which was returned, and a brisk and animated contest was kept up for some time; when General Johnson's two remaining regiments, the 25th and 31st Virginia came up and were posted on the right. The fire was now rapid and well-sustained on both sides, and the conflict fierce and sanguinary. The narrow and rough ravine by which the Confederate troops ascended from the left side of the turnpike to the field of battle has been described. If the enemy advanced along the highway and seized its mouth, the results would be disastrous. To prevent the possibility of such a movement, the 31st Virginia was posted on both sides of the road between that point and the enemy. It was not long after ordered to join its brigade in action; and its place was taken by the 21st Virginia. To the commander of this regiment General Jackson gave his orders in person. They were, that he should avail himself of every inequality of the ground to protect his men, and then hold the turnpike against all odds, and at every cost.

The engagement had now not only become general along the entire line, but so furious, that General Jackson ordered General Taliaferro to the support of General Johnson. Accordingly, the 23d and 37th Virginia regiments were advanced to the centre of the line which was then held by the 12th Georgia with heroic gallantry; and the 10th Virginia was ordered to support the 52d Virginia, which had already driven the enemy from the left, and had now advanced to make a flank movement on him. At this time the Federalists were pressing forward in strong force on the extreme right of the Confederates, with a view of

turning that position. This movement was speedily detected, and met by General Taliaferro's brigade and the 12th Georgia with great promptitude. Further to check it, portions of the 25th and 31st Virginia regiments were sent to occupy an elevated piece of woodland on the right and rear, so situated as fully to command the position of the enemy. The brigade commanded by Colonel Campbell coming up about this time, was ordered, together with the 10th Virginia, down the ridge into the woods, to guard against designs upon the right flank. This duty they, in connexion with the other force, effectually performed. The battle had now raged from half-past four to half-past eight o'clock P.M., and the shades of night had descended. Every attempt of the enemy by front or flank movement to attain the crest of the hills where General Jackson's line was formed, was signally and effectually repulsed; and they finally ceased firing and retired from the field. During all the earlier portions of the engagement, the enemy's artillery on the further side of the valley was actively employed in throwing shot and shell, until their infantry approached too closely. But the elevation of the mountain, and the shelter of the sharp ridges rendered their fire ineffectual. Only one of the Confederate slain lost his life by a cannon shot. General Jackson brought up no artillery; assigning as his reason, that in case of disaster, there was no road by which it could be promptly withdrawn. The battle may therefore be said to have been fought with musketry alone.

By nine o'clock the roar of the struggle had passed away; and the green battle-field reposed under the star-

light as calmly as when it had been occupied only by its peaceful herds. Detachments of soldiers were silently exploring the ground for their wounded comrades, while the tired troops were slowly filing off to their bivouac. At midnight the last sufferer had been removed, and the last picket posted; and then only did General Jackson turn to seek a few hours' repose in a farm-house at the eastern base of the mountain. The valley of M'Dowell lay beneath him in equal quiet. The camp-fires of the Federals blazed ostentatiously in long and regular lines, and their host seemed to be wrapped in sleep. At one o'clock A.M., the General reached his quarters, and threw himself upon a bed. When his faithful servant, knowing that he had eaten nothing since morning, came with food, he said, "I want none; nothing but sleep," and in a minute was slumbering like a healthy infant. The dawn found him in the saddle, and ascending the mountain again. When he reached the crest of the battle-field he saw the vale beneath him deserted; the foe had decamped in the night, leaving their dead, and partially destroying their camp equipage and stores. The pebbly bottom of the neighbouring stream was found strewn with tens of thousands of musket-cartridges, and vast heaps of bread were still smoking amidst the ashes of the store-houses which had sheltered them. After marching west for a few miles, General Milroy sought the sources of the south branch of the Potomac, and turned northward down that stream, along which a good highway led toward Franklin and Romney. His aim was to meet the reinforcements of General Fremont, which he hoped were approaching by

that route, from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The line of his retreat was marked by the graves of his wounded, and the wreck of an occasional carriage.

The loss of the Confederates in this engagement was sixty-nine killed, and three hundred and ninety-one wounded; making a total of four hundred and sixty men. The greatest carnage occurred in the ranks of the famous 12th Georgia regiment, which had thirty-five killed, and one hundred and forty wounded. This noble body, trained under the eye of General Edward Johnson, when Colonel, held the centre of the battle from the beginning to the end. But their heavy loss was also due to their own zeal and chivalry. Having been advanced at first in front of the crest of the hills, where their line showed to their enemies from beneath, in bold relief against the sky, they could not be persuaded to retire to the reverse of the ridge, where many of the other regiments found partial protection without sacrificing the efficiency of their fire. Their commander, perceiving their useless exposure, endeavoured again and again to withdraw them; but amidst the roar of the musketry his voice was lifted up in vain; and when by passing along the ranks he persuaded or entreated one wing of the regiment to recede, they rushed again to the front while he was gone to expostulate with the other. A tall Georgia youth expressed the spirit of his comrades, when he replied the next day to the question, why they did not retreat to the shelter of the ridge behind them, whence they could fight the battle equally well: "We did not come all this way to Virginia to run before Yankees."

Just before the close of the engagement, General Johnson received a painful wound in the ankle, which, breaking one of its bones, compelled him to leave the field. General Jackson paid him the following merited tribute in his report: "General Johnson, to whom I had intrusted the management of the troops engaged, proved himself eminently worthy of the confidence reposed in him, by the skill, gallantry, and presence of mind which he displayed on the occasion." Colonel Gibbons, commanding the 10th Virginia, a Christian gentleman and soldier, beloved by all his comrades, fell dead as he was bringing his men into position; and he was the only person in his regiment who was struck. Colonel Harman, of the 52d Virginia, Colonel Smith, and Major Higginbotham, of the 25th, and Major Campbell, of the 42d Virginia, were wounded. At the beginning of the action, General Jackson was, for the reason stated above, accompanied by only two of his staff: Captain Lee, his ordnance officer, and Lieutenant Meade, his Aide. These two, by their zeal and courage, temporarily supplied the place of all; and Captain Lee received a severe wound in the head. The Federal loss was estimated by General Johnson, who witnessed nearly the whole struggle, to be double that of the Confederates; but this reckoning was probably too large. Few prisoners were taken on either side; but among those captured by Jackson was the colonel of an Ohio regiment. Some quarter-master's and commissary stores, arms, ammunition, and cavalry equipments remained with the victors. The force of General Milroy was supposed to be 8000 men. Of General Jackson's, about 6000, or only half his force, were engaged.

From M'Dowell, General Jackson sent the following modest and laconic despatch, the first of those missives which, during the remainder of his career, so frequently electrified the country with joy:

"VALLEY DISTRICT, *May 9th*, 1862.

"TO GEN. S. COOPER:

"God blessed our arms with victory at M'Dowell yesterday." T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General.*"

This announcement was received by the people of Virginia and of the Confederate States with peculiar delight, because it was the first blush of the returning day of triumphs after a season of gloomy disasters. The campaign had opened with the fall of Fort Donelson and the occupation of Nashville. The fruitless victory of Shiloh had been counterpoised in April by the fall of New Orleans, a loss as unexpected by the Confederates as it was momentous. On the 4th of May, while Generals Jackson and Johnson were effecting their junction at Staunton, Yorktown was deserted by the Confederates, and, on the next day, Williamsburg fell into their hands after a bloody combat. On the 9th, Norfolk surrendered to the enemy, and, on the 11th, the gallant ship Virginia, the pride and confidence of the people, was destroyed by her own commander. The victory of M'Dowell was the one gleam of brightness athwart all these clouds; and the eyes of the people turned with hope and joy to the young soldier who had achieved it, and recognised in this happy beginning the vigour and genius of the great commander.

General Jackson immediately threw forward a few

companies of cavalry, under Captain Sheetz, to harass the enemy's rear, and collected his infantry in the valley beyond M'Dowell to prepare for a close pursuit. The mountain passes by which General Banks might have communicated succours to Milroy were immediately obstructed, and an active officer was sent by a circuitous route to the northern parts of Pendleton county, below Franklin, to collect the partisan soldiers of the mountains in the enemy's rear. They were exhorted to fill the roads with felled timber, to tear down the walls which supported the turnpike along the precipitous cliffs, and to destroy the bridges, in order that the retreat of Milroy might be retarded, and the advance of Fremont to his aid checked, until his flying army was again beaten and dispersed. Saturday morning the victors resumed their march, refreshed by a night of quiet rest, and pressed the enemy so hard, that General Jackson hoped in the afternoon to bring them to bay. Their rear-guard assumed a position, and held the Confederate cavalry in check. General Jackson disposed his troops, and issued his orders for battle with a stern joy; but the slippery game soon continued its flight. The next morning was the Sabbath; but after anxious deliberation, the Confederate General concluded that the importance of overtaking the enemy, who would certainly not pause from any reverence for the sacred day, and of inflicting another disaster before the reinforcements of General Fremont arrived, required him to disregard its claims. When he began to urge the enemy again, the Federals resorted to the expedient of setting fire to the forests upon the mountain sides, in order

to envelop their flight in obscurity. Soon the sky was overcast with volumes of smoke, which almost hid the scene, and wrapped every distant object in a veil, impenetrable alike to the eyes and the telescopes of the officers. Through this sultry fog the pursuing army felt its way cautiously along, cannonaded by the enemy from every advantageous position; while it was protected from ambuscades only by detachments of skirmishers, who scoured the burning woods on each side of the highway. As fast as these could scramble over the precipitous hills, and through the blazing thickets, the great column crept along the main road, like a lazy serpent; their General often far in advance of its head, in his eagerness to overtake the foe. He declared that this smoke was the most adroit expedient to which a retreating army could resort to embarrass pursuit, and that it entailed upon him all the disadvantages of a night attack. By slow approaches, and constant skirmishing, the enemy were driven to the village of Franklin; when the double darkness of the night and the fog again arrested his progress.

When the morning of Monday arrived, General Jackson resolved to discontinue his pursuit of Milroy, and return to pay his respects to General Banks. Several considerations weighed together to determine his judgment. He ascertained that his orders for obstructing the turnpike below Franklin had been disregarded by the citizens! and their supineness and timidity filled him with disgust. It was now obvious that his cunning adversary, with an unobstructed road for retreat, and all the advantages of a mountainous country for defence, would not be brought to

a battle until he received the support of General Fremont. On the other hand, the concentration of the Confederates was only half completed, for the excellent division of General Ewell was still to be associated with the forces of Jackson; and prudence dictated that the risk of such a collision as that, with Fremont and Milroy united, should not be taken without the advantage of all the strength attainable by him. Moreover, time was precious; for he knew not how soon a new emergency at Fredericksburg or at Richmond might occasion the recall of General Ewell to the east, and deprive him of the power to strike any effective blow against General Banks. The motive last mentioned was perhaps the most operative of all; for he knew that the loan of General Ewell's aid to him by the Confederate authorities at Richmond was not entirely hearty, and that they did not wholly concur in his estimate of the importance of protecting his district from invasion. But the conclusive reason was a despatch from General Lee, May 11th, requiring his return. The same day General Jackson sent a courier to General Ewell, to announce his coming, who was commanded to ride post-haste with his message.

General Jackson, therefore, prepared to turn his face eastward again. He granted the soldiers the half of Monday as a season of rest, in lieu of the Sabbath, which had been devoted to warfare; and issued the following order to them :—

"Soldiers of the Army of the Valley and North-West,—I congratulate you on your recent victory at M'Dowell. I request you to unite with me this morning in thanks-

givings to Almighty God, for thus having crowned your arms with success; and in praying that He will continue to lead you on from victory to victory, until our independence shall be established; and make us that people whose God is the Lord."

"The chaplains will hold Divine service at 10 o'clock A.M., this day, in their respective regiments."

The different groups were accordingly soon assembled, beneath a genial sun, along the verdant meadows of the South Branch; and the neighbouring mountains, which, on the Sabbath, had reverberated with the bellowings of cannon, now echoed the Sabbath hymns. The commanding general attended reverently the worship of a company of artillery near his tent. After mid-day, the camps were broken up, and the march was resumed for M'Dowell; which the army reached on Wednesday evening. The next day's journey brought them to the Lebanon Springs, on the road to Harrisonburg, where they paused for a day, Friday, May 16th, to observe a season of national humiliation and prayer, appointed by the Confederate Government, for all the people and armies. On Saturday, an easy march was ended, in the beautiful region of Mossy Creek; where the troops, no longer pressed by a military exigency, were allowed to spend a quiet Sabbath.

One incident remains to be mentioned, illustrating Jackson's iron will, which occurred while the army paused on this march, at M'Dowell. A part of the men of the 27th Regiment, in the Stonewall Brigade, who had volunteered for twelve months, now found their year just expired. Assuming that the application of the late con-

scription to them was a breach of faith, they demanded their discharge, and laying down their arms, refused to serve another day. Their gallant Colonel, Grigsby, referred the case to General Jackson for instructions. On hearing it detailed, he exclaimed, his eye flashing, and his brow rigid with a portentous sternness, "What is this but mutiny? Why does Colonel Grigsby refer to me, to know what to do with a mutiny? He should shoot them where they stand." He then turned to his Adjutant, and dictated an order to the Colonel to parade his regiment instantly, with loaded muskets, to draw up the insubordinate companies in front of them, disarmed, and offer them the alternative of returning to duty, or being fusiladed on the spot. The order was obeyed, and the mutineers, when thus confronted with instant death, promptly reconsidered their resolution. They could not be afterwards distinguished from the rest of the regiment in their soldierly behaviour; and this was the last attempt at organized disobedience in the army.

CHAPTER XII.

WINCHESTER.

WHILE General Jackson was hurrying back from Franklin, critical events were occurring at Richmond, which must be known in order to appreciate the value of his victories, and their effect upon the public mind. The destruction of the ship "Virginia" by her crew, on the 11th of May, has been narrated. This blunder left the River James open to the enemy's fleet, up to the wharves of the city. The Confederate engineers had indeed projected an earthwork upon an admirable position, seven miles below, where the lands of a planter named Drewry overlooked a narrow reach of the stream, in a lofty bluff or precipitous hill. But so nerveless and dilatory had been their exertions, that when the river was thus opened to the enemy, there were neither guns mounted upon the unfinished ramparts of earth, nor obstructions completed in the channel beneath. The Legislature of Virginia had urged upon the Confederate War Department the vast importance of defending this avenue to the capital of the Commonwealth, and had received promises; but they remained unfulfilled. The hurried removal of military stores to the South-west, the packing of the archives of the Con-

federate Departments, and the significant movements of their occupants, now indicated the purpose of the Government to desert Richmond to the enemy. Not only was it left approachable by water, but the grand army of M'Clellan had pressed from the peninsula up to the neighbourhood of the city on the east, while a strong and increasing army under General M'Dowell, at Fredericksburg, threatened it by a northern route of only three marches, with no adequate force to oppose him. It was in this gloomy hour that the spirit of the General Assembly of Virginia, and of the citizens of her Capital, flamed up with a lofty and unshaken heroism, worthy to be compared with the noblest displays of patriotism in all the ages. The former body addressed to the President of the Confederate States a resolution requesting him to defend the city, if necessary, until one stone was not left upon another, and proposing to lay it as a sacrifice, with all its wealth, upon the country's altar. The Town Council met, and amidst the stern and unanimous enthusiasm of the citizens, seconded this resolve. They were determined that if the city could not be successfully defended, it should only be yielded to the enemy as a barren heap of rubbish, the sepulchre and glorious monument at once of its defenders. The General Assembly sent its Committee to lay their wishes before the President, who thanked them for their devotion, and assured them that the evacuation of Richmond, if it occurred, would by no means imply the desertion of Virginia. Even while they conferred together, a courier brought him news that some Federal ships of war, availing them-

selves of the absence of the "Virginia," were ascending the river, with the evident intention of reaching Richmond. Rising from his seat, he dismissed the Committee, saying, "This manifestly concludes the matter;" and proceeded to arrange for the removal of his family. But the timidity of the Federalists, afraid of torpedoes, or some other secret annoyance, and incredulous that so vital a point could indeed be left open for them, for this time saved the city, which, so far as its proper defenders were concerned, was already lost. The ships paused to make soundings, and to reconnoitre the banks; and meantime the citizens went to work. The City Council called upon the Confederate Engineers to know what they lacked for the immediate completion of their works, and pledged themselves to supply everything. The citizens themselves turned labourers, and drapers and bankers were seen at the port, loading barges with stone. Two or three excellent guns were mounted; great timbers were hewn, floated to the foot of Drewry's Bluff, and built into a row of cribs, which, when ballasted with stone and bricks, promised to resist the momentum of the heaviest ships. By the 15th of May, when the advance of the Federal fleet appeared, after their cautious dallying, these beginnings of defences were made; and the three guns, manned by Confederate marines, gloriously beat off the gunboats "Monitor" and "Galena," with no little damage of their boasted invulnerability.

The benefit wrought by these events upon the temper of the people, which before was tending fast to abject discouragement, cannot be described by words. The Con-

federate authorities had doubtless decided with perfect correctness, according to the technical maxims of war, that Richmond was untenable; but fortunately the great heart of the "Unterrified Commonwealth" was wiser than the intellect of the Government. Her glorious example sent a quickening pulsation of generous shame, of hope, and of courage through the veins of the army and of all the States. Throughout the Confederacy, her high determination was re-echoed; the people everywhere resolved rather to sacrifice their homes to the magnanimous work of defence, than to yield them a coveted prey to the enemy; the Government and Generals began, in good earnest, to prepare for holding the Capital against every assault.

This was, properly, the main object of the campaign, and all other movements were auxiliary to it. General Jackson's command was expected to concur in securing the Capital, by so dealing with that of General Banks, as to neutralize his co-operation in movements against Richmond, whatever might be the form they assumed. General Lee, reasoning from the strategic principles which he thought should have governed M'Clellan and Banks, and from news of partial movements of the forces of the latter towards Eastern Virginia, anticipated the sudden withdrawal of his whole army from the Valley, to Fredericksburg, for a combined movement with M'Dowell against Richmond; or even to the peninsula. General Jackson was steadfast in the opinion, that Banks's objective point was still Staunton, and the command of the Central Railroad; and he therefore confidently expected to fight him in the Valley. General Joseph E. Johnston, who, as com-

mander of the Department of North Virginia, was still General Jackson's immediate superior, constantly instructed him and General Ewell, in his despatches to them, to observe these two injunctions : If General Banks moved his army to M'Dowell at Fredericksburg, to march immediately by way of Gordonsville, and join General Anderson at some point in front of the former town ; or if he remained in the Valley, to fight him there immediately, only avoiding the effusion of blood in assaults of a fortified position. But he left it to them to decide which of these alternatives was about to become necessary. In the case that they were compelled to follow Banks to Fredericksburg, General Edward Johnson was to be left with his six regiments, to hold the Valley against Fremont, as he best might. Two more fine brigades were sent from Richmond to Gordonsville, to assist General Jackson in his movement against Banks ; but before a junction was effected with him, they were suddenly ordered back to the neighbourhood of Richmond, to defend the approaches on the side of Fredericksburg ; where they soon after suffered a disastrous defeat from M'Clellan's advance, at Hanover Court House. Jackson was also very nearly deprived of the assistance of General Ewell, by the same uneasiness concerning an attack from the side of Fredericksburg. After a series of despatches, varying with the appearances of danger, the latter General was finally instructed by the Commander-in-Chief, that it would be necessary for him to move at once from Swift Run Gap towards Gordonsville. But he had just been informed by General Jackson, that he was hastening back, to effect a

junction with him near Harrisonburg, and to assail Banks. Mounting his horse without escort, General Ewell rode express, night and day, and met Jackson on the Sabbath, May 18th, at Mossy Creek, to inform him of this necessity for inflicting so cruel a disappointment on him. The latter uttered no complaint, and made no comment; although the sleepless energy with which he had been pressing forward, told how dear the project was to his wishes. He meekly replied: "Then Providence denies me the privilege of striking a decisive blow for my country; and I must be satisfied with the humble task of hiding my little army about these mountains, to watch a superior force." The warm and generous heart of Ewell was touched with such an exhibition of unselfish devotion, and was unwilling to desert him. He therefore proposed that if Jackson, under whose immediate orders he was, as ranking Major-General, would assume the responsibility of detaining him until a remonstrance could be uttered against his removal, he would remain. The contingency under which General Johnston had authorized him to leave the Valley had not yet occurred; and the discretion which their general instructions conceded to General Jackson, for regulating his movements according to circumstances, authorized such an exercise of power. It was therefore concluded between them, that the junction should be completed at New Market, a day's march below Harrisonburg. The unwearied Ewell, after resting his limbs during public worship, again mounted his horse and returned to hurry on his division.

It is now time to pause, and explain the proceedings of

General Banks. His precipitate withdrawal from Harrisonburg, upon the movement of Generals Jackson and Ewell, has been described. He retired first to New Market, and then, leaving a heavy rear-guard in that region, to Strasbourg, twenty miles above Winchester; where he began fortifying himself in a strong position, commanding at once the Great Valley turnpike leading to Winchester, and the Manassa's Railroad leading towards Alexandria. The cavalry of Ashby, following close upon his rear, watched all the roads of the main Valley; while that of General Ewell guarded the communications between the Masanuttin Mountain and the Blue Ridge. A system of strategy was now begun by the Federalists, dictated by the senseless fears of the Executive at Washington, and by the judicial blindness dispensed to them from a Divine Providence merciful to the Confederates, in which every movement was a blunder. The aggressive attempt upon Staunton was postponed, at the precise juncture when it should have been pressed with all their forces combined; and to General Banks was consigned the defence of Strasbourg. Whereas, if Staunton was not won at once, then his whole force should have been transferred without delay to aid an aggressive movement from Fredericksburg, as General Lee anticipated. Milroy having been caught, beaten, and chased like a hunted beast, through the mountains, Blenker's division was now hurried to the support of him and General Fremont. It arrived just when Jackson had left them alone, and it left General Banks just when he was about to be assailed by him. Worse than all: as though an army of nearly forty thou-

sand men, under Generals M'Dowell and Augur, were not enough to protect the road from Fredericksburg to Washington against the embarrassed Confederates, Banks detached the best brigades he had,—those of Shields and Kimball, containing seven thousand men,—and sent them on the 14th of May, by way of Luray and Front Royal, to support the forces on the Rappahannock. It was this movement, so unaccountable in its folly, which, being observed by General Ewell, led him to believe, for a moment, that Banks's whole force had gone to assail Richmond from that quarter. This unlucky General thus reduced himself to about eighteen thousand men, at the critical moment when the storm was about to burst upon him. And he completed the chapter of errors in this, that by sending away General Shields he evacuated the New Market Gap, and gave to General Jackson the fatal option to assail him either in front or in flank. The latter watched all his mistakes with a silent intelligence; and while nothing escaped his eagle eye, it never betrayed his purposes by even a sparkle of elation.

That the measures now taken by General Jackson may be comprehended, the reader must recall the outline already given of the topography of the Valley of Virginia. From the neighbourhood of Elk Run, General Ewell's recent position, to that of Strasbourg—a distance of fifty miles —the Valley is divided by the Masanuttin, a high and precipitous mountain, parallel to the Blue Ridge, which, at both its ends, terminates suddenly in lofty promontories dominating the plains. The valley between it and the Blue Ridge is more narrow and rugged than that west of

it; but it is watered throughout its whole length by the South Shenandoah, and gives space enough for the fertile and populous county of Page, with its seat of justice at the village of Luray. One good road only connects this subordinate valley literally with the main Valley—the turnpike across New Market Gap. But, longitudinally, the county of Page is traversed by several excellent highways, parallel to the general course of its river and mountain barriers. Just west of the base of the New Market Gap is seated the village of that name, upon the Great Valley turnpike, and in the midst of a smiling champaign. The force which occupied this Gap, and commanded this village, was, in a sense, master of both valleys. This was the position which Banks deserted without cause, when he detached General Shields to Eastern Virginia. As the traveller proceeds north-east down the county of Page, he enters the county of Warren, lying just where the lesser valley merges itself again in the greater. The north fork of the Shenandoah River, which coasts the western base of the Masanuttin Mountain, turns eastward around its northern end from the neighbourhood of Strasbourg, and meets the south fork emerging from the other valley, near Front Royal, the seat of justice of Warren county. The excellent paved road from this village to Winchester leads by a course of eighteen miles, across both branches of the river, just above their union, and through a country of gentle hills, farms, and woodlands, converging towards the Great Valley turnpike as it approaches the town.

When Shields evacuated New Market, Colonel Ashby advanced his quarters to it, and extended his pickets to

the neighbourhood of Strasbourg, where he closed the whole breadth of the Great Valley, there much contracted, by a *cordon* of sentries. Every movement above was thus screened effectually from the observation of General Banks. General Jackson, leaving Mossy Creek, Monday, the 19th of May, proceeded by two marches to the neighbourhood of New Market. He there met the fine brigade of General Richard Taylor, which had marched from Elk Run Valley by the western side of the Masanuttin Mountain. On Wednesday, the 21st, he crossed the New Market Gap, and in the neighbourhood of Luray completed his union with the remainder of General Ewell's forces. His army now contained about sixteen thousand effective men, with forty field guns. It was composed of his own division, embracing the brigades of Winder, Campbell, and Taliaferro, of General Ewell's division, which included the brigades of Taylor, Trimble, Elzey, and Stewart, and the cavalry regiments of Ashby, Munford, and Flournoy, with eight batteries of artillery. At Mossy Creek, he had been met by Brigadier-General George H. Stewart, a native of Maryland, whom the Confederate Government had just commissioned, and charged with the task of assembling all the soldiers from that State into one corps, to be called the Maryland Line. To begin this work, General Jackson at once assigned to his command the First Maryland Regiment of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, and the Brockenborough Battery, which was manned chiefly by citizens of Baltimore, as the nucleus of a brigade.

He had determined to march by Luray and Front Royal, in order to avoid the necessity of attacking Banks in his

strong fortifications. This route offered other advantages: it placed him between his enemy and Eastern Virginia, whither General Lee feared he was moving: it enabled him to conceal his march from Banks more effectually, until he was fairly upon his flank: and it insured the issuing of that General from his entrenched position in order to save his communications. Leaving the picket line of Ashby in Banks's front, he marched with all his other forces towards Front Royal: where, he was aware, a Federal detachment of unknown force was stationed. The advance of the army, consisting of the First Maryland Regiment and the battalion of Major Wheat from Taylor's brigade, under the command of General Stewart, reached the village about two o'clock P.M., on Friday, May 23d. They had been ordered to diverge from the main road which enters the village from the south, into a rugged pathway across the hills, which led them into another road descending into the village from the mountains on the east. The surprise of the Federalists was complete, and it was evident that the first news they received of the presence of a hostile army, was the volley fired by Stewart into their picket, a mile from the village. Yet they showed themselves prepared to make a spirited resistance. Their advance was speedily driven through the town, with the loss of some prisoners, when their main force took up a position upon a commanding height on the side next Winchester, overlooking the village, and the approach of the Confederates from the opposite side. From this hill they cannonaded the troops as they approached, but without effect. The commands of Colonel Johnson and Major

Wheat, deployed as skirmishers, with a company of cavalry accompanying them, dashed through the streets, and across the fields in front, with impetuosity; while General Jackson ordered Taylor's Louisiana brigade to support them by a movement on the left flank, through a wood which lay on that side of the village. Before this effort could be completed, however, the gallant skirmishers had dislodged the enemy, and the General galloped forward to the height they had just occupied. On the nearer side of the South Shenandoah, which flowed just beyond this hill, was the enemy's camp, pitched in a charming meadow along the water-side, but now wrapped in flames, and sending up volumes of smoke to the skies, while, under its cover, their whole infantry was marching, in excellent order, up the road which obliquely ascended from the other bank, every rank distinctly displayed to view. Their guns were again posted on the rival height to that on which Jackson stood, far above the infantry, prepared to protect its retreat. As the General beheld this picture, he was seized with uncontrollable eagerness and impatience, and exclaimed: "Oh, what an opportunity for artillery! Oh that my guns were here!" Then turning almost fiercely to the only aide who accompanied him, he commanded him to hasten to the rear, and "order up every rifled gun, and every brigade in the army." Some guns were, after a little, brought up; but the enemy had meantime passed the crest of the ridge, and the pursuit was resumed; the General riding among the skirmishers and urging them on.

Here occurred a striking effect of a vicious usage, which it was the honour of General Lee to banish from the armies

in Virginia. This was the custom of temporarily attaching to the staff of a General commanding a division or an army, a company of cavalry to do the work of orderlies and couriers. By this clumsy contrivance, the organization of the cavalry regiments was marred, the men detached were deprived of all opportunity for drill, and the General had no evidence whatever of their special fitness for the responsible service assigned them. Nay, the colonel of cavalry required to furnish them, was most likely to select the company least serviceable to him by reason of deficient equipments, or inexperience. At the time of the combat of Front Royal, the duty of couriers was performed for General Jackson by a detachment from one of Colonel Ashby's undisciplined companies, of whom many were raw youths just recruited, and never under fire. As soon as the first Federal picket was driven in, and free access to the village won, orders were despatched to the rear brigades to avoid the laborious and circuitous route taken by the advance, and to pursue the direct highway to the town, a level tract of three miles, in place of a precipitous one of seven or eight. The panic-struck boy, by whom the orders were sent, thought of nothing but to hide himself from the dreadful sound of the cannon, and was seen no more. When General Jackson sent orders to the artillery and rear brigades to hurry to the pursuit, instead of being found near at hand, upon the direct road, they were at length overtaken, toiling over the hills of the useless circuit, spent with the protracted march; for they had received no instructions, and had no other guide than the footprints of those who preceded them. Thus night

overtook them by the time they reached the village; and they lay down to rest, instead of pursuing the enemy. This unfortunate incident taught the necessity of a picked company of orderlies, selected for their intelligence and courage, permanently attached to head-quarters, and owning no subordination to any other than the General and his staff. Such is the usage now prevalent in the Confederate armies.

But on this occasion the enemy did not escape through this accident. In the forenoon, Colonel Ashby and Colonel Flournoy had been detached with all the cavalry except a company or two, to cross the south fork of the Shenandoah at M'Coy's Ford, above the position of the Federalists, for the purpose of destroying the telegraphic and railroad communications between Front Royal and Strasbourg, and of preventing the passage of reinforcements or fugitives between the two posts. Colonel Flournoy, with his own and Colonel Munford's regiments, kept a short distance west of the river, and having executed his orders, now appeared upon the Winchester road, in the most timely manner, to join in the pursuit. At the north fork of the Shenandoah, the retreating Federalists made an abortive attempt to burn the bridge. Before they could fully accomplish this purpose the Confederates were upon them and extinguished the flames, but not until they had made one span of the bridge impassable for horsemen. Colonel Flournoy, however, accompanied by the General, with difficulty passed four companies of his own regiment across the river, and ordering the remainder to follow, hurried in pursuit. The Federals were overtaken near a little hamlet

named Cedarville, five miles from Front Royal, where their whole force, consisting of a section of artillery, two companies of cavalry, two companies of Pennsylvania infantry, and the 1st Maryland regiment of Federal infantry, now placed themselves in order of battle to stand at bay. General Jackson no sooner saw them than he gave the order to charge with a voice and air whose peremptory determination was communicated to the whole party. Colonel Flournoy instantly hurled his forces in column against the enemy, and broke their centre. They, however, speedily re-formed in an orchard on the right of the turnpike, when a second gallant and decisive charge being made against them, their cavalry broke and fled, the cannoneers abandoned their guns, and the infantry threw down their arms, and scattered in utter rout. Other Confederate troops speedily arriving, the fields and woods were gleaned, and nearly the whole opposing force was killed or captured. The result was, the possession of about seven hundred prisoners, immense stores, and two fine ten-pounder rifled guns. The loss of the patriots, in the combat and pursuit, was twenty-six killed and wounded.

Thus, two hundred and fifty men were taught by the dash and genius of Jackson, to destroy a force of four times their number. His quick eye estimated aright the discouragement of the enemy, and their wavering temper. Infusing his own spirit into the men, he struck the hesitating foe at the decisive moment, and shattered them. A glorious share of the credit is also due to the officers and men of the detachment. General Jackson declared

with emphasis to his staff, that he had never, in all his experience of warfare, seen a cavalry charge executed with such efficiency and gallantry; commendation which, coming from his guarded and sober lips, was decided enough to satisfy every heart.

While these occurrences were in progress, Colonel Ashby, after crossing at M'Coy's Ford, inclined still further to the west, so as to skirt the northern base of the Masanuttin Mountain. His route led him to Buckton, the intermediate station of the railroad, between Front Royal and Strasbourg, where he found a body of the enemy posted as a guard, behind the railroad embankment, and in a storehouse or barn of logs, which afforded them secure protection from his fire. Dismounting his men, he led them in person against the Federals, and speedily dispersed them. The track of the road was then effectually destroyed, so as to prevent the passage of trains. But in this hazardous onset several of his soldiers were lost, and among them his two best captains, Fletcher and Sheetz. The latter especially, although the year before but a comely youth taken from the farm of his father, had already shown himself a man of no common mark. Collecting a company of youths like himself in the valleys of Hampshire, he had armed them wholly from the spoils of the enemy, and without any other military knowledge than the intuitions of his own good sense, had drilled and organized them into an efficient body. He speedily became a famous partisan and scout, the terror of the invaders, and the right hand of his Colonel. Sheetz was ever next the enemy; if pursuing, in command of the advanced guard;

or if retreating, closing the rear; and Jackson had learned to rely implicitly upon his intelligence; for his courage, enterprise, sobriety of mind, and honesty, assured the authenticity of all his reports.

The skirmishers of General Ewell had now penetrated within four miles of Winchester, and the whole Confederate army, collected along the turnpike leading from Front Royal to that place, commanded Banks's communications, by numerous easy approaches. On the morning of Saturday, May 24th, that ill-starred General, who was beaten before he fought, had only three practicable expedients. One was to retreat to the Potomac by the Winchester road; another to defend himself at Strasbourg; the other, to avail himself of the Confederate advance on the former town to pass their rear at Front Royal, and so seek a refuge towards Manassa's Junction and Alexandria. But he was now in the clutches of a master who had his wary eye upon every contingency. Jackson determined to move the body of his army neither to Strasbourg nor to Winchester, but to Middletown, a village upon the great Winchester road, some five or six miles from Strasbourg, and thirteen from the latter place. General Ewell, with Trimble's brigade, the 1st Maryland regiment, and the batteries of Brockenborough and Courtney, was directed to pursue his movement upon Winchester by the Front Royal road, observing appearances of the enemy's retreat, and prepared to strike him in flank. Brigadier-General Stewart, in temporary command of the cavalry regiments of Munford and Flournoy, was directed to strike the Winchester road at the village of Newtown, nine miles

from that town, with directions to observe the movements of the enemy at that point. General Jackson himself, with all the remainder of the army, marched by a cross road from Cedarville towards Middletown. Colonel Ashby's cavalry was in front, supported by Chew's battery, and two rifled guns from the famous battery of Pendleton, now commanded by Captain Poague. Next followed the brigade of Taylor, and the remainder of the infantry. Colonel Ashby kept his scouts on his left extended to the railroad, so as to note any signs of a movement towards Front Royal. All the detachments of the army were in easy communication; and whether the enemy attempted to make a stand at Strasbourg, at Winchester, or at any intermediate point, the whole force could be rapidly concentrated against him. Before the main body was fairly in motion, Brigadier-General Stewart had already sent news of his arrival at Newtown, where he captured a number of ambulances, with prisoners and medical stores, and found evident signs of a general retreat upon Winchester.

General Jackson now advanced upon Middletown, confident that his first surmise would be confirmed, and that he should strike the retreating army upon the march. Half-way between that place and Middletown, his advance was confronted by a body of Federal cavalry, evidently sent to observe him. Captain Poague's section of artillery being then in front, the General ordered him instantly to gallop forward, take a position at short range, and fire into them. This was done with perfect success, and the detachment scattered; which was a novel instance of a

charge effected by field artillery. When the little village of Middletown came in view, across the broad and level fields, the highway passing through it, at right angles to the direction of General Jackson's approach, was seen canopied with a vast cloud of grey dust, and crowded beneath, as far as the eye could reach, with a column of troops. At the sight, the artillery dashed forward in a gallop for a rising ground, whence to tear their ranks with shell. Ashby swooped down upon the right like an eagle; cut through their path, and arrested their escape on that side; while General Taylor throwing his front regiment into line, advanced at a double quick to the centre of the village, his men cheering, and pouring a terrific volley into the confused mass which filled the street. Never did a host receive a more mortal thrust. In one moment, the way was encumbered with dying horses and men; and at every fierce volley, the troopers seemed to melt by scores from their saddles; while the frantic, riderless horses, rushed up and down, trampling the wounded wretches into the dust. But the astute cowardice of the Federals made the real carnage far less than the apparent; they fell from their horses before they were struck, and were found, when the victors leaped into the road, squat behind the stone fences which bordered it, in long and crowded lines, where they all surrendered at the first challenge. Among the remainder of the Federal cavalry, the wildest confusion ensued, and they scattered in various directions. Two hundred prisoners and horses with their equipments, remained in the hands of the Confederates at this spot. But it did not yet appear what part of the retreating army was

above, and what below the point of assault. As soon as the bullets ceased to fly, the astonished citizens gathered around; and when they saw the miserable, begrimed, and bloody wreck of what had just been a proud regiment of Vermont cavalry, they exclaimed with uplifted hands: "Behold the righteous judgment of God; for these are the miscreants who have been most forward to plunder, insult, and oppress us!" By some of them, General Jackson was informed, that dense columns of infantry, trains of artillery, and long lines of baggage-waggons, had been passing from Strasbourg since early morning.

Many waggons were seen disappearing in the distance towards Winchester, and Colonel Ashby, with his cavalry, some artillery, and a supporting infantry force from Taylor's brigade, was sent in pursuit. But a few moments elapsed before the Federal artillery, which had been cut off with the rear of their army, began to shell the village from the direction of Strasbourg. General Jackson, regarding this as an indication of a purpose to cut a way for retreat through his forces, immediately formed Taylor's brigade south of the village, and advanced it with a few guns to meet their attempt. The brigade of Colonel Campbell soon after arriving, was brought up to support it. But the enemy's courage was not adequate to so bold an exploit; the cannonade was only tentative; and, after a short skirmish, a column of flame and smoke arising from the valley of Cedar Creek, told that they had fired the bridge over that stream, in order to protect themselves from attack. This fragment of the broken army, which was probably small in numbers, finally fled westward; and

either took refuge with General Fremont in the valley of the South Branch, or made its way piecemeal to the Potomac, along the base of the Great North Mountain. A large amount of baggage fell into the hands of the victors at the scene of this combat; entire regiments apparently in line of battle, having laid down their knapsacks and abandoned them.

General Jackson was now convinced that the larger game was in the direction of Winchester, and returned with his whole force to pursue it. The Stonewall Brigade, which had now come up, took the front, and the whole army advanced towards Newtown. The deserted waggon-train of the enemy was found standing, in many cases with the horses attached, and occupied the road for a mile. Upon approaching Newtown, the General was disappointed to find his artillery arrested, and wholly unsupported by the cavalry; while the enemy, taking heart from the respite, had placed two batteries in position on the left and right of this village, and again showed a determined front. Nearly the whole of Colonel Ashby's cavalry present with him, with a part of the infantry under his command, had disgracefully turned aside to pillage; so that their gallant commander was compelled to arrest the pursuit. Indeed, the firing had not ceased, in the first onset upon the Federal cavalry at Middletown, before some of Ashby's men might have been seen, with a quickness more suitable to horse-thieves than to soldiers, breaking from their ranks, seizing each two or three of the captured horses, and making off across the fields. Nor did these men pause until they had carried their illegal booty

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to their homes, which were, in some instances, at the distance of one or two days' journey. That such extreme disorders could occur, and that they could be passed over without a bloody punishment, reveals the curious inefficiency of officers in the volunteer Confederate army.

The rifled guns of Captain Poague were immediately placed in position upon arriving near Newtown, on an opposing eminence, and replied to the Federal battery upon the right of the village with effect; but it was sunset before they were dislodged, and the pursuit resumed. The enemy had improved this pause to set fire to a large part of their train containing valuable stores; and, as the army advanced, the gathering darkness was illuminated for a mile by blazing waggons and pontoon boats; while blackened heaps of rice, beef, and bread, intermingled with the bands and bars of glowing iron, showed where carriages laden with these stores had been consumed.

General Jackson's perfect knowledge of the ground surrounding Winchester, suggested to him the fear that the Federalists would occupy the range of hills to the left of the turnpike and south-west of the town, so as to command his approaches. He therefore determined to press them all night, in the hope of seizing the contested heights during the darkness. Without a moment's pause for food or sleep, the army marched forward in perfect order, some of the brigades enlivening their fatigues from time to time with martial music, while ringing cheers passed, like a wave, down the column for four miles, until their sound was lost in the distance. The last time Jackson's division had passed over this road, they were making their slow

and stubborn retreat from the bloody field of Kernstown; and they were now eager to wipe out the disgrace of that check. The night was calm, but dark. All night long, the General rode at the front, amidst a little advanced guard of cavalry, seeking the enemy's bleeding haunches with the pertinacity of a blood-hound. Again and again he fell, with his escort, into ambuscades of their riflemen, posted behind the stone fences, which here line the road almost continuously. Suddenly the fire appeared, dancing along the top of the wall, accompanied by the sharp explosion of the rifles, and the bullets came hissing up the road. The first of these surprises occurred soon after the burning waggons were passed. No sooner had the fire begun than the General, seeing his escort draw rein and waver, cried in a commanding tone, "Charge them! charge them!" They advanced unsteadily a little space, and then, at a second volley, turned and fled past him, leaving him in the road with his staff alone. But the enemy, equally timid, also retired, seemingly satisfied with their effort. The conduct of these troopers filled Jackson with towering indignation; and turning to the officer next him, he exclaimed: "Shameful! Did you see anybody struck, sir? Did you see anybody struck? Surely they need not have run, at least until they were hurt!" Skirmishers from the 33d Virginia Infantry of Colonel Neff, were now thrown into the fields right and left of the turnpike, and advancing abreast with the head of the column, protected it for a time from similar insults. But as it approached Barton's Mills, five miles from Winchester, the enemy, posted on both sides of the road, again received it with so

severe a fire that the cavalry advance retired precipitately out of it, carrying the General and his attendants along with them, and riding down several cannoneers, who had been brought up to their support. So pertinacious was the stand of the Federalists here, the 27th, 2d, and 5th Virginia Regiments were brought up, and the affair grew to the dimensions of a night-combat, before they gave way. A similar skirmish occurred at Kernstown also, in which a few of the enemy were killed and captured. The army was now not far from its goal; and the General, commanding the skirmishers to continue a cautious advance, caused the remainder to halt, and lie down upon the road-side, for an hour's sleep. He himself, without a cloak to protect him from the chilling dews, stood sentry at the head of the column, listening to every sound from the front. Meanwhile, the wearied skirmishers pressed on, with a patient endurance beyond all praise, drenched with the dews, wading through the rank fields of clover and wheat, and stumbling across ditches, until their tired limbs would scarcely obey their wills. When the early dawn came to their relief, the heights commanding Winchester were in sight, and against the faint blush of the morning sky the figures of the Federal skirmishers upon the crest were distinctly relieved. The tired Confederates having rested a short time, General Jackson, in a quiet undertone, gave the word to march, which was passed down the column; and the host rising from its short sleep, chill and stiff with the cold night-damps, advanced to battle.

The town of Winchester is seated upon ground almost

level; and such also is the surface south and east of it, through which the great roads from Strasbourg and Front Royal approach. The former, especially, passes through smooth fields and meadows, by a smiling suburb and mill-house, a mile from the town; after which it surmounts a gentle ascent, and enters the street. But towards the south-west, a cluster of beautiful hills projects itself for a mile toward the left, commanding the town, the turnpike, and the adjacent country. They were then enclosed with fences of wood or stone, and covered with luxuriant clover and pasturage, with here and there a forest-grove crowning the eminences farther west. Why the enemy did not post their powerful artillery upon the foremost of these heights, supported by their main force, can only be explained by that infatuation which possessed them, by the will of God, throughout these events. When General Jackson arrived near them at early dawn, with the main column, he found them occupied by a skirmish line only. After a careful examination of a few minutes, he ordered General Winder to bring forward the Stonewall Brigade; which, forming in line of battle with the 5th Virginia on the right, advanced, and speedily dislodged the enemy from the first line of eminences. The General immediately advanced a strong detachment of artillery, composed of the batteries of Poague, Carpenter, and Cutshaw, and posted them advantageously just behind the crests of the hill. The enemy's main force now disclosed itself, occupying a convex line upon the high grounds, south and south-west of the town; and while the Stonewall Brigade, with that of Colonel John A. Campbell, were disposed, as supports

to the batteries, a fierce cannonade, intermingled with a sharp, rattling fire of riflemen, greeted the rising sun. The May dews, exhaled by his beams, wrapped a part of the landscape in a silvery veil, into which the smoke of the artillery melted away. Just at this moment, General Jackson rode forward, followed by two field officers, Colonel Campbell and another, to the very crest of the hill, and amidst a perfect shower of balls, reconnoitred the whole position. Both the officers beside him were speedily wounded, but he sat calmly upon his horse, until he had satisfied himself concerning the enemy's dispositions. He saw them posting another battery upon an eminence far to his left, whence they hoped to enfilade the ground occupied by the guns of Poague; and, nearer to his left front, a body of riflemen were just seizing a position behind an oblique stone fence, whence they poured a galling fire upon the gunners, and struck down many men and horses. Here this gallant battery stood its ground, sometimes almost silenced, yet never yielding an inch. After a time, by direction of General Winder, they changed their front to the left, so as to present a more successful face to their adversaries; and while a part of their guns replied to the opposing battery, the remainder shattered the stone fence which sheltered the Federal infantry, with solid shot, and raked it with canister. Carpenter and Cutshaw also kept up so spirited a contest with the batteries in the direction of the town, as to silence their fire. General Jackson was hard to be convinced that the enemy would be so foolish as to yield the contest, without an attempt to drive his artillery from this vital position, and to occupy it with

their own. At this stage of the battle, he rode up to Colonel Neff, of the 33d Virginia, supporting the battery of Carpenter, and after ordering the latter not to slacken his fire, said to the former; "Colonel, where is your regiment posted?" "Here," he replied; "the right masked in this depression of ground, and the left behind that fence." Said the General, "I expect the enemy to bring artillery to this hill; and they must not do it; do you understand me, sir! *They must not do it!* Keep a good look-out, and your men well in hand; and if they attempt to come, charge them with the bayonet; and seize their guns: *Clamp them, sir,* on the spot." As he gave this order, his clenched hand and strident voice declared the energy of his fiery will, in such sort as to make the blood of every beholder tingle.

But the narrative must pause here, to return to the movements of General Ewell. During the previous evening, he had pressed the enemy back from the direction of Front Royal, until his advanced regiment, the 21st North Carolina, Colonel Kirkland, was within two miles of Winchester. Here he rested his advance at 10 o'clock P.M., and his command slept upon their arms. At dawn he moved simultaneously with General Jackson, and the first guns of Carpenter were answered from the east, by those of his batteries. He advanced his left, Colonel Kirkland still in front, until he was met by a fire of musketry from the enemy's line, posted behind a stone fence, so destructive that the field officers were all wounded, and the gallant regiment compelled to recoil. This check was speedily retrieved by the 21st Georgia regiment, which in turn

drove the enemy's infantry from their cover. But General Ewell, upon the suggestion of Brigadier-General Trimble, was convinced that his better policy would be to move by his right. Bringing the remainder of his regiments forward, he executed this movement, and the enemy began at once to give way from his front.

The battle had now reached a stage which General Jackson perceived to be critical; the hour for striking the final blow had arrived. The enemy were evidently moving, by a still wider circuit, towards the wooded heights which commanded his extreme left. He now sent for the fine brigade of General Taylor, which was at the head of the column of reserve, in the rear of the mill-house. Before the messenger could bring it up, his eagerness overcame him, and he was seen riding rapidly to meet it. Conducting it by a hollow way around the rear of his centre, he directed its rapid formation in line of battle, with the left regiments thrown forward to the westward of the enemy's position. Under a shower of shells and rifle-balls, this magnificent body of troops wheeled from column into line, with the accuracy and readiness of a parade. As soon as General Jackson saw them in motion in the desired direction, he galloped along the rear of his line toward the centre giving the word for a general advance. When he reached the hill occupied by the battery of Carpenter, where he had so exposed himself at the beginning, he mounted it again, with an air of eager caution, peering like a deer-stalker over its summit, as soon as his eyes reached its level. His first glance was sufficient; setting spurs to his horse, he bounded upon the crest, and shouted

to the officers near him : "Forward, after the enemy!" No more inspiring sight ever greeted the eyes of a victorious captain. Far to the east, the advancing lines of Ewell rolled forward, concealed in waves of white smoke, from their volleys of musketry, and were rapidly overpassing the suburbs of the town. On the west, the long and glittering lines of Taylor, after one thundering discharge, were sweeping at a bayonet charge up the reverse of the hills, with irresistible momentum. Nearer the General, came the Stonewall Brigade, with the gallant 23d Virginia, who sprung from their lairs, and rushed panting down the hill-sides. Between him and the town the enemy were everywhere breaking away from the walls and fences where they had sheltered themselves, at first with some semblance of order, but then dissolving into a vast confusion, in which the infantry, mounted officers, and artillery crowded and surged toward the streets. But they found neither shelter nor respite there ; the eager Confederates were too close upon them to allow time for any arrangements for defence. For a few moments, pursuers and pursued were swallowed from view, and the rout roared through every street, with rattling rifle-shots, and ringing cheers of the victors, until it disgorged itself upon the commons north of the town. The General, with his face inflamed with towering passion and triumph, galloped amidst the foremost pursuers, and urged them upon the enemy. The sidewalks and doorways were thronged with children, women, and old men, who rushed out, regardless of the balls, to hail the conquerors. Of these, some ran in among the horses, as though to embrace the knees of their deliverers ; many

were wildly waving their arms or handkerchiefs, and screaming their welcome in cheers and blessings, while not a few of the more thoughtful were seen, standing upon their doorsteps, with their solemn faces bathed in tears, and spreading forth their hands to heaven, in adoration. To complete the thrilling scene, two great buildings in different places, were vomiting volumes of flame and smoke, which threatened to involve all in one common ruin; for the enemy, in cowardly spite, lighted them, and left them in flames in the midst of the town. But not one of the endangered citizens sought to arrest any pursuing soldier for this; and after the first frenzy of their joy was passed, the old men and the females set to, and extinguished the fires. Delicate women were seen bringing water, and rushing into the burning building, stored with the ammunition of the enemy; to drag out the Federal sick and wounded, who had been left there by their comrades, to be overwhelmed in the explosion which they expected to follow.

When General Jackson issued into the open ground again at the Martinsburg turnpike, all the fields which the depredations of the enemy had converted into a waste denuded of fences and crops, were dark with a confused multitude of fugitives, utterly without order or thought of resistance. From the head of every street eager columns of Confederates were pouring, and deploying without awaiting the commands of their officers, into an irregular line, in order to fire upon the retreating mass. As this surged wildly away it left scattered over the common its human wrecks, in the shape of dead and dying, inter-

mingled with knapsacks, arms, and bundles of stolen goods. Upon glancing around this picture, the General exclaimed: "Never was there such a chance for cavalry; oh that my cavalry were in place!" When an officer near him remarked that the best substitute for a cavalry pursuit would be the fire of the field artillery, he replied: "Yes; go back and order up the nearest batteries you find." After despatching this order, he sent another member of his staff, with the characteristic command, "to order every battery and every brigade forward to the Potomac." In his official report he says: "Never have I seen an opportunity when it was in the power of the cavalry to reap a richer harvest of the fruits of victory." And again: "There is good reason for believing that, had the cavalry played its part in this pursuit as well as the four companies under Colonel Flournoy, two days before, in the pursuit from Front Royal, but a small portion of Banks's army would have made its escape to the Potomac." The cause of this untimely absence of the cavalry may be surmised by the reader, as to that part under Colonel Ashby. Disorganized by its initial success, it was so scattered that its heroic leader could gather but a handful around him on the morning of the battle. With these he had undertaken an independent enterprise, to cut off a detachment of Federalists on their left; and passing around the scene of action he joined in the pursuit many hours after at Bunker Hill. The 2d and 6th regiments had been placed under the temporary command of Brigadier-General George H. Stewart, of General Ewell's division. As they did not appear after the pursuit had been continued for some time,

General Jackson sent his Aide, Captain Pendleton, after them. General Stewart replied that he was awaiting the orders of General Ewell, under whose immediate command he was, and could not move without them. While these were obtained, precious time was wasted, and two hours elapsed before the two regiments were upon the traces of the enemy. That a superior officer, addressing his commands to persons under the orders of his inferior, should direct them through him, if he is present, is a proper mark of consideration, and a means of regularity in governing. But it is a most effectual way to rob a commanding general of his command, to assume that he may not claim the services of the subordinate of his own subordinate, in the absence of the latter, when, if he were present, he could legitimately control him and all under him. The utmost which the former could ask, when receiving orders without the intervention of his immediate superior, would be, that his commanding general should remember to explain to that officer the orders thus given in his absence.

After pursuing for a few miles with infantry and artillery, General Jackson perceived that the interval between his men and the enemy was continually widening. The warm mid-day was now approaching, and since the morning of the previous day, the troops had been continually marching or fighting, without food or rest. Nature could do no more. At every step some wearied man was compelled to drop out of the ranks by overpowering fatigue. The General therefore ordered the infantry to cease their pursuit, and return to the pleasant groves of Camp Stevenson, three miles north of Winchester, for rest and rations,

while the cavalry, which had now arrived, assumed the duty of pressing the enemy. This General Stewart performed with skill and energy, picking up a number of prisoners, and driving the Federalists through Martinsburg, and across the Potomac at Williamsport. General Banks was one of the first fugitives to appear at Martinsburg, having deserted his army long before the conclusion of the battle. His forces were thus driven without pause, and within the space of thirty-six hours, a distance of sixty miles. At Martinsburg enormous accumulations of army stores again fell into the victors' hands. When the cavalry drove the last of the fugitives across the Potomac, a multitude of helpless blacks were found cowering upon the southern bank, who had been decoyed from Winchester and the adjacent country, by the story that Jackson was putting to death all the slaves whom he met, upon the charge of fraternizing with the Yankees. Many of these unhappy victims of fanaticism, deserted in the hour of alarm by their seducers, were cared for, and brought back to their homes by the horsemen.

The remainder of the day was devoted by the army, as well as their commander, to repose. The tired men, disencumbered of their arms, reclined under the noble groves interspersed among their camp, while the famished horses grazed busily upon the rich sward. The thunder of the battles and the shouting of the captains were soon followed by a Sabbath stillness, amidst which the General slowly rode back to the town. Having procured quarters in the chief hotel, he refused all food, and throwing himself across a bed upon his breast, booted and spurred, was

sleeping in a moment, with the healthy quietude of infancy.

The next day was devoted to a religious rest, in order to pay that honour which General Jackson ever delighted to render to Almighty God, and to repay the troops in some sort for the interruptions of the holy day by battle. This purpose was announced to the troops in the following general order :—

"Within four weeks this army has made long and rapid marches, fought six combats and two battles, signally defeating the enemy in each one, captured several stands of colours and pieces of artillery, with numerous prisoners, and vast medical, ordnance, and army stores; and finally driven the boastful host which was ravishing our beautiful country into utter rout. The General commanding would warmly express to the officers and men under his command his joy in their achievements, and his thanks for their brilliant gallantry in action, and their patient obedience under the hardships of forced marches, often more painful to the brave soldier than the dangers of battle. The explanation of the severe exertions to which the Commanding General called the army, which were endured by them with such cheerful confidence in him, is now given in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future.

"But his chief duty to-day, and that of the army, is to recognise devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days (which have given us the results of a great victory without great losses);

and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for His mercies to us and our country, in heartfelt acts of religious worship. For this purpose the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending as far as practicable all military exercises; and the chaplains of regiments will hold Divine service in their several charges at 4 o'clock P.M."

At the appointed hour the General attended public worship with the 37th Virginia regiment, and presented an edifying example of devotion to the men.

Winchester had been the great resort of Federal sutlers, who had impudently occupied many of the finest shops upon its streets, and exposed their wares for sale in them. The headlong confusion of Banks's retreat left them neither means nor time to remove their wealth. All was given up to the soldiers, who speedily emptied their shelves. It was a strange sight to see the rough fellows, who the day before had lacked the ration of beef and hard bread, regaling themselves with confectionery, sardines, and tropical fruits. Their spoils, however, were about to produce a serious evil. The stores of clothing captured by the men in these shops, and in the baggage of the fugitives, were so enormous, that in a day the army seemed to be almost metamorphosed. The Confederate grey was rapidly changing into the Yankee blue. Had this license been permitted, the purposes of discipline would have been disappointed, and the dangers of battle multiplied. General Jackson speedily suppressed it by this adroit and simple measure. He issued an order that every person in Federal uniform should be arrested, and assumed to be a prisoner of war going at large improperly, until he himself presented

adequate evidence of the contrary. The men of the Provost-Marshal had not acted upon this order many hours before the army became grey again as rapidly as it had been becoming blue. The men either deposited their gay spoils in the bottom of their knapsacks, or sent them by the baggage-trains which were carrying the captured stores to the rear, and donned their well-worn uniforms again.

General Jackson was not the man to lose the opportunities growing out of such a victory by inaction. The use to be made of his present successes was dictated by the authorities at Richmond; but it is believed their designs met the full approbation of his own judgment. Immediately after the battle of Winchester he had sent a trusty officer to the capital with despatches explaining his views. The decision of the Government was, that he should press the enemy at Harper's Ferry, threaten an invasion of Maryland, and an assault upon the Federal capital, and thus make the most energetic diversion possible to draw a part of the forces of M'Clellan and M'Dowell from Richmond. After allowing his troops two days of needed rest, the army was moved, Wednesday morning, May 28th, toward Charlestown, by Summit Point, General Winder's brigade again in advance. Charlestown is a handsome village, the seat of justice of Jefferson county, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. When about five miles from the former place, General Winder received information that the enemy was in possession of it in heavy force. Upon being advised of this General Jackson ordered General Ewell with reinforcements to his support.

But General Winder resolved not to await them, and advanced cautiously toward Charlestown. As he emerged from the wood, less than a mile distant from the town, he discovered the enemy in line of battle about fifteen hundred strong, and decided to attack them. Upon the appearance of our troops, the enemy opened upon them with two pieces of artillery. Carpenter's battery was immediately placed in position, with the 33d Virginia regiment as support; and was so admirably served that in twenty minutes the enemy retired in great disorder, throwing away their arms and baggage. The pursuit was continued rapidly with artillery and infantry to Hall-town, a hamlet a couple of miles from the Potomac. A short distance beyond that point, General Winder observing the enemy strongly posted on Bolivar Heights, and in considerable force, concluded that prudence required him to await his supports; and he therefore arrested the pursuit, and returned to the vicinity of Charlestown.

On the following day, the main body of the army took position near Hall-town, and the 2d regiment, Virginia infantry, was sent to Loudon Heights, with the hope of being able to drive the enemy from Harper's Ferry, across the Potomac. But this movement was no sooner made, than General Jackson received intelligence which imperiously required him to arrest it, and provide for his own safety. The Federal Government, awakened by its disasters to a portion of sense and activity, gave orders to General Shields to move upon General Jackson's communications from the Rappahannock, and General Fremont from the valley of the South Branch. Both these bodies

were now threatening to close in upon his rear with a speed which left not a moment for delay. At Front Royal, the 12th Georgia regiment, so distinguished for its gallantry at M'Dowell, and previous engagements, had been stationed to watch the approaches of the enemy from the east, and to guard the prisoners and valuable stores captured there the previous week. Through the indiscretion of its commander, it was driven from the place, with the loss of all the prisoners, and a number of its own members captured; while the stores were only rescued from falling again into the hands of the Federalists by the energy of a Quarter-master, who fired the warehouses containing them. Thus a loss of three hundred thousand dollars, in provisions and equipments, was incurred at the outset.

In the afternoon of the 30th, the whole army was in motion, retreating upon Strasbourg, the point at which it was expected Shields and Fremont would attempt their junction. General Winder was ordered to recall the 2d regiment from Loudon Heights, and with the cavalry to protect the rear of the army. On arriving at Winchester, General Jackson learned that the approach of the enemy to Strasbourg was so imminent, that it was essential his rear should reach that place by mid-day of the 31st, in order to avoid separation from the main body, and capture. He therefore sent back orders to the Stonewall Brigade not to pause in its march on the 30th, until it passed Winchester. It travelled, in fact, from Hall-town to the neighbourhood of Newtown, a distance of thirty-five miles; and the 2d Virginia regiment, which had its steps to re-

trace from the heights beyond the Shenandoah, accomplished a march of more than forty miles without rations. This astonishing effort was made also over muddy roads, and amidst continual showers! The next morning the rear-guard arose from their wet bivouac, stiff and sore of limb, and completed the march to Strasbourg in the forenoon. When they arrived there, they found the army halted and awaiting them; while General Ewell, with his division, facing toward the west, was sternly confronting Fremont, and offering him gage of battle. The latter had arrived in the neighbourhood of Strasbourg, by way of Wardensville, and issued from the gap of the great north mountain, as though to attack the retreating army. But when it stood thus at bay, he prudently withdrew, after a desultory skirmish, into the gorge from which he had issued. General Jackson now resumed a deliberate retreat, with his rear covered by his cavalry; seeking some position in the interior, where he could confront his foes without danger to his flanks.

During the week which embraced these brilliant events, the Quartermasters' and Ordnance departments of the army were laboriously engaged in collecting and removing the captured stores. The baggage trains of the army, and those captured from the enemy, were laden with the precious spoils and sent towards Staunton. Every carriage which could be hired or impressed from the vicinity of Winchester was also employed; and yet a vast and unestimated mass, which could not be removed, was consigned to the flames. Only those things which were brought safely away will be enumerated. It has been re-

lated how the soldiers themselves were permitted to dispose of the contents of the sutlers' stores. A large part of the army was thus equipped with clothing, boots and shoes, blankets, oil-cloth coverings, and hats. One of the largest storehouses in Winchester was found filled with medicines, surgical instruments, and hospital appliances of the choicest description. Of these a small portion were distributed to the surgeons for the immediate wants of their brave men; and all the remainder were sent to Richmond, where they were found abundant enough to replenish the medical stores of the great army. The mercy of Providence in this supply, was as manifest as His rebuke of the barbarity of the enemy. With an inhumanity unknown in modern history, they had extended the law of blockade to all medicines and hospital stores; hoping thus not only to make the hurts of every wounded adversary mortal (where brave men would have been eager to minister to a helpless foe), but to deprive suffering age, womanhood, and infancy of the last succours which the benignity of the universal Father has provided for their pangs. This cold and malignant design was in part disappointed by the victory of Jackson. The stores captured at Winchester not only supplied the conquering army, but carried solace and healing to the sick and wounded throughout the approaching campaign of Richmond. In bright contrast with this barbarity of the enemy stands the magnanimity of Jackson. Finding a large and well-provided hospital at Winchester, filled with seven hundred Federal sick and wounded, he ordered that nothing of their stores or medicines should be removed, and having minis-

tered to the sufferers with generous attention during the week they were in his power, he left everything untouched when Winchester was again evacuated. The seven hundred enemies were paroled not to fight again until exchanged.

The 31st of May, the 21st Virginia regiment left Winchester in charge of twenty-three hundred prisoners of war. The whole number of the enemy captured was about three thousand and fifty. One hundred beeves, thirty-four thousand pounds of bacon, and great masses of flour, biscuit, and groceries, were secured by the Chief Commissary, while the Quartermasters removed stores in their department to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Two hundred waggons and ambulances, with a number of horses, which would have been very great, but for the rapacity of the Confederate cavalry, were also secured. But the most precious acquisition was the ordnance stores, containing, besides ammunition, nine thousand three hundred and fifty small arms, perfectly new, and of the most approved patterns.

These results of the week's campaign were won with small expenditure of blood by the patriot army. In all the engagements, from Front Royal to Strasbourg, sixty-eight men were killed, three hundred and twenty-nine were wounded, and three were missing; making a total loss of four hundred men. The General closed his official narrative with these words: "Whilst I have had to speak of some of our troops in disparaging terms, yet it is my gratifying privilege to say of the main body of the army,

that its officers and men acted in a manner worthy of the great cause for which they were contending; and to add that, so far as my knowledge extends, the battle of Winchester was, on our part, a battle without a straggler."

It was while reposing after his victory at Winchester, that he wrote thus to Mrs. Jackson :—

"*Winchester, May 26th,* 1862.—An ever kind Providence blessed us with success at Front Royal on Friday, between Strasbourg and Winchester on Saturday, and here with a successful engagement yesterday. . . . I do not remember having ever seen such rejoicing as was manifested by the people of Winchester, as our army yesterday passed through the town in pursuit of the enemy. The town was nearly frantic with joy. Our entrance into Winchester was one of the most stirring scenes of my life. Such joy as the inhabitants manifested, cannot easily be described. The town is greatly improved in its loyalty."

A few days after, while threatening Harper's Ferry, he sent messages to the Confederate Government by his zealous supporter and assistant, the Hon. Mr. Boteler of the Congress, begging for an increase of his force. He pointed out again that an assault upon the enemy's territory, indicating danger to their capital, was the most ready and certain method to deliver Richmond from the approaches of General M'Clellan. "Tell them," he said, "that I have now but fifteen thousand effective men. If the present opening is improved as it should be, I must have forty thousand." But the Government was unable to advance these reinforcements, and Divine Providence re-

served to him the glory of assisting in the deliverance of our capital in a more direct manner.

This chapter will be closed with a reference to a fact which assists in fixing the seal of infamy upon the Federal Government, generals, and armies; the authorized robberies now begun in the valley of Virginia. Not only were the inhabitants plundered by the Federal soldiers as they marched through the peaceful country, but they were systematically robbed of their horses and other live-stock by General Banks, in his march to and from Harrisonburg. This commander officially boasted to his Government, that the results of his conquest had supplied his artillery and trains with enough of excellent horses, besides many other valuable resources. Now, none of these were prize of war; for so accomplished a leader was Jackson, in retreat as well as in triumph, that nothing belonging to his army fell into his enemy's hands. These horses and other animals were simply stolen from the rich and peaceful farmers of Rockinham and Shenandoah. Here was the beginning of a system of wholesale robbery, since extended to every part of the Confederate States which the enemy has reached! But if the reader assigned to General Banks any pre-eminence of crime or infamy, above his nation, he would do him injustice. The Federal Congress and Executive had already, by formal and unblushing legislation, ordained that the war should be a huge piracy, as monstrous as the rapacity of any of their lieutenants could make it. Under pretexts which could be used by any other nation in any other war with equal plausibility, to steal any species of private property whatever, laws had been

passed, declaring all tobacco, cotton, and labour of slaves in the Confederate States, or coming thence, to be "contraband of war," and liable to confiscation. The true intent of this law was to subject these three kinds of property, the most important in our country, to systematic theft; and this purpose has since been most diligently and consistently carried out.

CHAPTER XIII.

PORT REPUBLIC.

It has been related how General Jackson assembled his army at Strasbourg before the occupation of that place by Fremont, and thus eluded the combination designed by him and Shields, in his rear. On the evening of June 1st, he resumed his retreat up the Valley. The object immediately demanding his attention was the rescue of his army from its perilous situation. The indirect purpose of the campaign was already accomplished; his rapid movements and stunning blows had neutralized the efforts of General M'Dowell against Richmond—Banks was driven from Winchester the 25th of May, and the Federal authorities were panic-struck by the thought of a victorious Confederate army, of unknown numbers, breaking into Maryland by Harper's Ferry, and seizing Washington City. Just at this juncture, M'Clellan had pushed his right wing to a point north of Richmond, at Hanover Court House, and within a single march of M'Dowell's advanced posts. On the 27th of May, the Confederate General Branch was defeated at that place with loss, and the fruit of this success was the occupation of all the roads, and of the bridges across the waters of the Pamunkey, connecting Richmond with Fredericksburg and

Gordonsville, by the Federalists. Had the advice of M'Clellan been now followed, the result must have been disastrous to General Lee, and might well have been ruinous. The Federal commander urged his Government to send General M'Dowell, with all the forces near Manassas, under Sigel and Augur, by the route thus opened to them, to effect an immediate junction with his right wing, to hold permanently these lines of communication between Lee and Jackson, and to complete the investment of Richmond. These operations, which the Confederates had no means to resist, with the addition of the forty thousand troops which they would have brought to M'Clellan's army, already so superior in numbers, would have greatly endangered Richmond and its army. But the terror inspired by Jackson caused the President to refuse his consent; he was unwilling to expose his Capital to a sudden blow from this ubiquitous leader; and instead of sending General M'Dowell forward, he commanded him to retire nearer to Washington. General M'Clellan was further ordered by telegraph to burn the bridges across the south Pamunkey, won by his recent victory, and by which his reinforcements should have joined him, lest the Confederates should move by them against Washington! Thus Providence employed the movements of General Jackson's little army to paralyse the forces of Fremont, Banks and M'Dowell, amounting to eighty thousand men, during the critical period of the campaign. It is therefore with justice that his successes in the Valley are said to have saved Richmond and Virginia. When the small means, the trivial losses, and short time with which this great

result was wrought, are considered, it will be admitted that military genius has never, in any age, accomplished a more splendid achievement. It was indeed so brilliant, that the doubt has been suggested, whether the mind of Jackson or of any other strategist was prophetic enough to forecast and provide for so grand a conclusion, or whether it was the fortunate and unforeseen dispensation of chance, or of Providence. To the latter he delighted to attribute all his success; and he would have been the first to concur in the estimate, which made him only an humble instrument in the hand of an omniscient Guide, who superintended his fallible judgment, overruled the efforts of his enemies, and, among the variety of possible effects, connected his measures with those consequences which were most beneficial to his country. But while this Christian solution is fully admitted, the honour of General Jackson, as an instrument, is vindicated by these facts, that, from the first, he strongly urged the movements which were at length made as the surest means for these ends, and that he continued steadfastly of the same mind amidst all the mutations in others, produced by the fluctuating appearances of the campaign. The wisdom of his plan was seconded by a devotion and energy in action, which gave it such success as no other could have commanded.

A more glorious sequel yet remains to be narrated, in which General Jackson extricated himself from his baffled enemies, and assisted in crushing the remainder of the Federal forces near Richmond. The former of these results was effected at Port Republic; and to this spot the

narrative now leads. When General Jackson, on the evening of June 1st, resumed his retreat from Strasbourg, he was aware that Shields had been for nearly two days at Front Royal. The fact that he had not attempted an immediate junction with Fremont suggested the suspicion that he was moving for a point farther upon the rear of the Confederates, by way of Luray and New Market Gap. To frustrate this design, General Jackson now sent a detachment of cavalry to burn the White House bridge across the South Shenandoah, by which the Luray turnpike passed the stream, and also the Columbia bridge, a few miles above it. He knew that Shields had no pontoon train, for Banks had been compelled to sacrifice it at Newtown; and the rivers were still too much swollen to be forded. Having taken this precaution, he retreated up the Valley turnpike in his usual stubborn and deliberate fashion, with his cavalry and Chew's light battery in the rear. It was the saying of his soldiers, that his marches were always easy when in retreat, but hard when pursuing. This calmness of movement not only promoted order, and gave time to bring off his supplies, but wrought an invaluable effect upon the spirits of the troops. A hurried march in retiring from the enemy suggests insecurity, and ministers a constant excitement to the minds of the men, akin to panic, and easily converted into it. General Jackson's deliberation reassured his army; and they never lost confidence or spirit because they were compelled to retire for a time. It was by this means that he was enabled to preserve the order of his troops equally in retreat and in advance.

General Fremont, having ascertained that the Confederates were withdrawing, pursued with spirit; and, after nightfall, a portion of his horse came so near the rear-guard that they were challenged by them. They replied "Ashby's cavalry;" and, having thus deceived our forces, availed themselves of the advantage to charge the 6th regiment of cavalry, which was next the rear. These were thrown into disorder; and a few of them were ridden down, and wounded, or captured. Confusion was also communicated, in some degree, to the 2d regiment next it; but the commander, Colonel Munford, soon re-formed it, gallantly charged the enemy, repulsed them, and captured some prisoners. On the 2d of June, the enemy succeeded in taking position, where their artillery was able to cannonade the Confederate rear. The cavalry was thrown into disorder by the shells, and fled, carrying a part of its supporting battery with them. The Federal cavalry now pushed forward to reap the fruits of this success, when Ashby displayed that prompt resource and personal daring which illustrated his character. Dismounting from his horse, he collected a small body of riflemen who were lagging, foot-sore and weary, behind their commands, and posted them in a wood near the roadside. Awaiting the near approach of the enemy, he poured into their ranks so effective a fire that a number of saddles were emptied, and a part of the survivors retired in confusion. The remainder were carried past by their *momentum*, and even broke through the ranks of the rear regiment in a brigade of infantry,—that of Colonel Campbell,—commanded since his wounding at Winchester by

Colonel J. M. Patton. But that officer, filing his next regiment from the road in good order, made way for the onset of the enemy, and, as they passed, gave them a volley which terminated their audacity. Only one of the party returned alive to his comrades, the remainder being all killed or captured. Colonel Patton, while reporting the events of the day to the General, at nightfall, remarked that he saw this party of foes shot down with regret. He seemed to make no note of the words at the time, but pursued his minute inquiries into all the particulars of the skirmish. After the official conversation was ended, he asked: "Colonel, why do you say that you saw those Federal soldiers fall with regret?" It was replied, that they exhibited more vigour and courage than anything which had been attempted by any part of the Federal army; and that a natural sympathy with brave men led to the wish that, in the fortunes of the fight, their lives might have been saved. The General dryly remarked, "No; shoot them all: *I* do not wish them to be brave." It was thus that he was accustomed to indicate, by a single brief sentence, the cardinal thought of a whole chapter of discussion. He meant to suggest reasonings which show that such sentiments of chivalrous forbearance, though amiable, are erroneous. Courage in the prosecution of a wicked attempt does not relieve, but only aggravates, the danger to the innocent party assailed, and the guilt of the assailants. There is, then, a sense in which the most vigorous are the most worthy of death; and the interests of those who wage a just defence prompt them to visit retribution, first, upon those who are most dangerous.

The 2d and 6th regiments of cavalry were now transferred from the command of General Stewart to that of Ashby. When the latter returned to Winchester the week before, from the pursuit of Banks, he was met by his commission of Brigadier-General of cavalry; an honour well earned by his arduous and important services. He was now raised to that position best adapted to his powers. While unsuited for the drudgery of the drill and the military police, General Ashby had every quality of a brilliant commander in the field. Seconded by diligent and able colonels in his regiments, he would have led his brigade to a career of glory surpassing all his previous successes. But such a destiny was not in store for him; and his sun was now about to set in its splendid morning.

On the 3d of June, the Confederate army placed the north fork of the Shenandoah behind it; and General Ashby was intrusted with the duty of burning the bridge by which it passed over. Before this task was completed, the Federalists appeared on the opposite bank, and a skirmish ensued, in which his horse was struck dead, and he himself very narrowly escaped. The necessity of replacing this bridge arrested Fremont for a day, and gave the tired Confederates a respite, which they employed in retiring slowly and unmolested to Harrisonburg. A mile south of that village, General Jackson left the valley road, and turned eastward, toward Port Republic; a smaller place upon the south fork of the Shenandoah, and near the western base of the Blue Ridge. It was not until the evening of June 6th that the Federal advance overtook

his rear-guard, which was still within two miles of Harrisonburg, posted at the crest of a wooded ridge, commanding the neighbouring fields. General Ashby, as usual, held the rear; and the division of General Ewell was next. In part of the Federal army was a New Jersey regiment of cavalry, commanded by one of those military adventurers, whose appetite for blood presents so monstrous and loathsome a parody upon the virtues of the true soldier. A subject of the British crown, and boasting of his relationship to some noble English house, this person had offered his services to the Federal Government, siding with the criminal and powerful aggressors, against the heroic and righteous patriots, without one of those pleas of native soil and sentiments which might rescue his acts from the criminality of naked murder. It had been his blustering boast, that at the first opportunity he would deal with the terrible Colonel Ashby; and for this he sought service in this part of the Federal armies. His opportunity was now come; he advanced his regiment to the attack, when General Ashby, taking a few companies of his command, met them in the open field, and, at the first charge, routed them, and captured their Colonel, with sixty-three of his men. The remainder fled into Harrisonburg in headlong panic; and the braggart mercenary found his fitting recompense in a long captivity.

The sound of the firing now brought General Ewell to the rear; and General Ashby, assuring him that the Federal attack would be speedily renewed in force, asked for a small body of infantry, and proposed a plan, most

brilliantly conceived, for turning their onset into a defeat. General Ewell intrusted to him the 1st Maryland regiment of Colonel Bradley Johnson, and the 58th Virginia, under Colonel Letcher. Ashby disposed the Marylanders in the woods, so as to take the Federal advance in flank, while he met them in front at the head of the 58th. Indicating to General Ewell the dispositions of the enemy, which he had exactly anticipated, and his own arrangements to meet them, he seemed to the spectators to be instinct with unwonted animation and genius. At this moment the enemy's infantry advanced, and a fierce combat began. They, approaching through the open fields, had reached a heavy fence of timber; whence, under the partial cover, they poured destructive volleys into the ranks of the 58th regiment. Ashby seeing at a glance their disadvantage, galloped to the front, and ordered them to charge, and drive the Federals from their vantage ground. At this moment his horse fell; but extricating himself from the dying animal, and leaping to his feet, he saw his men wavering. He shouted, "Charge, men! for God's sake, charge!" and waved his sword; when a bullet pierced him full in the breast, and he fell dead. The regiment took up the command of their dying General, and rushed upon the enemy, while the Marylanders dashed upon their flank. Thus pressed, the Federals gave way, the Confederates occupied the fence, and poured successive volleys into the fleeing mass, who were fully exposed to them until they passed out of musket range. If blood, by comparison so vile, could have paid for that of the generous Ashby, he would have been fully avenged. The

Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the foremost Federal regiment remained a prisoner in the hands of the Confederates, and the field was sprinkled over with killed and wounded.

With this repulse the combat ceased: resulting in a loss to the Confederates of seventeen killed and fifty wounded, which fell chiefly on the 58th Virginia. The place where it occurred was not the one selected by General Jackson to stand the brunt of a general action, and it was therefore necessary to remove the wounded and the dead at once. The oversight of this humane task he intrusted to General Ewell. All the wounded who could bear a hasty removal were set on horses, and carried to a place of safety. A few remained whose hurts were too painful to endure the motion; and of these General Ewell was seen taking a tender leave, replenishing their purses from his own, that they might be able to purchase things needful for their comfort in their captivity, and encouraging them with words of good cheer. The glorious remains of Ashby were carried to Port Republic, and prepared for the grave. After all the sad rites were completed, General Jackson came to the room where he lay, and demanded to see him. They admitted him alone; he remained for a time in silent communion with the dead, and then left him, with a solemn and elevated countenance. It requires little use of the imagination to suppose that his thoughts were, in part, prophetic of a similar scene, where his corpse was to receive the homage of all the good and brave. But the duties of the hour were too stern to give a longer time to grief. At a subsequent day, his official

report paid this brief but emphatic tribute to his companion in arms :—

"In this affair General Turner Ashby was killed. An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead; but the close relation which General Ashby bore to my command, for most of the previous twelve months, will justify me in saying that, as a partisan officer, I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

General Ashby was of a spare and graceful figure, irregular features, and swarthy complexion. His hair and beard were profuse, and of jetty black, while his eye was a clear, piercing grey. Accomplished from his youth in all the feats of horsemanship and wood-craft, he was already trained for irregular warfare, before he girded on his sword. His private life had been marked by purity, generosity, and a chivalrous spirit; and the modest dignity and cultivation of his manners showed him the true gentleman. These qualities remained untarnished, and shone only the more when he became a military commander. No coarse excess soiled for a moment the maidenly delicacy of his morals; no plunder ever stained his hands, nor did woman, nor disarmed enemy, ever meet anything but magnanimous kindness from him. He was necessarily intrusted, as commander of outposts and patrols, in a district subject to martial law, with a large discretion in dealing with private rights; but his measures were always

directed with such wisdom and equity as to command the approval of friends and foes. His was an understanding formed by nature for war. As a citizen, he would have passed through life unmarked, save for his virtues, modesty, and high breeding. But when his native State called her sons to the field, he found his proper element. Excitement roused his powers, danger only invigorated and steadied them; and his comrades instinctively recognised in his decision, unerring judgment, magnanimity, and resource, one born to command. When he fell, the presence of the enemy in his native county forbade his burial among his kindred; so that although his venerable mother, who had now given to her country her last son, with the devotion of a Roman matron, anxiously awaited his remains there, it was necessary to seek for them another resting-place. His friends selected the graveyard of the State University; thither they were conveyed with martial pomp, and buried while the thunders of the distant battle at Port Republic tolled a fitting knell for the great soldier. There the tomb of Ashby should remain, a memorial to the generous youth of Virginia, to suggest to them in all future times the virtues and patriotism which he illustrated by his life and death. In all the qualities of the citizen, the young man could find no nobler or purer exemplar.

On 7th June, the main body of the army was assembled in the neighbourhood of Port Republic. General Jackson was now repeating with Fremont the manœuvre by which he had confounded Banks, by turning aside toward the base of the Blue Ridge. But his ready skill

dictated some important differences in his strategy, to meet the different conditions of the case with which he now had to deal. The mountain was, to the Confederates, not only a fastness, but a base of operations; for the regions of Eastern Virginia beyond it offered them, by the various roads crossing it, both supplies and a safe place of retreat. The line of operations of the Federalists was along the Great Valley turnpike; and this was parallel to the mountain. Hence, when Jackson took a position at the western foot of the Blue Ridge, he gained the advantage of a military base parallel to his enemy's line of operations, which enabled him to strike it at right angles, if it were prolonged by further advance into the country. Twice he resorted to this strategy, and each time it arrested the career of the superior army. His march from Swift Run Gap in May had taught him another advantage belonging to the point which he now selected. A good road led from Port Republic across the mountain into Albemarle by Brown's Gap, offering him a safe outlet in case of disaster, and a means for drawing supplies from that fertile country. Before this road crowns the summit of the Blue Ridge, it passes through a valley, which constitutes the most complete natural fortress in all these mountains. Two arms of the mountain, lofty and ragged as the mother ridge, project from it on the right and left hand, embracing a deep vale of many miles' circuit, watered by a copious mountain stream; and while the mighty rim of this cup is everywhere impracticable for artillery and cavalry, the narrow gorge through which the road enters it from the west affords scarcely room to set a regiment in battle

array between the two promontories of the mountains. Here was obviously the place for a small army to stand at bay against superior numbers.

But General Jackson did not purpose to withdraw into this fortress, save in the last resort; for to do this, he must sacrifice the advantage which the unscientific strategy of his adversaries gave him, by keeping their two armies apart, and attempting to approach him upon convenient lines, while his army was already concentrated. Befooled with the old fallacy of crushing an inferior force by surrounding it from different directions, Fremont and Shields were pursuing this method, instead of uniting their troops before the collision; and they were destined to illustrate again, by their disasters, the correctness of the maxim, that the inferior force possessing the interior position between its enemies must have the advantage, if it strikes them in detail while separated. The two Federal commanders had neglected a junction below Strasbourg. By burning the Columbia and White House Bridges, General Jackson had prevented their union at New Market; and he was now prompt to make them continue their error. Shields was still east of the Shenandoah, and there remained but two bridges, above or below, by which he could cross to the west side, to reach Fremont. One of these was at Port Republic, and was in Jackson's possession; the other was at the mouth of Elk Run Valley, fifteen miles below. This General Jackson now sent a detachment of cavalry to burn; when there occurred one of those manifest interpositions of Providence which from time to time showed the answer to his prayers for the Divine

blessing. A quarter of an hour before the Confederate troopers reached the bridge, the advanced guard of General Shields arrived there, sent by him to ascertain whether the structure was still standing; for he had now awakened to some conception of its importance to him. They found it safe; but hearing that there was a corporal's guard of Confederate soldiers a few miles above, watching a parcel of stores, they dashed off to capture them, instead of remaining to guard the bridge, or else returning to report its condition to their commander. The stores were captured, and the guard escaped; but when the head of Shields's main column reached the bridge, the Confederates had arrived, and the work was hopelessly involved in flames. The Shenandoah, still swollen by the rains of a late and ungenial spring, was nowhere fordable, and the construction of a bridge in the presence of such a foe as Jackson was not an inviting enterprise. He was now master of the situation; he had comprehended all the conditions of the critical problem upon which he staked the very existence of his army; and while all others were full of anxious forebodings, he awaited the issue with calm determination.

The part which remained to him in the coming tragedy was to hold fast his command of the brigade at Port Republic, and to seize his opportunity to crush the one of his assailants, now approaching from opposite directions, whom he judged it most judicious to attack. But the nearness of both of them (within less than a day's march) left little room for seeking the advantage which he knew so well how to use, by rapid movements and successive blows. To any inferior leader the danger would have been

imminent of a simultaneous attack in front and rear; for if the converging detachments of enemies are allowed time to make such attacks, then indeed all the success expected from the bungling plan of thus surrounding an army may be realized. To understand the consummate union of skill and audacity with which Jackson obviated this danger, and still compelled his enemies to fight him in detail, although within sight of the smoke of each other's guns, a more particular description of the ground is necessary. Between Harrisonburg and Port Republic the country is occupied by the wooded ridges characteristic of a lime-stone region, elevated but rounded, and practicable for the movements even of artillery; and these are interspersed with farms and fields which fill the vales. These bold hills extend to the river's brink on that side; while between the waters and the mountain, where Shields was approaching, the country stretches out in low and smooth meadows, everywhere commanded from the heights across the stream. Between these level fields and the mountain itself is interposed a zone of forest of three miles' width, broken into insignificant hillocks, and interposed with tangled brushwood, which stretches parallel with the river and the Blue Ridge, for a day's march above and below. The little village is situated on the south-eastern side of the Shenandoah, in the level meadows, and just within the angle between the main stream and a tributary called South River. The only road to Brown's Gap, descending from the bold highlands of the north-west bank, over the long wooden bridge, passes through the hamlet, crosses the South River by a ford, and speedily hides itself, upon

its way to the mountain-base, in the impenetrable coppices of the wood.

General Shields, disappointed in the hope of joining Fremont by the bridge at Elk Run Valley, continued his march up the south-eastern bank of the river, by the same difficult road which the Confederates had followed in their march from Swift Run in April. On the evening of Saturday, the 7th of June, his advance appeared at Lewiston, the country-seat of General Lewis, three miles below the village. The main object dictated by General Jackson's situation now was, to keep his enemies apart, separated as they were by the swollen stream, and to fight first the one or the other of them, as his interest might advise him. The defeat of one would obviously procure the retreat of both; for their cautious and timid strategy required the concert of the two armies to embolden them for coping with their dreaded adversary. It was manifest that good generalship should select Shields as the victim of the first blow. His force was smaller than that of Fremont, and so it was reasonable to expect an easier victory over it. If he were beaten, his retreat would be hemmed in between the river and the mountain to a single scarcely practicable road; whereas General Fremont would be able, if overthrown, to withdraw by a number of easy highways. If, on the other hand, the attack of the Confederates upon Shields were unsuccessful, they would be able to retire into their own country, and nearer their supplies; while, if they were defeated in an assault on Fremont upon the other side of the river, they would have that barrier to a retreat in their rear, with Shields's army unbroken, threat-

ening them with destruction. It might appear, at first thought, that the obvious way to carry out the purpose of attacking Shields and defeating him separately, was to withdraw the whole Confederate army at once to the same side of the river with him, burn the bridge, thus leaving Fremont alone and useless upon the other bank, and then fall with full force upon the former. This, any other good soldier than Jackson would probably have done; but his designs were more audacious and profound still. With whatever promptitude he might attack Shields, he saw that the battle-field must be upon the south-eastern margin of the Shenandoah, and under the heights of the opposite bank; which, if he yielded all the country on that side to Fremont, would, of course, be crowned by his artillery. And then the struggle would have been virtually against both his foes combined, although the waters still flowed between their troops. In addition, his powerful artillery, the right arm of his strength, would then have been paralysed by the inferiority of its positions as compared with those ceded to Fremont upon the north-western bank. Further, General Jackson was not willing to deprive himself of the power to take the aggressive against Fremont, after disposing of Shields, should his success in assailing the latter prove sufficiently crushing to encourage him to a second battle.

For these reasons, General Jackson neither ceded the north-western bank to Fremont, nor burned the bridge. Where an inferior genius would have purchased the full union of his forces at the expense of allowing to his two enemies a virtual concert as injurious as an actual junc-

tion; he accepted a nominal separation of his own troops, perceiving that he would thus have the most effective co-operation. He purposed thus to hold both his adversaries at bay, until the propitious moment arrived to strike one of them a deadly blow. For this end he selected for General Ewell an excellent position upon the road leading to Harrisonburg, five miles from the bridge, while he posted the other division of his army, with several batteries of artillery, upon the heights next the river, but still upon the north-west side. Thence his guns could overlook and defend the bridge, the village, the narrow champaign extending towards Brown's Gap, and all the approaches on the side of Shields. In Port Republic itself he stationed no troops save a detachment of horse, which guarded the roads towards Lewiston, and protected his own quarters in the village. His dispositions were completed by bringing all his trains across the bridge and placing them near by, where they might be withdrawn either to the mountain or to Staunton. Two companies of cavalry were detached to watch the approach of General Shields, of which one was sent to reconnoitre, and the other was stationed as a picket-guard upon the road to Lewiston.

The morning of June 8th, which was the Sabbath-day, dawned with all the peaceful brightness appropriate to the Christian's sacred rest; and General Jackson, who never infringed its sanctity by his own choice, was preparing himself and his wearied men to spend it in devotion. But soon after the sun surmounted the eastern mountain, the pickets next the army of Shields came rushing to the

head-quarters in the village, in confusion, with the Federal cavalry and a section of artillery close upon their heels. So feeble was the resistance which they offered, the advance of the enemy dashed across the ford of the South River almost as soon as they, and occupied the streets. The General had barely time to mount and gallop towards the bridge, with a part of his staff, when the way was closed; two others of his suite, attempting to follow him a few moments after, were captured in the street; and one or two preceiving the hopelessness of the attempt, remained with the handful of troops thus cut off. But out of this accident, to them so involuntary, Providence ordained that a result should proceed essential to the safety of the army. As the captured Confederate officers stood beside the commander of the Federal advance, some of his troopers returned to him, and pointed out the long train of waggons hurrying away, apparently without armed escort, just beyond the outskirts of the village. He immediately ordered a strong body of cavalry in pursuit; and the hearts of the Confederates sank within them; for they knew that this was Jackson's ordnance train, containing the reserve ammunition of the whole army; and that all its other baggage was equally at the mercy of the enemy. But as the eager Federals reached the head of the village, they were met with a volley of musketry, which sent them scampering back; and when they returned to the charge, two pieces of artillery opened upon them, to the equal surprise and delight of their anxious captives, and speedily cleared the streets with showers of canister. The explanation was, that one of the officers

separated from the General's suite, seeing the impossibility of joining him, had addressed himself to rallying a handful of the fugitive picket guards, and with these, and a section of raw artillerists from the reserves, had boldly attacked the enemy. Thus the trains were saved, and a diversion was made, until the General could bring forward more substantial succours.

Nor was it long before these were at hand. Galloping across the bridge, and up the heights, to the camp of the 3d and 1st brigades of his own division, he ordered the long roll to be instantly beaten, and the artillery to be harnessed. The horses were still grazing in the luxuriant clover-fields, and the men were scattered under the shade of the groves; but in a few moments the guns were ready for action, and two or three regiments were in line. Jackson ordered the batteries of Poague, Wooding, and Carpenter to crown the heights overlooking the river, and placing himself at the head of the leading regiment of the 3d brigade,—the 37th Virginia of Colonel Fulkerson,—rushed at a double-quick toward the all-important bridge, now in the enemy's possession. When he approached it, he saw the village beyond crowded with Federal cavalry, but now checked in their pursuit of his trains; while one of their two field-pieces was replying to the Confederate artillery, and the other was placed at the mouth of the bridge, prepared to sweep it with murderous discharges of grape. One lightning glance was enough to decide him. Ordering Captain Poague to engage with one of his pieces the gun at the southern end of the bridge, he led the 37th regiment aside from the high road, so that they descended

the declivity obliquely against the upper side of that structure, marching by the flank. Without pausing to wheel them into line, as they came within effective distance, he commanded them, with a tone and mien of inexpressible authority, to deliver one round upon the enemy's artillerists, and then rush through the bridge upon them with the bayonet. They fired one stinging volley, which swept every cannoneer from the threatening gun, and then dashed with a yell through the narrow avenue. As soon as Jackson uttered his command he drew up his horse, and, dropping the reins upon his neck, raised both his hands towards the heavens while the fire of battle in his face changed into a look of reverential awe. Even while he prayed, the God of battles heard; or ever he had withdrawn his uplifted hands the bridge was gained, and the enemy's gun was captured. Thus, in an instant, was a passage won, with the loss of two men wounded, which might have become a second bridge of *Lodi*, costing the blood of hundreds of brave soldiers. So rapid and skilful was the attack, the enemy were able to make but one hurried discharge, before their position and their artillery were wrested from them. To clear the village of their advance was now the work of a moment, for the batteries frowning upon the opposite bank rendered it untenable by them; and the Confederate troopers next the baggage trains, plucking up heart, scoured the streets of every foe. Their retreat was so precipitate that they left their other piece of artillery behind them also, and dashed across the fords of South River by the way they came.

As they retired toward Lewiston, they met the infantry

of Shields's army advancing to their support. But it was too late: the batteries were now all in position, and greeted their approach with a storm of projectiles from the further side of the river, before which they were compelled to recoil with loss. The novel sight was now presented, of a retreating army pursued by two or three batteries of field guns, and retiring before them in helpless confusion. For as the Federal troops withdrew along the south side of the stream, the Confederates limbered their guns and galloped over the swelling fields upon the north side, to other lofty positions, whence they still commanded the ground occupied by the retreating foe, until he concealed himself behind the forest near Lewiston. He thus verified the judgment of General Jackson, by finding himself as effectually debarred, by these masterly dispositions, from co-operating in the contemplated attack of Fremont, as though he had been separated from him by many days' marches. And although the most urgent motives prompted Shields to renew his attack in concert with his associate on the other side, so manifest was the triumph of Jackson's generalship, he did not again venture the hopeless attempt; but sat all day idle, within sound of the cannonade, which told him that Fremont was compelled to risk and lose the field, without his aid. One element of General Jackson's greatness and success was the decision and confidence with which he held the conclusions of his own judgment after he had once matured them. His reflection was careful, his caution in weighing all competing considerations great; but when his mind once adopted its verdict, it held to it

with unwavering and giant grasp. This characteristic was strongly illustrated in these events. As the reader viewed the considerations detailed above, by which the plan of action was dictated at Port Republic, some of them have probably appeared to him so nice and delicate, that he was inclined to deem it rashness, to stake the existence of an army upon deductions drawn from them. But when General Jackson had weighed them all, his decision was made with an absolute confidence, and he was calmly prepared to risk everything upon it. When it was argued with him that, surely, General Shields would not suffer the critical hour to pass, without attempting again to co-operate with Fremont by a more serious and persistent attack, his only answer was, to wave his hand towards the commanding positions of his artillery, and say, "No sir! No! he cannot do it; I should tear him to pieces." And he did not do it! During all the remainder of the day's struggle he remained passive; visited, doubtless, by misgivings not very comfortable, as to his own coming share in the attentions of the Confederate General. The latter now placed the third brigade, under Brigadier-General Taliaferro, in the village, to watch the fords of South River and the roads toward Lewiston on the one hand; while, on the other, he guarded the course of the Shenandoah above the village and opposite to General Ewell's left by a few pickets. The first brigade of General Winder was sent down the river with a portion of the artillery, and posted upon the north side, to observe the discomfited enemy about Lewiston. The remainder of his division was disposed so as to be ready for the support of Ewell.

These dispositions had not been completed, when the firing to the north told that he was seriously engaged with Fremont. This General had moved out to the attack from Harrisonburg (doubtless expecting the assistance of Shields upon the other side) with the divisions of Blenker, Milroy, and Schenck, making seven brigades of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and a powerful train of artillery. This army was correctly estimated by General Ewell at eighteen thousand men. His own division had now been recruited, by the addition of the six regiments of General Edward Johnson, known as the army of the north-west. Of these, the 12th Georgia, and the 25th and 31st Virginia, had been attached to the brigade of Elzey; and the 52d, 58th, and 44th Virginia, lately under Colonel Scott, had been given to General George Stewart, and associated with the Maryland line. The position chosen for meeting Fremont was a continuous ridge, a little south of the point where the Keezletown road crosses that from Harrisonburg to Port Republic. This range of hills crosses the latter highway obliquely, in such manner that General Ewell's left, occupying it, was much advanced beyond his right, and rested, at its extremity, very near the prolongation of the Keezletown road, toward the west. The hills are elevated, but occupied by arable fields. In front runs an insignificant rivulet, while the rear and flanks of the position are covered by woods of noble oaks, penetrable even by a column of artillery, in many places, but yet affording excellent cover for sharpshooters. On this ridge, then, General Ewell deliberately posted his troops to receive the shock, while Colonel Canty, with the 5th Alabama infantry, stubbornly

contested the advance of the enemy along the road from Harrisonburg. In the centre, upon the best positions, he placed four picked batteries, those of Courtney, Lusk, Brockenborough, and Rains, with General Elzey's brigade in their rear, as a reserve force. On his right was the brigade of General Trimble, in advance of the centre, and on his left, that of General Stewart. The guns were placed on the reverse of the hills, a little behind the crest, where the cannoneers were protected from all missiles which came horizontally; and the lines of infantry lay in the valleys behind them, almost secure from danger.

About ten o'clock A.M., the Federal artillery was posted opposite to this position, and a spirited cannonade began, which continued for several hours. Indeed, the battle was chiefly one of artillery; for this arm was the only one which the Federalists employed with any perseverance or courage. After feeling the Confederate lines for a time with this fire of cannon, Fremont advanced a part of Blenker's German division upon his left. Finding no enemies near the front of his left, save a few videttes, who were easily repulsed, he sent back glowing accounts of his success in driving in the Confederate right wing. When he had thus swung around for nearly a mile he was rudely undeceived. The veteran General Trimble held his excellent brigade well in hand, behind the crest of a forest ridge, which, in front descended by a gentle declivity to the margin of a wide meadow, and was there bounded by a heavy fence of timber. He commanded the troops to reserve their fire until the enemy appeared above the hill, within point-blank range, when he poured a deadly dis-

charge into their ranks. The Germans recoiled in disorder, and Trimble, seizing the moment, charged them with the bayonet, and drove them down the slope and across the meadow. It was then, especially, that the foe paid the penalty of his assault. The Confederates pausing at the fence, and firing from it in security, and with deliberate aim, continued their murderous discharges, until the enemy had crossed the open ground, and taken refuge in the opposite wood. The green vale was strewn with hundreds of the dead and wounded; and the remainder left the field, to be rallied no more that day. The Federals now attempted to arrest Trimble's career, by posting a battery half a mile in front of his extreme right. But having received the 25th and 13th Virginia regiments of Elzey's brigade as reinforcements, he at once advanced with the purpose of capturing it. After several spirited skirmishes with its infantry supports, he forced his way to the ground and found it deserted. General Trimble had now advanced more than a mile from his original position, while the Federal advance had fallen back to the ground occupied by them before the beginning of the action.

The enemy then developed a strong movement toward General Ewell's left, for which the Keezletown road, proceeding westward from Cross Keys, provided such facilities. This advantage, with the superior numbers of the opposing army, manifestly suggested the fear of such a movement, and nothing but the most impotent generalship on their part could account for the fact that they allowed the day to close, disastrously for them, without making it. General Ewell's left being necessarily thrown

strongly forward, would have been enfiladed by troops advancing from that quarter. Hence, he wisely guarded that wing, and employed the most of his reinforcements to strengthen it. A little after mid-day, when the battle was at its height, General Jackson rode to the field, from his post near Port Republic, and calmly examined the progress of the struggle. Returning, he sent back to Ewell the Louisiana brigade of Taylor, which had been moved to his support during the alarm at the bridge, and also detached the second brigade of his division, under Colonel Patton. The remainder of General Elzey's brigade was then moved to the left, leaving their post in the rear of the centre to these troops. Thus prepared, General Ewell awaited for a long time the expected onset upon his flank. It resulted in nothing more than a feeble demonstration, which was easily repulsed by two or three regiments of Elzey. Seeing this, Ewell advanced his own line just before nightfall, drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and assumed a new position on ground which they had held during the battle. Thus the day closed, and his troops lay upon their arms, upon the vantage-ground they had won, ready to resume the strife, and hoping to rout Fremont at dawn on the morrow.

In this combat of Cross Keys, Ewell had about six thousand men in his line of battle, and only three thousand five hundred actually engaged. Yet Fremont reported to his Government that he was compelled to yield to superior force, and found himself outnumbered at every point where he attempted a movement. The veteran Ewell remarked, that he felt all day as though he were again fighting the feeble

semi-civilized armies of Mexico. The loss with which the Confederates achieved this success was surprisingly small, being only forty-two (42) killed, and two hundred and thirty-one wounded. The chief loss of the enemy was probably in front of Trimble, where it amounted to many hundreds.

General Jackson, regarding Fremont as only repulsed, and not routed, still adhered to his purpose to risk his first decisive blow against Shields, for the reasons which have been explained; and he deemed the present the proper hour to strike it, while the former was reeling and confused from his rude rebuff, and the latter was standing irresolute in an exposed attitude. He therefore summoned General Ewell, after he had completed his dispositions for the night, to his quarters, and instructed him to send the trains over to the troops, for the purpose of issuing food to them; to have them again withdrawn to the south side of the Shenandoah, and at break of day to march to Port Republic, leaving a strong rear-guard to amuse and retard the enemy. Then, awaiting the rising of the moon, which occurred about midnight, he collected his pioneers, and caused them, under his own eye, to construct a foot-bridge across the fords of the South River, by which he designed to pass his infantry down toward Lewiston. This structure was hastily made by placing waggons, without their bodies, longitudinally across the stream. The axles formed the cross-beams for the support of the floor; and the latter was composed of long boards borrowed from a neighbouring saw-mill, laid loosely from one to another. This bridge, on the morrow, furnished an instance of the truth, that very

great events may be determined by very trivial ones. It was intended that the flooring should occupy the whole breadth between the wheels of the waggons, giving passage to several men abreast. But by an oversight, just at the deepest and angriest part of the stream, the hinder axle of a large waggon was placed next the foremost axle of the next. The inequality in the height, with the increasing depth of the current, made a space of nearly two feet, which, when the flooring was placed in order, presented a step, or sudden descent, of that amount; and all the boards of the higher stage proved to be unsupported at their ends, and elastic, but one. As the men began to pass over in column, several were thrown into the water by this treacherous and yielding platform, until, at length, growing skittish of it, they refused to trust themselves to any except the one solid plank; and thus the column was converted, at this point, into a single file.

The actual achievements of General Jackson at Port Republic were as brilliant as anything in the history of war. But his secret design embraced still more. It has already been explained that he did not arrest the pursuit of Fremont by at once burning the bridge across the Shenandoah, because he was unwilling to deprive himself of the ability to take the aggressive against that General. He now formed the bold purpose to concentrate his army, and fight both Shields and him, successively, the same day. Hence his eagerness to begin the attack on the former at an early hour. Stronger evidence of this startling design will be given. During the night, he held an interview with Colonel Patton, commanding the 2nd brigade, which

he then proposed to employ as a rear-guard to cover the withdrawal of General Ewell's forces from the front of Fremont. This officer found him, at two o'clock in the morning of the 9th, actively engaged in making his dispositions for battle. He immediately proceeded to give him particular instructions as to the management of his men in covering the rear, saying: "I wish you to throw out all your men, if necessary, as skirmishers, and to make a great show, so as to cause the enemy to think the whole army are behind you. Hold your position as well as you can; then fall back when obliged; take a new position; hold it in the same way; and *I will be back to join you in the morning.*" Colonel Patton reminded him that his brigade was small, and that the country between Cross Keys and the Shenandoah offered few advantages for protracting such manœuvres. He therefore desired to know for how long a time he would be expected to hold the army of Fremont in check. He replied, "By the blessing of Providence, I hope to be back by ten o'clock."

Here, then, we have revealed his whole purpose: He allotted five hours to crushing the army of Shields, and expected the same day to recross the Shenandoah and assail Fremont, or at least re-occupy his strong position upon the north bank, and again defy his attack. The Stonewall Brigade was accordingly ordered to begin the movement at the dawn of day; and by five o'clock it had crossed the South River and was ready to advance against Shields. The Louisiana brigade of General Taylor came next, and as soon as they had passed the foot-bridge, the General eagerly moved with them to the attack, directing the trains to be

passed toward Brown's Gap in the mountain, and the remainder of the troops to be hurried across as rapidly as they arrived and sent to his support. But now the defect which has been described in the footway disclosed itself; proposals to arrest the passage of the troops long enough to remedy it effectually, or else to disuse the bridge, and force the men through the water, were all neglected by the commanders of brigades; and while six or eight thousand men were passed over in single file, ten o'clock arrived and passed by. The consequence was, that the first attack made upon the Federalists, being met with a stubborn resistance, and unsustained by adequate numbers, was repulsed with loss, and the battle was protracted far beyond the hour which permitted a second engagement that day on different ground. Thus three ill-adjusted boards cost the Confederates a hard-fought and bloody battle, and delivered Fremont from a second defeat far more disastrous than that of the previous day.

When General Jackson led the brigades of Winder and Taylor against the Federalists, he found their main army posted advantageously at Lewiston. The level tract which intervenes between the Shenandoah and the forest-zone which girdles the mountain's base has been described. The whole space was here occupied with smooth fields of waving clover and wheat, divided by the zigzag wooden fences of the country. Near the edge of the forest stood the ample villa of General Lewis, surrounded by substantial barns, and stables, and orchards; while a lane, enclosed by a double fence, led thence direct to a mill, and dwelling upon the margin of the stream. This lane marked the

basis of the enemy's line of defence. His right was supported upon the river, and his left upon the impenetrable wood, while his centre was defended by the extensive enclosures and buildings at Lewiston. Upon a hillock, just at the edge of the thickets, were planted six field-pieces, which commanded the road from Port Republic, and all the fields adjacent to it.

General Jackson's plan of battle was now promptly formed. He placed the Stonewall Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Winder, in front, supported on its right by one of the regiments of Brigadier-General Taylor, and on its left by the 52d and 31st Virginia regiments. The battery of Poague was posted in its front, while that of Carpenter was ordered to make its way through the tangled forest upon the right and find some commanding position whence they could silence the enemy's guns above Lewiston. The brigade of General Taylor was also sent to the right, by a detour through the woods, to capture those guns, and then to turn the position of the Federalists. But the almost impenetrable thickets rendered their progress slow, and by a slight mistake of their direction in these pathless coverts, they approached the left front rather than the flank of the dangerous battery. Meantime the Stonewall Brigade, with its supports, had advanced across the level fields, without any shelter from the animated fire of artillery and rifles from the orchards and fences about Lewiston, and after a stubborn contest with overpowering numbers, was compelled to retire, leaving one six-pounder in the enemy's possession. As the Louisiana troops emerged from the woods on the hill-sides above,

they saw with admiration the Virginians sustaining the unequal combat with heroic courage, until they were at length forced back, their ammunition exhausted, by sheer weight of numbers. The Federalists now advanced from their cover, with loud and taunting cheers, pierced the centre of Jackson's feeble line, and threatened to throw back the fugitives against the river which was upon their left, and thus to cut them off from retreat. But the regiments of Taylor, nothing daunted, charged the Federal battery, and driving the supports away, seized the six guns, which they held for a short time. General Ewell, who had now passed the whole of his division across the South River, was also hurrying to the front. He had just placed the 44th and 58th Virginia Regiments, as a reserve, on the right of the roadway, and fronting towards it, under cover of the wood. Seeing Winder forced back, and two brigades of the enemy impetuously advancing through the Confederate centre, he now most opportunely launched the two regiments against their flank, and poured in a galling fire. The Federalists wheeled and confronted them, and, after a furious conflict, forced them back also with heavy loss. But a saving diversion had been made. The attack of Taylor upon their left had silenced their artillery for the time, and placed him far in rear of their advancing lines. The indefatigable Winder rallied his scattered infantry, and sought new positions for the remaining guns of Poague, and for the battery of Carpenter, who had now returned from his ineffectual struggle with the thickets; and the batteries of Chew, Brockenborough, Courtenay, and Rains, contributed to reinstate his battle

with such pieces as had not been crippled in the contest of the previous day. Thus the insolent foe was steadily borne back toward his original position at Lewiston, and the buildings, orchards, and fences, which he occupied there, were scourged by a pitiless storm of cannon-shot.

But it is time to return to General Taylor, who was left in possession of the Federal battery of six guns upon the right. He was now, in turn, driven from them by a brigade which made a detour through the thicket and fell upon his right flank. At this critical juncture, General Ewell brought up the 44th and 58th Virginia regiments to his support, which had been rallied after their bloody contest on the centre, and advanced under Colonel Scott, with a steadiness unexampled in volunteer troops, after losses so severe as theirs. By their assistance, and that of the 2d Virginia regiment from the Stonewall Brigade, Taylor's attack was renewed. Twice more was the contested battery lost and won. The Confederates, driven off for a time by the enfilading fire of the enemy in the woods above them, and the murderous volleys of canister in front, rushed again and again to the charge; and after the third capture the prize remained in their possession, while the Federalists sullenly retired. The dead of both armies were intermingled around the guns, while nearly all the horses belonging to them lay slaughtered behind them.

Meantime, General Jackson perceived that the struggle had become too protracted and serious to permit another collision with Fremont that day. The brigade of General Trimble, with two regiments from that of Colonel Patton, were slowly retiring before him from Cross Keys toward

the river. At 10 o'clock A.M. a messenger was despatched to them by the General, with orders to hasten their march to his assistance, and to burn the bridge behind them. The brigade of General Taliaferro, which had been left to occupy the village, was also hurried to the front, and arriving with great celerity, gave the parting volley to the retreating foe. The cavalry of Ashby was now launched after them, and their flight became a rout. Nearly half of an Ohio regiment were separated from their comrades by General Taliaferro, and surrendered in a body; and the pursuit was continued eight miles farther by the cavalry, who gathered, as spoils of war, small arms and vehicles, with many prisoners.

In the battle of Port Republic, the Federalists had eight thousand men engaged, and the Confederates three small brigades of infantry, with three regiments of cavalry and a superior artillery. The enemy fought with a steadiness and courage unwonted, and inflicted upon the troops of General Jackson a serious loss of ninety-one officers and men killed, and six hundred and eighty-six wounded. They owed their escape from ruin only to the narrow road by which they retreated, and the impenetrable wilderness by which it was bordered, which made the manœuvres of cavalry impossible, and enabled a small rear-guard to cover their flight successfully. It was said that General Shields was fifteen miles in the rear with his reserves when the battle occurred, and that the forces engaged were commanded by Brigadier-General Tyler.

As the evening approached, General Jackson recalled his jaded men from the pursuit, and led them by a side

way from Lewiston towards the mouth of Brown's Gap, in the Blue Ridge. As they passed the field of battle on their return, they saw the hills opposite to Port Republic black with the troops of Fremont, who had arrived in time to be impotent spectators of the flight of their friends. That commander now vented his disappointed malice in an act of inhumanity for which he will be execrated until his name sinks into its merited oblivion. The tall wheat and the tangled thickets were full of the dead and of mangled wretches, difficult to be discovered, and scattered over a length of three miles. A dreary and chilling rain was commencing. The Confederates were busy searching out and relieving the sufferers, and collecting the dead for a decent burial. Many wounded men had been carried into a farm-house near the river, and its surrounding buildings, and the yellow flag, the sacred badge of suffering, was conspicuously displayed from its roof, while the surgeons and chaplains were busily plying their humane labours. Suddenly Fremont advanced his artillery and riflemen to the heights from which General Jackson had cannonaded the troops of Shields the previous day, and swept the whole field, and the hospital, with a storm of shot. The ambulances, with their merciful attendants, were driven away, and the wounded fled precipitately from their cots. The design of this outrage was obvious; it was supposed that the humanity of General Jackson would prompt him to demand, by flag of truce, an unmolested opportunity to tend the wounded; and, on that request, the Federal General designed to found a pretext for claiming, in his despatches, the command of the field

and the victory, which he knew belonged to Jackson. But the latter was as clear-sighted and as determined as he was humane. No flag of truce, no request was sent. Thanks to the affectionate zeal of the soldiers, all the Confederate dead and wounded had been already removed; and they were just proceeding to extend the offices of humanity to their enemies, when this treacherous interruption occurred. So that the only result of Fremont's savage generalship was, that his own suffering comrades lay under the drenching rain until he retired to Harrisonburg. By that time many had died miserably of hæmorrhage, exhaustion, and hunger, whom their generous enemies would have rescued; and not a few of their dead, with some, perchance, of the mangled living, were partially devoured by swine before their burial!

It was as General Jackson was returning on this day from the pursuit of the routed Federalists, that he first saw their diabolical explosive rifle-balls. A soldier presented him several, which he had found in the dust of the road, unexploded. On examination they were found to be composed of two pieces of lead, enclosing a cavity between them, and cemented together by pressure. The hollow space was filled with fulminating powder, which was intended to explode by percussion upon the impact of the ball against the bone of the penetrated body. Thus the fragments of lead would be driven in various and erratic directions through the mangled flesh, baffling the surgeon's probe, and converting the wound into a mortal one.

While Jackson sought a season of secure repose for his

overtasked men within the mountain cove of Brown's Gap, Fremont made pretence of bridging the Shenandoah River in order to assail him again. The Confederate pickets reported that on the evening of the 9th he was bringing timber to the bank, and on the morning of the 10th he was using it for some structure in the water. But soon after, he seemed to think better of his dangerous position, and disappeared from the neighbourhood. Doubtless he had now learned the true condition of General Shields's army. The Confederate cavalry, under Colonel Munford, crossing the river above Port Republic, pursued to Harrisonburg, which they entered June 12th, Fremont having retired precipitately down the Valley, leaving his hospitals and many arms and carriages to capture. Four hundred and fifty prisoners were taken upon the field; and the sick and wounded found in the hospitals swelled the number to nine hundred. One thousand small arms, and nine beautiful field-pieces, with all their apparatus, fell to the victors as prize of war. On the 9th of June, the loss of the Federalists in killed and wounded did not much differ from that of the Confederates. On the 8th the disproportion was enormous. In front of General Trimble's brigade alone, the dead were two hundred and ninety. When the most moderate addition is made for the loss inflicted by the terrific cannonade of the centre, and the spirited skirmishing on the left of General Ewell's line, the whole number of Federal killed and wounded cannot be placed at less than two thousand. And to this agreed the testimony of the prisoners and of the citizens.

The heavy loss of the Confederates on the 9th was due to the superior position occupied by the Federalists, to the fact that General Shields's brigades fought better than Fremont's, and to the detention of General Jackson's column at the imperfect foot-bridge across South River, which caused his first attack to fail through deficient numbers. His zeal and eagerness led him to forget that no subordinates could be expected to urge their commands to the field with his fiery energy; and in this sense he required them to undertake too much. If there had been no bridge, and the infantry had been required to ford the summer stream in dense columns, so as to reach the field more simultaneously, the victory would have been more promptly and cheaply won. Again, if the Louisiana brigade of General Taylor had been more accurately directed by its guides, through the tangled wilderness to the right of the battle-field, so as to strike the rear of the enemy's left, as was the purpose of their commander, instead of their left front; and if they had arrived at the moment of the front attack by Brigadier-General Winder, in place of appearing after he was repulsed, the army of Shields would have been destroyed. For, just below Lewiston, the champaign suddenly terminates, the hill-side thickets approach the river-bank, and to the mouth of the single narrow woodland track, by which the Federalists must have all retreated, General Taylor would have been nearer than they; while he would have commanded their approach to it from a superior and a sheltered position. The discomfited enemy, thus arrested on the one side, and driven on the other by the whole weight of the Confederate army,

into the neck of such a funnel, would have been crushed to pieces. Such was Jackson's masterly plan; natural obstacles, and the mistakes of some subordinates, caused the performance to fall short of it.

But enough was accomplished to cover General Jackson with a blaze of glory. Fifteen days before he was a hundred miles from his base, with a little army of fifteen thousand men, while forty thousand enemies were on his immediate front and flanks. Now, he was disembarrassed of them all, with a loss of not more than one thousand five hundred men; while two armies, whose aggregate was double his own, were flying from him, quivering with disaster, leaving his victorious hands full of trophies. From this hour doubt and detraction were silenced; he stood forth as a general of transcendent abilities. His mere name, henceforth, brought assurance of triumph to his friends, and panic to his enemies. Within forty days he had marched four hundred miles, fought four pitched battles,—defeating four separate armies,—with numerous combats and skirmishes, sent to the rear three thousand five hundred prisoners, killed and wounded a still larger number of the enemy, and defeated or neutralized forces three times as numerous as his own, upon his proper theatre of war, besides the corps of M'Dowell, which was rendered inactive at Fredericksburg by the fear of his prowess.

On the 12th of June, before the dawn, the army were marched out from their confined and uneasy bivouac in Brown's Gap to the plains of Mount Meridian, upon the middle fork of the Shenandoah, a few miles above Port

Republic. The two days' rain was now succeeded by the brilliant suns and genial warmth of June. The troops were encamped in a range of woodland groves between the two rivers, surrounded with the verdure of early summer, and the luxuriant wheat-fields whitening for the harvest. In this smiling paradise they solaced themselves five days for their fatigues, the men reposing under the shade, or bathing in the sparkling waters of the Shenandoah, and the horses feeding in the abundant pastures. The Saturday following the battle was proclaimed by General Jackson as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and all the troops were called to join with their general and their chaplains, in praises to God for his deliverances. The next day a general communion was observed in the 3d Virginia brigade, at which the Lord's Supper was dispensed, in the wood, to a great company of Christian soldiers from all the army. At this solemnity the General was present as a worshipper, and modestly participated with his men in the sacred feast. The quiet diffidence with which he took the least obtrusive place, and received the sacred emblems from the hands of a regimental chaplain, was in beautiful contrast with the majesty and authority of his bearing in the crisis of battle.

The following brief extract from his correspondence with his wife exhibits the same humble and devout temper, which ever characterized him :—

"Near Weir's Cave, *June 14th.*

"Our God has thrown His shield over me in the various apparent dangers to which I have been exposed. This

evening we have religious services in the army, for the purpose of rendering thanks to the Most High for the victories with which He has crowned our arms; and my earnest prayer is that our ever kind heavenly Father will continue to crown our arms with success, until our independence shall, through His Divine blessing, be established."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RICHMOND CAMPAIGN.

AFTER the victory of Winchester in May, General Jackson had requested his friend, Hon. A. R. Boteler, to represent to the authorities near Richmond his desire for reinforcements, that he might carry the war toward the Federal Capital. "Tell them," said he, "that I have now fifteen thousand men; I should have forty thousand, and with them I would invade the North." When this message was delivered to General Lee, the Commander-in-Chief, he replied, "But he must help me to drive these people away from Richmond first." Thus it appears that his sagacious mind had already formed the design of concentrating the army of Jackson with his own, in order to take the aggressive against M'Clellan. Had the battle of Port Republic been a disaster, this would have been impossible, and Richmond would probably have fallen into the hands of the assailants. As soon as the news of Jackson's victory there was received in Richmond, it was judged that the proper time had arrived for the great movement. To make it successful, it was necessary to mask Jackson's removal from the Valley, lest his enemies, lately defeated, should assail some vital point, and to continue the diver-

sion of General M'Dowell's army from a union with M'Clellan. To further these objects, a strong detachment, consisting of the brigades of Whiting, Hood, and Lawton, which made an aggregate of seven thousand men, was sent to Jackson by the way of Lynchburg and Charlottesville. It was so arranged that the captives from Port Republic on their way to the military prisons of Richmond should meet all these troops upon the road, and on their arrival there, General Lee dismissed the officers among them upon parole. He knew that they would hasten to Washington and report what they had seen. The report of General M'Clellan reveals the success of the expedient. He states that the answer made by Mr. Lincoln to the next of his repeated requests for the co-operation of General M'Dowell, was the following: that he could not now need that aid, inasmuch as the army of General Lee was weakened by fifteen thousand men just sent to General Jackson, and the dangers of Washington City were to the same extent increased (the Federal officers, with their customary exaggeration, had doubled the number of Jackson's reinforcements).

He meanwhile was deceiving the enemy in the Valley with equal adroitness. As soon as Colonel Munford established his cavalry at Harrisonburg, he sent him orders to arrest all transit up and down the Valley, and even to limit the communication between his own troops on the outposts and the Confederate infantry to the narrowest possible bounds, so that no intelligence might steal through to the enemy. He also instructed him to press his outposts with energy against those of the enemy, and

to drive him as far below as practicable. He desired thus to produce in Fremont the persuasion that the whole Confederate army was about to advance upon him, to improve its victory in that direction. Last, he requested Colonel Munford to do all in his power by other means to foster this belief. Opportunity was already provided for carrying out this order. As the advance of the Confederates pressed toward Fremont, they met, twelve miles north of Harrisonburg, a Federal flag of truce in the hands of a major, followed by a long train of surgeons and ambulances bringing a demand for the release of their wounded men. Colonel Munford had required the train to pause at his outposts, and had brought the major, with one surgeon, to his quarters at Harrisonburg, where he entertained them with military courtesy until their request was answered by the commanding General. He found them full of boasts and arrogance: they said that the answer to their flag was exceedingly unimportant, because Fremont and Shields were about to effect a junction, when they would recover by force all they had lost, and teach Jackson a lesson which would cure his audacity. When Colonel Munford received the instructions we have mentioned, he called for Mr. William Gilmer of Albemarle, a gentleman of infinite spirit and humour, who was serving with his young kinsman as an amateur trooper, and gave him his cue. He silently left the village, but presently returned in very different fashion, as an orderly, with despatches from General Jackson and from Staunton. With an ostentatious clanking of spurs and sabre, he ascended to Colonel Munford's quarters, and knocked in a hurried manner.

"Come in," said the gallant Colonel. "And what answer do you bring, orderly, from General Jackson?" At this word the Yankee officers in the adjoining chamber were heard stealthily approaching the partition for the purpose of eavesdropping. "Why," said Gilmer, "the General laughed at the demand for the surrender of the wounded prisoners. He has no notion of it." "Do you bring any good news?" asked the Colonel. "Glorious news," he answered. "The road from Staunton this way is chock-full of soldiers, cannon, and waggons, come to reinforce Jackson in his march down the Valley. There is General Whiting, General Hood, General Lawton, and General I-don't-know-who. I never saw so many soldiers and cannon together in my life. People say there are thirty thousand of them." After a few such questions and answers, framed for the edification of the eavesdroppers, Colonel Munford dismissed him, and he descended, to fill the hotel and the town with his glorious news. The whole place was speedily in a blaze of joy and excitement. Citizens came to offer supplies for the approaching hosts; and bullocks, flour, and bacon were about to be collected for them in delighted haste. After leaving his guests to digest their contraband news for several hours, Colonel Munford at length sent for them, and told them that he had a reply from his General, respectfully declining to accede to their request; so that nothing now remained but to send them back to their friends in the same honour and safety in which they had come. They departed much humbler, and, as they imagined, much wiser men. He pushed his advance soon after them to New Market; and

upon their arrival at the quarters of General Fremont near Mount Jackson, the Federal army precipitately broke up its camp, and retreated to Strasbourg, where they began busily to fortify themselves. The Confederate cavalry then drew a cordon of pickets across the country just above them, so strict that the befooled enemy never learned General Jackson's whole army was not on his front until he discovered it by the disasters of M'Clellan.

The larger part of the reinforcements sent from Richmond had halted near Staunton. On the evening of June 17th, General Jackson began to move his troops from Mount Meridian, and leaving orders with his staff to send away the remainder the next morning, he went to the town to set the new brigades in motion. No man in the whole army knew whither it was going. General Ewell, the second in command, was only instructed to move towards Charlottesville, and the rest were only ordered to follow him. Two marches brought them to the neighbourhood of the latter town, where General Jackson rejoined them, and confiding to his chief of staff the direction of his movement, with strict injunctions of secrecy, departed by railroad to hold a preliminary conference with General Lee in Richmond. He directed that an advanced guard of cavalry should precede the army continually, and prohibit all persons, whether citizens or soldiers, from passing before them toward Richmond. A rear-guard was to prevent all straggling backward, and when they encamped, all lateral roads were to be guarded, to prevent communication between the army and country.

But on reaching Gordonsville, whither the brigade of

General Lawton had gone by railroad, he was arrested for a day by a groundless rumour of the approach of the enemy from the Rappahannock. Then, resuming the direction of the troops, he proceeded to a station called Frederickshall, fifty miles from Richmond, where he arrested his march to give the army its Sabbath rest. No General knew better than he how to employ the transportation of a railroad in combination with the marching of an army. While the burthen trains forwarded his stores, he caused the passenger trains to proceed to the rear of his line of march, which was chosen near the railroad, and take up the hindmost of his brigades. These were forwarded, in a couple of hours, a whole day's march; when they were set down, and the trains returned again to take up the hindmost, and give them a like assistance.

After a quiet Sabbath, the General rose at 1 o'clock A.M., and mounting a horse, rode express with a single courier, to Richmond. A few miles from his quarters, a pleasing evidence of the fidelity of his pickets was presented to him. He endeavoured to pass this outpost, first as an officer on military business, and then as an officer bearing important intelligence for General Lee. But the guard was inexorable, and declared that his instructions from General Jackson especially prohibited him to pass army men as well as citizens. The utmost he would concede was, that the captain commanding the picket should be called, and the appeal made to him. When he came, he recognised his General, who, praising the soldier for his obedience to instructions, bound them both to secrecy touching his journey. Having held the desired interview

with the Commander-in-Chief, he returned the next day to the line of march pursued by his troops, and led them, the evening of June 25th, to the village of Ashland, twelve miles north of Richmond.

To understand the subsequent narrative, the reader must have a brief explanation of the position of the two great armies. The Chickahominy River, famous for the adventures and capture of Captain John Smith, in the childhood of Virginia, is a sluggish stream of fifteen yards' width, which flows parallel to the James, and only five miles north of Richmond. It is bordered by extensive meadows, which degenerate in many places into marshes, and its bed is miry and treacherous; so that it constitutes an obstacle to the passage of armies far more formidable than its insignificant width would indicate. During this year, especially, the excessive rains and repeated freshets had converted its little current into an important stream, its marshes into lakes, and its rich, level cornfields into bogs. But at the distance of half a mile from the channel, the country on each side rises into undulating hills, with farms interspersed irregularly among the tracts of forest, and the coppices of young pine. General M'Clellan, taking his departure from the White House on the Pamunkey, and using the York River Railroad as his line of supply, had pressed his vast army to the east and north of Richmond. Its two wings placed like the open jaws of some mighty dragon, the one on the north and the other on the south side of the Chickahominy, almost embraced the north-east angle of the city. To connect them with each other he had constructed three or four elaborate

bridges across the stream, with causeways leading to them, and along the length of the valley, by which he hoped to defy both mire and floods. On both sides his front was so fortified with earthworks, abatis, and heavy artillery, that they could not be assailed, save with cruel loss. These works, on his left, were extended to the front of the battle-field of Seven Pines, and on his right to the hamlet of Mechanicsville; which, seated upon the north bank of the Chickahominy, six miles from Richmond, commanded the road thence to Hanover Court-House.

The Confederate army, now under the immediate order of General Robert E. Lee, confronted M'Clellan, and guarded the course of the Chickahominy as high as the half sink farm, north-west of Richmond, where Brigadier-General Branch, of Major-General A. P. Hill's division, was stationed within a few miles of Ashland. General Lee, after the battle of Seven Pines, had fortified his front, east of Richmond, in order that a part of his forces might hold the defensive against the Federal army; while, with the remainder, he attempted to turn its flank north of the Chickahominy. To test the practicability of this grand enterprise, and to explore a way for General Jackson's proposed junction, he had caused General J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, to make his famous *reconnaissance* of the 12th of June; in which that daring officer had marched a detachment of cavalry from north to south around M'Clellan's whole rear, and had discovered that it was unprotected by works, or by proper disposition of forces, against the proposed attack.

The conception of the Commander-in-Chief is thus de-

veloped in his own general order of battle, communicated to General Jackson. He was to march from Ashland on the 25th of June, to encamp for the night, west of the Central Railroad, and to advance at three A.M., on the 26th, and turn the enemy's works at Mechanicsville; and on Beaver-Dam Creek, a stream flowing into the Chickahominy a mile in the rear of that hamlet, where he had a powerful reserve entrenched. Major-General A. P. Hill was to cross the Chickahominy, to the north side, at the meadow bridges, above Mechanicsville, and associating to himself Branch's brigade, which was to advance so soon as the march of General Jackson opened a way for it, was to sweep down against the enemy's right. As soon as the Mechanicsville bridge should be uncovered, Longstreet and D. H. Hill were to cross, the latter to proceed to the support of Jackson, and the former to that of A. P. Hill. The four commands were directed to sweep down the north side of the Chickahominy, toward the York River Railroad; Jackson on the left and in advance, Longstreet nearest the river and in the rear. Huger and Magruder were to hold their positions south of the Chickahominy against any assault of the enemy, to observe him closely, and to follow him should he retreat. General Stuart, with his cavalry, was thrown out on Jackson's left, to guard his flank, and give notice of the enemy's movements.

The evening of June 25th found the army of General Jackson a few miles short of their appointed goal—at Ashland—instead of the line of the Central Railroad. The difficulties of handling so large a force with inexperienced subordinates, concurred with the loss of the bridges

on his direct line of march (lately burned by order of the Federalists) to delay him thus much. No commander ever sympathized more fully with the spirit of Napoleon's answer, when he replied to one of his marshals, in view of a similar combination of his armies for a great battle, "Ask me for anything but time." Jackson's ardent soul, on fire with the grandeur of the operations before him, and with delight in their boldness and wisdom, and chafing at the delays of blundering and incompetent agents, forbade rest or sleep for him on this important night. He deliberately devoted the whole of it to the review of his preparations, and to prayer. Rations were to be distributed and prepared by the men for three days. The leaders of the different divisions, encamped around Ashland, were to be instructed in their routes, so that the several commands might take their places in the column without confusion or delay. After all his staff were dismissed for a short repose, he still paced his chamber in anxious thought, or devoted to wrestling with God the intervals between the visits of his officers. In the small hours of the night, two of the commanders of divisions came to suggest that he should move the army by two columns, on parallel roads, instead of by one. He listened respectfully, but requested that they would await his decision until morning. When they left him the one said to the other, "Do you know why General Jackson would not decide upon our suggestion at once? It was because he has to pray over it, before he makes up his mind." A moment after, the second returned to Jackson's quarters to fetch his sword, which he had forgotten; and,

as he entered, found him upon his knees! praying doubtless for Omniscient guidance in all his responsible duties, for his men, and for his country.

Notwithstanding his efforts, the army did not move until after sunrise; when, all being ready, it advanced in gallant array toward the south-east, crossed the Central Railroad, and, meeting here and there the vigilant cavalry of General Stuart, which came in from the left at the cross-roads, approached the Pole-Green church—a century before sanctified by the eloquence of the Rev. Samuel Davies—at four o'clock in the afternoon. Jackson was now abreast of the enemy's right flank at Mechanicsville, and but a few miles north of it. Between him and the church was the Tottopottamoy, a little stream which still bears its Indian title. The pickets of M'Clellan occupied the opposite bank, and had destroyed the light wooden bridge, and obstructed the road beyond with prostrate trees. The Texan brigade of Hood, which was in front, deployed a few skirmishers, who speedily cleared the opposing bank with their unerring rifles; and the wood beyond was shelled by one of Whiting's batteries while the bridge was rapidly repaired. This initial cannonade was intended to subserve the additional purpose of a signal, by which the Confederates before Mechanicsville might be advertised of his presence.

For many hours the brigades of A. P. Hill had been patiently awaiting the expected sound before the enemy's works. They now pressed forward, and a furious cannonade opened on both sides. General Hill, supported by Ripley's brigade, of D. H. Hill's division, speedily carried the little

village, with the field-works and camp of the enemy, while the latter retired a mile to the eastward, to their stronger lines upon Beaver-Dam Creek. Jackson's advance would in due time have turned this position, as it had Mechanicsville, and would thus have given to the two Hills an easy conquest; but the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and the President of the Confederate States upon the field, with their urgency that the place should be carried without delay, impelled them to the attack. The heroic troops pressed up to the stream, and held the nearer brink throughout the night, but could effect no lodgement within the hostile works; and thus, at nine o'clock, the cannonade died away, and the opposing forces lay down upon their arms, after a bloody and useless struggle. As General Jackson's forces passed the Pole-Green church, and went into camp a little below, at Hundley's Corner, the sound of the guns and the roar of the musketry told them that the gigantic struggle had begun.

Thus opened the seven days' tragedy before Richmond. The demeanour of its citizens during the evening of June 26th, gave an example of their courage, and their faith in their leaders and their cause. For many weeks, the Christians of the city had given themselves to prayer; and they drew from heaven a sublime composure. The spectator passing through the streets saw the people calmly engaged in their usual avocations, or else wending their way to the churches, while the thunders of the cannon shook the city. As the calm summer evening descended, the family groups were seen sitting upon their door-steps, where mothers told the children at their knees,

how Lee and his heroes were now driving away the invaders. The young people promenaded the heights north of the town, and watched the distant shells bursting against the sky. At one church, a solemn cavalcade stood waiting; and if the observer had entered, saying to himself, "This funeral reminds me that Death claims all seasons for his own, and refuses to postpone his dread rites for any inferior horrors," he would have found a bridal before the altar. The heart of old Rome was not more assured and steadfast, when she sold at full price in her *Forum* the fields on which the victorious Carthaginian was encamped.

During the night, detachments of the enemy approached General Jackson's camp at Hundley's Corner, but were checked by Brockenborough's battery, and the 1st Maryland, 13th Virginia, and 6th Louisiana regiments. At an early hour the troops were put in motion, and speedily crossed the higher streams of the Beaver-Dam, thus turning the right of the enemy's position. The way was now opened by their retreat for the advance of General D. H. Hill, who, crossing Jackson's line of march, passed to his front and left. The evacuation of the lines of Beaver-Dam also soon followed. At the dawn of day, the contest between the Federal artillery there, and that of General A. P. Hill, had been resumed; but perceiving the divisions of General Jackson approaching their rear, the enemy retreated precipitately down the Chickahominy towards Cold Harbour, pursued by Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet, burning vast quantities of army stores, and deserting many uninjured. As General Jackson approached Walnut

Grove Church, he met the Commander-in-Chief; and while he halted his column to receive his final instructions from him, the gallant division of A. P. Hill filed past in as perfect array as though they had been unscathed of battle. General Lee presuming that the Federalists would continue to withdraw, if overpowered, toward the York River Railroad and the White House, directed General Jackson to proceed, with General D. H. Hill, to a point a few miles north of Cold Harbour, and thence to march to that place, and strike their line of retreat. Two roads led thither, the one direct, the other circuitous. The latter, which passed first eastward, and then southward, was the one which offered the desired route for General Jackson; for the former would have conducted him to ground in the rear of the retreating army, already occupied by General A. P. Hill. General Jackson had selected young men of the vicinage, found in a company of cavalry near him, for guides. When he asked them the road to Cold Harbour, his habitual reticence, in this instance too stringent, withheld all explanation of his strategic designs. They therefore naturally pointed him to the direct and larger road as the route to Cold Harbour. After marching for a mile and a half, the booming of cannon in his front caught his ear, and he demanded sharply of the guide near him, "Where is that firing?" The reply was, that it was in the direction of Gaines's Mill. "Does this road lead there?" he asked. The guide told him that it led by Gaines's Mill to Cold Harbour. "But," exclaimed he, "I do not wish to go to Gaines's Mill. I wish to go to Cold Harbour, leaving that place to the right." "Then," said

the guide, "the left-hand road was the one which should have been taken; and had you let me know what you desired, I could have directed you aright at first." Nothing now remained but to reverse the column, and return to the proper track. It was manifest that an hour of precious time must be lost in doing this, while the accelerated firing told that the battle was thickening in the front, and every heart trembled with the anxious fear lest the irreparable hour should be lost by the delay. But Jackson bore the same calm and assured countenance, and when this fear was suggested to him, he replied, "No, let us trust that the providence of our God will so overrule it, that no mischief shall result." Nor was he mistaken in this confidence; for the time thus allowed to General D. H. Hill enabled him to reach the desired point of meeting north of Cold Harbour, just in front of Jackson, and brought them into precise conjunction. They then turned to the right, and moved directly toward the supposed position of the enemy, with the division of Hill in front, followed by those of Ewell, Whiting, and Jackson, in the order of their enumeration. After passing Cold Harbour, and arresting at that spot a few Federal carriages, they perceived the enemy about a half mile southward, drawn up in battle array, and fronting to the north. General Jackson, with a numerous suite, rode forward to observe their position; and, at his suggestion, a battery from Hill's division was posted opposite to them. But before they began to fire, several Federal batteries opened upon them a furious cannonade, by which the Generals were speedily driven to a distant part of the field, and the Confederate

guns were silenced, after a gallant but unequal contest of half an hour.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The firing west of Cold Harbour told that General A. P. Hill was fully engaged with the enemy there. In fact, he was fighting single-handed the whole centre of the opposing host. For a time, General Jackson held his troops back in the margin of the woods looking toward the highway, and along the line of their march, in the hope that the enemy, retreating before Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet, would expose their flank to a crushing blow from him. But the firing on his right began evidently to recede, showing that Hill, instead of driving the savage game into his toils, was giving way before their overpowering numbers. He then determined to bring his whole infantry into action. Assigning to General D. H. Hill the extreme left, he placed General Ewell's division next him, and sent orders to Generals Whiting and Lawton, and to the Brigadiers of his own original division, which brought up the rear, to form for battle along the road by which they were marching, and then moving in *échelon*, beginning on the left, to feel for the position of the enemy and engage him. The topography was unknown to Jackson and to his subordinates, the forests forbade a connected view of the country, and no time was left for *reconnaissances*. Nothing remained, therefore, but to move toward the firing, and engage the foe wherever he was found.

The expectations that the Federalists would continue their retreat, when hard pressed, toward the White House, was erroneous. Their commander proposed to himself

another expedient: to concentrate his troops on the south of the Chickahominy, and relinquishing his connexions with the York River, to open for himself communications with the River James below Richmond, now accessible to his fleets up to Drewry's Bluffs. Accordingly, his present purpose was to stand at bay upon the northern bank of the former stream, until he could withdraw his troops across it in safety. He chose, for this end, a strong position, covering two of his military bridges, and confronting with a convex array, the Confederates who threatened him from the north and west. His right or eastern wing occupied an undulating plateau, protected in front by thickets of pine and the rude fences of the country, and presenting numerous commanding positions for artillery. In front of that wing a sluggish rivulet speedily degenerating into a marsh, thick-set with briers and brushwood, stretched away to the east, affording a seeming protection to that flank. An interval of a few hundred yards in front of his right was unprotected by any such obstruction; but the fields were here swept by a powerful artillery. And as his line passed westward, another rivulet commenced its course, and flowed in front of his whole centre and left wing, in an opposite direction to the first, until, merging itself into Powhite Creek, it passed into the Chickahominy above. His centre was enveloped in a dense forest, which, with the marshy stream in front, precluded the use of artillery by the assailants. His left was posted in a belt of woodland, which descended with a steep inclination from the plateau to a deep and narrow gully, excavated for itself by the rivulet. Three

formidable lines of infantry held this hill-side, the first hidden in the natural ditch at its bottom, the second behind a strong barricade of timber a little above, and the third near the top. The brow of the eminence was crowned with numerous batteries, which, screened by the narrow zone of trees, commanded every approach to the position. Last, a number of heavy rifled cannon upon the heights south of the Chickahominy protected the extreme left, and threatened to enfilade any troops advancing across the open country to the attack. These formidable dispositions were only disclosed to the Confederates by their actual onset, so that manœuvre was excluded, and the only resort was to stubborn courage and main force. And it was only on General Jackson's extreme left that the Confederate artillery could find any position from which the enemy could be reached effectively. The front upon which these two great armies were to contend was less than three miles in extent. Hence, as the brigades of Longstreet and A. P. Hill from the Confederate right, and of D. H. Hill and Jackson from the left, moved into the combat on convergent radii, they formed, in many places, an order of battle two or three lines deep; and those first engaged were supported by those which arrived later.

The road along which General Jackson drew up his line for battle, made with the enemy's front an angle of forty or fifty degrees. Hence, the troops toward the right had the longer arc to traverse, in reaching the scene of combat, and all were required to incline toward their left, in order to confront the enemy. General D. H. Hill, on the Confederate left, moved first, and was soon furiously

engaged. For two or three hours he struggled with the enemy with wavering fortunes, unable to rout them, but winning some ground, which he stubbornly held against a terrible artillery and musketry fire. General Ewell moved next, with one brigade upon the left and two upon the right of the road which led from Gaines's Mill toward the Federal left. Crossing the marsh, he ascended the opposing hill-side, and engaged the enemy in the forest. Before their terrific fire, General Elzey, commanding his left brigade, fell severely wounded, and Colonel Seymour, commanding the Louisiana brigade of Taylor, was slain. Whole regiments were killed, wounded, or scattered under this leaden tempest; but still their dauntless General rallied his fainting men, repaired his line, and held all his ground against the double and triple lines of the enemy; until, just as his ammunition was exhausted, welcome succours arrived under General Lawton.

One cause of delay in the arrival of the remaining troops has already been seen, in the larger space which they were required to pass over in order to reach the enemy. Another, and a more dangerous one, arose out of a fatal misconception of General Jackson's orders by his messenger. Communicating to all the commanders in the rear of Ewell the plan for their advance, he had concluded by instructing them to await further orders before engaging the enemy! But another officer of the staff, comprehending better the General's true intentions, and the urgency of the occasion, corrected the error, and at length moved the remaining brigades into action. Their leaders could learn nothing of the country, to which they were all

strangers; and their movements were partially concealed from each other by the numerous tracts of coppice and forest. Hence, instead of advancing toward the enemy in parallel lines, they unconsciously crossed each other; and several of them, at last, went into action far aside from the points at which they were expected to strike. But the providence of that God to whom their General ever looked, guided them aright to the places where their aid was most essential.

The Stonewall Brigade, under General Winder, was next the last in the line of march, and should therefore have formed almost the extreme right of General Jackson's battle. Their General, so soon as he comprehended the error of the instructions which held him inactive, advanced with chivalrous zeal. But his neighbours on the left, with whom he should have connected his right, having already passed out of sight in the thickets, he had no other guide than the din of the battle. Feeling his way rapidly toward this, he passed transversely from right to left, across the ground over which the corps had already swept, and found himself behind the struggling line of D. H. Hill. This indomitable soldier was just devising, with his two Brigadiers, Garland and Anderson, upon his left, a daring movement, to break the stubborn resistance of the Federalists. Garland proposed to swing around their extreme right with his brigade; and, taking them in reverse, to charge with the bayonet, while the rest of the division renewed their attack in front. One formidable obstacle existed: a hostile battery at that extremity of the field threatened to enfilade his ranks while marching to the attack. To obviate this danger, Hill determined to

storm the battery with five regiments; but only one—that of Colonel Iverson, of North Carolina—arrived at it. He was severely wounded; and, after ten minutes, his men were driven from it by overpowering numbers; but this interval, during which its guns were silenced, was decisive. For, meantime, Winder had advanced the famed Stonewall Brigade in perfect order; had rallied to him all the shattered regiments of Elzey and Hill which he found lurking under cover, or waging a defensive struggle; and now swept with an imposing line and a thundering cheer across the whole plateau occupied by the enemy's right. Garland and Anderson dashed simultaneously upon their flank; the contested battery was in an instant captured a second time, and the whole wing of the Federal army, with their reinforcements, hurled back into the swamps of the Chickahominy. There they broke into a scattered rabble in the approaching darkness, and crouched behind the trees, or found their way across the stream to their friends. This brilliant movement, with the simultaneous successes upon other parts of the field, decided the day. Nowhere were the panic and confusion of the beaten army more utter than here. The fields which were the scene of this terrific struggle composed the farms of two respectable citizens, named Maghee. The one of these farthest in the Federal rear was spectator of their rout. Regiments sent over by M'Clellan to support the wavering battle were seen to pause, even before they came under fire; to break without firing a musket, and to throw away their arms, and fly to the swamp. As ordnance waggons and ambulances galloped toward the scene of action, they were

arrested by the frantic fugitives, who snatched the animals from them, and, mounting two or three on each, fled toward the bridge, leaving ammunition and wounded comrades to their fate. One officer was seen, delirious with terror, with his hat in one hand, and his empty scabbard in the other, screaming as he ran, "Jackson is coming! Jackson is coming!" Indeed, the baseness of the Northern soldiery was shown by the fact that, throughout this battle, it was usually the supporting regiments in the rear, unscathed as yet, which gave way first; while the resistance was sustained by the old United States regulars of Sykes and Porter in the front. In the volunteer regiments, the "will of the majority," which was usually a determination to retire at the critical moment, was sometimes expressed against the authority of the officers by a formal popular vote. To the entreaties of their commanders their answers were, "We're tired out fighting;" "Got no more ammunition;" "Guess the rebels will be down to them bridges soon." And so they broke away, and the rout was propagated from the rear to the front.

The two other brigades of Jackson's old division, the 2d and 3d Virginia, under the lead of Colonels Cunningham and Fulkerson, also advanced with spirit as soon as they received correct orders. Having met messengers from the Commander-in-Chief, and General A. P. Hill, they obtained more correct guidance, and advanced to the Confederate right. The second brigade supported Brigadier-General R. H. Anderson, near General Longstreet's extreme right. Just as they arrived, the troops of Anderson were giving ground momentarily before the enemy.

Colonel Cunningham proposed to take the front, and give him an opportunity to re-form behind his lines; but the gallant Carolinian insisted upon completing his own work. The shout was raised, "Jackson's men are here!" and his regiments answering with a cheer, rushed forward again, and swept all before them, leaving to the Virginians little more to do than to fire a parting volley. In like manner, the third brigade reinforced the line of A. P. Hill, near the centre, but only arrived in time to see the enemy give way before Whiting's division, which had come earlier to its help. As Colonel Fulkerson advanced to relieve these wearied and decimated troops of the labours of the pursuit, the retreating enemy fired a last volley, by which he was mortally wounded. In him General Jackson lost an able and courageous subordinate, who had proved himself equal to every task imposed upon him. Had he lived, the highest distinction must have crowned his merits; for his judgment, diligence, and talent for command were equal to his heroic courage.

Just before the three original brigades of Jackson, had marched the Georgia brigade of Lawton, nearly four thousand strong. The time had now come for them to fight their maiden battle. As they advanced towards the enemy's centre, they unconsciously crossed the line of march just before pursued by General Whiting, and passing under a severe fire from a battery upon the plateau near Maghee's they crossed the marsh, and entered the wood in rear of General Ewell, passing between two regiments which had retired from the contest after exhausting their ammunition. Here the brigade was thrown into line,

and advanced firing, with imposing force. Their appearance was most timely; for the shattered remnant with which Ewell still stood at bay were firing their last rounds of cartridges. As the grim veteran saw this magnificent line of thirty-five hundred bayonets sweeping through the woods, he waved his sword with enthusiasm and shouted, "Huzzah for Georgia!" Lawton, receiving directions from him, pressed forward with a steady advance, drove the enemy's centre from the woods into the open fields nearer the river, and connecting with D. H. Hill and Winder on his left, assisted them in sweeping the Federalists at nightfall into the swamps.

But the most brilliant achievement of the day was reserved for the division of General Whiting, consisting of the Mississippi brigade of Colonel Law, and the Texan brigade of General Hood. In Jackson's initial order of battle, they filled the space between Ewell and Lawton, thus being the third division, counting from the left. Whiting, after being sorely embarrassed by the confused and erroneous instructions received, was properly informed of General Jackson's wishes, and put his two brigades in motion. Before they had advanced far, he met the Commander-in-Chief, who directed him to the part of the field held, at the beginning of the battle, by A. P. Hill. Passing through the forest from which this general had already driven the enemy, he emerged into a broad open field in front of that ravine and gully which have already been described as covering the left centre and left of the Federal army. Farther toward the Confederate right, Longstreet was bringing up his division simultaneously, to storm this

desperate line; and after other brigades had recoiled, broken by a fire under which it seemed impossible that any troops could live, was just sending in his never-failing reserve, Pickett's veteran brigade. These troops, after advancing heroically over the shattered regiments of their friends, within point blank range of the triple lines before them, unfortunately paused to return the fire of the concealed enemy. The entreaties of their officers to charge bayonets were unheard amidst the terrific roar of musketry. It was as they stood thus, decimated at every volley, unable to advance, but too courageous to flee, that the brigades of Hood and Whiting were launched against the Federal lines on the left. The charge may be best described in the language of General Jackson himself:—

"Advancing thence through a number of retreating and disordered regiments, he came within range of the enemy's fire, who, concealed in an open wood, and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire, for a quarter of a mile, into his advancing line, under which many brave officers and men fell. Dashing on with unfaltering step, in the face of these murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel Law, at the heads of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the entrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position.

"In this charge, in which upwards of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and

in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns." . . . . " The shouts of triumph which rose from our brave men as they, unaided by artillery, had stormed this citadel of their strength, were promptly carried from line to line, and the triumphant issue of this assault, with the well-directed fire of the batteries, and successful charges of Hill and Winder upon the enemy's right, de ermined the fortunes of the day. The Federalists, routed at every point, and aided by the darkness of the night, escaped across the Chickahominy."

The next morning, as Jackson inspected this position, and saw the deadly disadvantages under which the Texans had carried it, he exclaimed, "These men are soldiers indeed!" Here, and in front of Pickett's charge near by, all the Confederate dead were on the north side of the gorge. Just as soon as the enemy saw them determined to advance, in spite of their fire, and the first line was dislodged from the channel of the rivulet in front, the other two lines incontinently fled from their barricades, although well able still to have repulsed the shattered assailants twice over; nor did the artillery hold their ground with more firmness upon the brow of the ascent. But now, as the troops of Longstreet and Whiting drove the throng of their foes from cover into the open fields, they speedily reaped a bloody revenge for all previous losses. The Federal infantry, resigning all thought of battle, fled across the fields or huddled together in the open vales, where the furious Confederates mowed them

down by hundreds. The Federal artillery flying to another position a few hundred yards in the rear, opened upon retreating friends and advancing foes, distinguished nothing in the gathering gloom; and as the victors rushed upon the guns again, they drove before them, as a living shield, a confused herd of fugitives, whose bodies received the larger part of the volleys of canister.

During the afternoon General Jackson with his escort occupied a position near Cold Harbour, where five roads met, in the rear of his left centre. Ignorant of the delay which had kept his reserves for two hours out of the strife, and of its unlucky cause, he grew more and more anxious as the sun approached the horizon, and the sustained firing told him that the enemy was nowhere broken. Sending first for Stuart, he suggested to him a vigorous charge of cavalry; but this was relinquished as impracticable. His gigantic spirit was manifestly gathering strength, and its rising tides were chafing stormily against their obstacles. Riding restlessly to and fro to the different points of interest, he issued his orders in a voice which rang with the deadly clang of the rifle, rather than the sonorous peal of the clarion. Cheek and brow were blazing with the crimson blood, and beneath the vizor of his old drab cap, his eye glared with a fire, before which every other eye quailed. But a half hour of sunlight now remained. Unconscious that his veteran brigades were but now reaching the ridge of battle, he supposed that all his force had been put forth, and (what had never happened before) the enemy was not crushed. It was then that he despatched messengers to all the commanders of his divisions with these

words: "Tell them this affair must hang in suspense no longer; sweep the field with the bayonet." The officers darted away with their messages; but before they reached the line the ringing cheers rising from every side out of the smoking woods told that his will was anticipated, and the day was won. At this sound no elation lighted up his features, but subduing the tempest of his passion, he rode calmly forward to direct the pursuit of the enemy.

In this battle General Jackson employed little artillery. Upon his wing a few of the batteries of D. H. Hill were put in action at the extreme left, with small effect at first upon the enemy's fire. Later in the day Major Pelham, of Stuart's horse-artillery, whose splendid courage Jackson then first witnessed, took position in front of Cold Harbour, with two guns, and engaged the Federal batteries which obstructed the movements of Hill. One of his pieces was speedily disabled; but with the other he continued the unequal duel to the close of the day. At sunset the batteries upon the extreme left were reinforced by those of Courtenay and Brockenborough. Thirty guns now opened upon the retreating enemy, and contributed much to his final discomfiture.

In the battle of Chickahominy the Confederates used about forty thousand men, of whom twenty thousand belonged to the command of General Jackson, exclusive of the division of D. H. Hill, temporarily associated with it. General M'Clellan asserted that he had but thirty-six thousand men engaged. The length of his triple lines of battle, and the superior numbers met by the Confederates at every point, show that, if this statement was correct, it

excluded the reserves engaged at the close of the day; and if a similar subtraction were made on the other side, their numbers also would be reduced far below that amount. General Lee declared that the principal part of the Federal army was engaged. When it is remembered that this force embraced all of their regulars, and that the adroit use of the position selected by M'Clellan debarred the Confederates from the employment of artillery, while it exposed them on both wings to that powerful implement of war, their victory will be received as a glorious proof of their prowess. They captured twenty-five pieces of artillery, and more than four thousand prisoners; while the field showed that the carnage among the Federalists was considerably heavier than among the patriots. The victory was purchased by a loss of five hundred and eighty-nine men killed on the field, two thousand six hundred and seventy-one wounded, and twenty-four missing, in Jackson's corps. In the other divisions engaged the loss was also heavy. Several circumstances made the price paid for the splendid advantages of this achievement heavier than it might have been, and the fruits more scanty. Of these, the one most worthy of the attention of the Confederates, because susceptible of a remedy, was the lack of a competent general Staff, by which the plans of the Commander-in-Chief might be carried out with accuracy, and unity of action secured. Next, it should be remarked, that the generals were possessed of no topographical surveys, and were therefore compelled to manœuvre their troops without any acquaintance with the ground, in an intricate country, obscured by woodlands, and devoid of

any elevated points of view. The whole space over which Jackson's troops moved was occupied by a succession of thickets of pine and insignificant farms, so that scarcely anywhere did two brigades move in sight of each other, and an advance of a quarter of a mile invariably hid them from view. It was vain, therefore, for the General to depend upon his own eyes; and with a scanty and ill-organized staff, he had no means of knowing, for a considerable time, whether his orders were executed or not.

On the morning of Saturday, June 28th, there was not a Federal soldier in arms north of the Chickahominy. The two bridges by which M'Clellan had retreated were jealously guarded by his sharpshooters, and by commanding batteries upon the southern heights, which forbade their passage, save at an expense of blood too great to be contemplated. Ewell's division, with the cavalry of Stuart, marched early in the morning for the York River Railroad, which they occupied without opposition at Despatch Station. The enemy thereupon retreated to the south side of the river, and burned the railroad bridge, while General Ewell destroyed a part of the track. Stuart, pursuing a detachment of cavalry toward the White House, found all the stations in flames, including the dwelling and farm-buildings of General Lee, at the latter place, and a vast amount of military stores destroyed. It was now manifest from the enemy's own act that this line of retreat was finally surrendered. Two other alternatives remained to him: one was to cross the Chickahominy below, by the Williamsburg road and the neighbouring ways; the other, to turn to the river James. To prevent the adoption of

the former, General Ewell was ordered to guard Bottom's Bridge, the next below the railroad, while the cavalry watched the lower course of the stream. To resist the latter, General Holmes's division was directed to watch the roads leading toward the James with a portion of the cavalry, while Generals Magruder and Huger guarded his front, and stood prepared to press the Federalists upon the first appearance of retreat. The Confederate forces upon the north bank of the Chickahominy remained there until their purposes were developed.

M'Clellan, although still superior to Lee in numbers and *matériel* of war, was now in a situation which might well excite his solicitude. His vast army, cut off from its established line of supplies, must either move at once or starve. Before him, and on both his flanks, was a determined and victorious foe. Behind him was a forest country, possessing few good roads, and intersected by sluggish water-courses, which the unprecedented rains had this year converted into swamps. But the forests were, in another aspect, his friends; for they concealed his designs and prevented the watching of his movements. One vigorous day's march, moreover, would bring him to his powerful fleet, which would give him a secure refuge and the needed supplies. Saturday evening, there were manifest signs of movement behind the Federal entrenchments, and Sunday morning they were abandoned, and the the bridges across the Chickahominy were broken down. General Longstreet now marched to the south side by the New Bridge; but the Grapevine Bridge opposite General Jackson's position was so destroyed that the

pioneers consumed nearly the whole day in repairing it. Late in the afternoon, the Stonewall Brigade, with the General and his Staff, passed over, and inspected the country. At the Trent farm near by, were extensive bowers, ingeniously woven of cedar boughs, which had surrounded the headquarters where M'Clellan had recently resided, in a village of canvas, provided with every appliance of luxury. Here also was his telegraph office, whence lines diverged to each corps of his army and to Washington, with the floor littered with the originals of those fictitious despatches with which his Government was wont to delude its people. A little farther, General Jackson found the forces of General Magruder, with the Commander-in-Chief, watching the retreating enemy; and, it was agreed, after consultation, that the evening was too far advanced for an effective movement, and that General Jackson should return to his bivouac, and commence his march in pursuit at dawn the next morning. As he rode across the fields this evening, he witnessed a spectacle of inexpressible grandeur. The attention was attracted toward the east by the roar of an invisible railroad train, which seemed to be rushing toward the Chickahominy, far beyond the distant woods, with a speed which was constantly accelerated until it became frightful. Suddenly, as the beholders were speculating upon the cause of this sound, a vast pillar of white smoke was seen to spring upwards into the sky, which rose higher and higher, and continually unfolded itself from within, in waves of snowy vapour, until it filled that quarter of the heavens. And, a moment after, the atmosphere, slower than the sunbeams, brought

to the ear an astounding explosion, in which a multitude of nearly simultaneous thunder-claps were mingled into a roar louder than cannon. The explanation was learned afterwards. The retreating foe had loaded a train with a vast bulk of ammunition, and, firing the engine to its most intense heat, had launched it from Savage's Station, without a guide, with a slow match lighted. Just as it plunged into the Chickahominy, at the chasm where the bridge had lately been, the powder caught; and ammunition, engine, and carriages were blown into one huge wreck.

This was not the only form of destruction which the Federalists employed to prevent their enemies from profiting by the spoils. Their industry in attempting to demolish was equal to the haste of their flight. The whole country was full of deserted plunder; and this, indeed, was equally true of the tracts over which they had been driven on the north side of the river, from Mechanicsville downward. Army waggons and pontoon trains, partially burned or crippled; mounds of grain and rice, and hillocks of mess beef smouldering; tens of thousands of axes, picks, and shovels; camp-kettles gashed with hatchets; medicine-waggons with their drugs stirred into foul medley; and all the apparatus of a vast and lavish host, encumbered the roads; while the mire under foot was mixed with blankets lately new, and overcoats torn in twain from the waist up. For weeks afterwards, the agents of the army were busy gathering in the spoils; while a multitude of the country people found in them partial indemnification for the ruin of their farms. Great

stores of fixed ammunition were saved, while more was destroyed.

Scarcely had General Jackson returned to the northern bank, when a rapid outbreak of firing told that General Magruder had attacked the enemy near Savage's Station. Here were the last entrenchments behind which M'Clellan could stand at bay. By a vigorous attack in flank and front, he was driven out of them just at sunset, and pursued for a short space with great slaughter. The sound of this combat kindled again in Jackson's heart the fire of battle, and as he lay down under the open sky for a short repose, he gave orders that everything should be ready to move in pursuit at the earliest dawn. At midnight, however, a sudden shower awoke him, and finding himself wet through, he determined to sleep no more, but to precede the troops to the position of General Magruder, in order to have time for fuller conference. When the head of his column, composed again of the division of D. H. Hill, reached the scene of the evening's combat, the General was found drying himself by a camp-fire. Without procuring any food or refreshment, he now advanced through the troops of Magruder, and took the old highway which led to Williamsburg. When the station near Savage's came in view, a city of canvas was seen upon a distant hill-side, glittering in the morning sun. This was a vast field-hospital of M'Clellan, where twenty-five hundred sick and wounded, with their nurses, had been left by him to the care of the Confederates. General Jackson, having sent a suitable officer to receive the submission of these, advanced rapidly upon the enemy's traces. At every step,

the Federal stragglers issued from the thicket, and submitted themselves as prisoners of war, until a thousand additional men were sent to the rear. A vast drove of mules deserted by the Federal army was gathered from the woods. Every hut and dwelling near the roadside was also converted into a refuge for the wounded, whose numbers showed the sanguinary nature of the struggle of the previous evening. An officer congratulating the General upon the great number of his prisoners, said jocularly, that they surrendered too easily, for the Confederacy would be embarrassed with their maintenance. He answered, smiling, "It is cheaper to feed them, than to fight them."

Before reaching White Oak Swamp, an inconsiderable stream which crossed the road, he diverged toward the right in the direction of the Court House of Charles' City County, pursuing still the wrecks of the enemy's flight. It now became manifest that he had relinquished all thought of a retreat toward Yorktown, and had turned decisively toward the river James. To explain the subsequent movements, the disclosure of M'Clellan's plans, still doubtful to the Confederate commander, must be a little anticipated. His purpose was to collect his army and all its apparatus upon the bank of the James, at some point below the mouth of the Appomattox; where the greater width and depth of the stream would enable his great fleets to approach him with convenience, and manœuvre for his defence. To disencumber the roads leading directly thither, and leave them free for the march of his columns, he sent his whole baggage trains down the way which

Jackson had now reached, leading from the neighbourhood of Savage's Station on the railroad, to Charles' City Court House. Having followed this route until they were effectually protected, they made their way across from this thoroughfare to the deep water at Harrison's Landing. To protect them, Franklin's corps was stationed on the eastern bank of White Oak Swamp; and when Jackson reached it, he stubbornly contested its passage with him during the whole of Monday, June 30th. On the other hand, the corps of Keyes, from M'Clellan's left, with the beaten troops of Porter, were rapidly marched to Malvern Hill, a range of highlands accessible by the shortest march from the southern end of the Federal line, and overlooking at once the river James, and the New Market, or river road, which leads from the city of Richmond down its northern side. The object of this movement on the part of M'Clellan was to protect his communications with the deep water from an advance down the New Market road, which he had good reason to fear. The remainder of his great army was massed on Monday midway between the White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill, under Generals Heintzelman and M'Call, to watch the roads going eastward, by which the Confederates might insinuate themselves between his right and left, and pursue his baggage trains. These judicious dispositions, made in a forest country, and chiefly by night marches, were not immediately disclosed in all their details to the Confederate leader. But his troops were now directed, with a masterly and comprehensive foresight, to meet every contingency, in such sort, that had all his purposes been

carried out, the adroit concealments of his adversary would have been vain. Major-General Holmes was ordered to cross from the south bank of the river James, which he had been left to guard, on the 29th, and march down the New Market road, to prevent the enemy from reaching the water. He did not approach Malvern Hill until the 30th, when he found it already powerfully occupied by the enemy under Keyes and Porter, crowned by a formidable artillery, and flanked by gunboats in the river. Early on the 29th, Major-Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill were directed to cross the Chickahominy at the New Bridges, and march eastward by the Darby-town road, a highway parallel to the New Market road, and north of it. Major-Generals Huger and Magruder were directed to press the enemy in front by the road leading direct from Richmond to Charles' City; while Jackson was to advance rapidly upon the left, scour the south side of the Chickahominy, and endeavour to attain the enemy's rear.

Longstreet and A. P. Hill, who moved first on the 29th, first came up with the enemy's centre upon the 30th, posted a little below the termination of the Darby-town road. Magruder, who advanced by the same road, was diverted by a request of General Holmes for reinforcements, and thus, unfortunately, was turned aside from the centre, where a fatal blow was practicable, toward the heights of Malvern Hill, which were now unassailable, and did not retrace his steps until the day was decided. But General Huger still remained to support the attack of Longstreet and Hill upon the right; and General Jackson, on the other hand, if able to force his passage across

White Oak Swamp, would have found himself upon the enemy's flank and rear. Such was the attitude of the respective parties at mid-day of June 30th.

When Jackson approached the stream last named at this hour, he found in the fields near it extensive camps deserted and full of spoils, and another field-hospital crowded with wounded. The hills descended by long and gentle declivities on both sides toward the little water-course, and the meadows along its margin were soft and miry from the recent rains. On the Confederate side, the right of the road was occupied by the open fields of an extensive farm, and the left by a dense forest of pines. On the side occupied by Franklin, the fields extended far both to the right and left of the highway; but the low margin of the stream opposite the Confederate right was covered by a belt of tall forest, in full leaf, which effectually screened all the Federal left from view. But the hills on their right were occupied by fifteen or twenty cannon in position, and were black with long lines of infantry. General Jackson, riding, as was his wont, with the advanced guard, no sooner saw the ground than he halted his army, and ordered twenty-eight guns to be brought up by a little vale through the fields on his right, just deep enough to hide them effectually from the enemy's view. These, although upon his right wing, were directed to the batteries of the Federalists opposite his left. At a preconcerted signal, the guns, ready shotted, were now moved forward upon the brow of the eminence, and opened their thunders upon the enemy. So sudden and terrible was the revelation, they scarcely made an effort

to reply, but galloped away, leaving two or three rifled pieces behind them; while the ranks of infantry melted swiftly into the woods far in their rear. After a little, several batteries upon the enemy's left, concealed behind the belt of forest, began to reply to this fire; and from this time the two parties kept up a desultory artillery duel during the day. But as each was invisible to the other, much damage was neither given nor received.

The General now advanced a section of artillery near the crossing of the stream, which speedily drove the Federal sharpshooters from the opposite bank and trees, and he ordered over the cavalry regiment of Colonel Munford. They found the wooden bridge broken up, and its timbers floating, a tangled mass, in the waters. But just above was a deep and narrow ford, by which they passed over, followed immediately by the General. They scoured, with drawn sabres, over the ground lately occupied by the Federal right wing, noted the deserted cannon, and picked up a few prisoners. But the enemy's left, behind the long screen of forest, was found standing fast, while they were bringing both artillery and infantry into position to command the crossing. Colonel Munford therefore passed down the stream to his left, and finding a spot where it was practicable, returned to his friends without loss. Jackson, upon observing this, advanced the divisions of D. H. Hill and Whiting into the pine wood on his left, detailed a working party to act with their support, and attempted to repair the bridge, with the purpose of forcing his way by a simultaneous advance of his infantry and artillery. But the men could not be induced to labour

steadily, exposed to the skirmishers of the enemy, and the attempt was abandoned. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in endeavours to discover some way, on the right or the left, by which the vexatious stream could be crossed, and the enemy's position turned; but the roads were so effectually obstructed with fallen trees that no hope appeared of removing them in time to fight a battle that evening. The troops were then withdrawn out of reach of the enemy's shells, and bivouacked, to await a more propitious morning. On this occasion it would appear, if the vast interests dependent on General Jackson's co-operation with the proposed attack upon the centre were considered, that he came short of that efficiency in action for which he was everywhere else noted. Surely the prowess of the Confederate infantry might have been trusted, for such a stake as Lee played for that day, to do again what it had so gloriously done, for a stake no greater, on the 27th; it might have routed the Federal infantry and artillery at once, without the assistance of its own cannon. Two columns, pushed with determination across the two fords at which the cavalry of Munford passed over and returned, the one in the centre, and the other at the left, and protected in their onset by the oblique fire of a powerful artillery so well posted on the right, would not have failed to dislodge Franklin from a position already half lost. The list of casualties would indeed have been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoneer mortally wounded. But how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up the next day at Malvern Hill? This temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was

probably to be explained by physical causes. The labour of the previous days, the sleeplessness, the wear of gigantic cares, with the drenching of the comfortless night, had sunk the elasticity of his will and the quickness of his invention, for the once, below their wonted tension. And which of the sons of men is there so great as never to experience this? The words which fell from Jackson's lips as he lay down that night among his Staff, showed that he was conscious of depression. After dropping asleep from excessive fatigue, with his supper between his teeth, he said, "Now, gentlemen, let us at once to bed, and rise with the dawn, and see if to-morrow we cannot *do something!*" Yet he found time, amidst the fatigues of this day, to write to Mrs. Jackson, with a heart full of piety and of yearning for domestic happiness:—

"NEAR WHITE OAK SWAMP BRIDGE, *June 30th.*

"An ever kind Providence has greatly blessed our efforts, and given us great reason for thankfulness in having defended Richmond as he has.

"I hope that our God will soon bless us with an honourable peace, and permit us to be together at home, in the enjoyment of domestic happiness."

Meantime, Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill, after confronting the enemy's powerful centre until 4 o'clock P.M., heard firing upon the Charles' City road, which they supposed indicated the near approach of Huger. The former placed a battery in position and discharged it against the enemy to give notice of his presence. The Federalists replied, and the old war-horse, whose metal forbade his

ever declining the gage of battle, rushed to the contest. None of his expected supports came up; and the advantage of position and numbers was wholly with his adversaries. But after a sanguinary conflict, he drove them from their whole line save at one point, and captured many prisoners, including a general of division, several batteries, and some thousands of small arms, when night arrested the furious struggle. This action has been known as the battle of Frazier's Farm. So near did its issue bring the enemy's left wing to destruction, even without the expected assistance of Jackson, Huger, and Magruder, that when it closed, at dark, the victorious troops of Longstreet were, unconsciously, within sight of the cross road by which Franklin was required to march his corps, in the rear of the Federal centre, in order to reach the appointed place of concentration at Malvern Hill. Nay, the corn fields beyond that road were ploughed up with Longstreet's cannon-shot. What then might not the triumph have been, if the intended co-operation had been given? As soon as the night grew quiet, Franklin, informed of his critical position, moved off from White Oak Swamp, glided silently behind the shattered ranks which still confronted Longstreet, and retired, with them, to the protection of M'Clellan's lines at Malvern Hill. When the morning dawned, there was nothing in front of Jackson save the forsaken cannon of the enemy, and they had deserted to Longstreet a field ghastly with multitudes of their slain and wounded. His wearied troops, with those of A. P. Hill, were drawn off to seek the needed repose, and Magruder took his place.

General Jackson putting his corps in motion at an early hour, July 1st, with Whiting's division in front, crossed the White Oak Swamp; and a little after, turning south, marched upon the traces of the enemy toward Malvern Hill. As he approached Frazier's Farm, a Confederate line of battle was seen a little distance from the right of the road, with their skirmishers upon the opposite side, looking eastward. These were the forces of Magruder, which had relieved those of Longstreet during the night. Jackson passed between the line and the skirmishers, lustily cheered by them, and pursued the enemy swiftly. The road now plunged into an extensive woodland, with the Willis' Church upon the right hand, filled with the wounded of both armies. After advancing for a mile and a half through this forest, the General's suite was suddenly greeted with a volley of rifle-balls from the Federal outposts, and a moment after by a shower of shells. Retiring to a safer spot, he now ordered up his troops, and prepared to attack. His reconnaissance showed him the enemy most advantageously posted upon an elevated ridge in front of Malvern Hill, which was occupied by several lines of infantry partially fortified, and by a powerful artillery. In short, the whole army of M'Clellan, with three hundred pieces of field artillery, was now, for the first time, assembled on one field, determined to stand at bay and contend for its existence; while the whole Confederate army was also converging around it, under the immediate eye of the Commander-in-Chief and the President. The war of the giants was now about to begin indeed, before which the days of Gaines's Mill and Frazier's Farm were to pale.

The position of the Federalists had been selected by M'Clellan himself with consummate skill. His line fronted north, covering the river road behind it, and presenting a convex curve towards the Confederates. His right was covered by a tributary of Turkey Creek, and his left by the fire of his gunboats, which threw their monstrous projectiles beyond his whole front. The ground occupied by him dominated by its height over the whole landscape; and nowhere in his front was there a spot where artillery could be massed to cope with his on equal terms. For the country before him was not only of inferior altitude, but covered with woods and thickets, save within a few hundred yards of his own lines. And here the open fields sloped gently away, offering full sweep to his murderous fire; while this approach was only reached, before his right and centre, by struggling across the treacherous rivulet in front.

General Lee now assigned the left to Jackson, and the right to Magruder, supported by Huger and Holmes. Longstreet and A. P. Hill, with their wearied divisions, were held in reserve. The only spot where open ground appeared in opposition to the enemy's, was upon Jackson's extreme left. Here an extensive farm, belonging to a gentleman named Poindexter, indented the forests, and its luxuriant wheat-fields, partially reaped, descended to the stream from which the Federal position rose on the opposite side. This field offered the only ground for the manœuvring of artillery. After an examination of it, General Jackson ordered a few batteries to enter it from the covert of the woods and engage the enemy. But the

number of guns directed against them by him was too great, and after a short contest they retired crippled. The batteries of Poague and Carpenter from the Stonewall Brigade, and of Balthis from the division of Whiting, were then ordered forward, and by approaching the enemy more nearly, found a position which, though of inferior altitude, offered some shelter. Here they maintained a stubborn and gallant contest with the numerous batteries opposed to them during the remainder of the day, and barred the way to the advance of the enemy's infantry. The infantry of Whiting was now disposed upon the left, the brigade of Colonel Law concealed in the tall wheat of the field, and that of General Hood in the adjoining forest, while the 3d Virginia Brigade, of Jackson's division, commanded by General Hampton, supported the guns. The centre was occupied by the Louisiana brigade of Taylor, and the right by D. H. Hill. The reserve was composed of the remainder of the division of Ewell, and the brigades of Lawton, Winder, and Cunningham. These dispositions were completed by 2 o'clock P.M., and the General anxiously awaited the signal to begin. But the corps of Magruder, moving after Jackson's and delayed by a misconception of the route, was later in reaching its position. Instructions were sent by General Lee, that the onset should begin upon the right with the brigades of Magruder, and that when D. H. Hill heard the cheer with which they charged the enemy, he should attack with the bayonet, to be followed immediately by the leaders upon his left. To approach the Federal centre, Hill was compelled to emerge from the forest, and cross an open field, where he suffered

a preliminary loss of no small amount from their artillery. His own batteries had been left in the rear, their ammunition exhausted; and the Confederate artillery sent to his support was advanced, piecemeal, only to be crippled in detail and driven from the field. Fording the rivulet, however, in despite of his losses, he found a partial shelter for his division under a body of woodland within four hundred yards of the enemy's front. Accompanied by General Jackson, he then made a more particular examination of the ground, and found himself confronted by two or three lines of infantry and batteries, whose murderous fire commanded every approach. Five o'clock had now arrived, when suddenly Hill heard a mighty shout upon his right, followed by an outburst of firing. Regarding this as doubtless the appointed signal, and the beginning of Magruder's onset, he gave the word, and his men advanced devotedly to the charge under a storm of artillery and musketry. The first line of the enemy was forced, and their guns were compelled to withdraw to avoid capture; but the other points of their line, unoccupied by a simultaneous attack, advanced reinforcements to them; and Hill was beaten off, after inflicting and suffering a severe loss. Jackson reinforced him, by sending the brigades of Trimble, Lawton, Winder, and Cunningham; but the difficulties of the position, the approaching darkness, and the terrific fire of the enemy, prevented their doing more than holding their ground and maintaining an uncertain conflict.

As sunset approached, and after the attack of Jackson was checked, Magruder at length got his troops into position, and advanced, with similar results. Much heroism

was exhibited by his men, some ground was won from the enemy, a bloody loss was inflicted upon them, and received in his own command. At these attacks, the fire of the Federal artillery, which had been heavy, became inexpressibly furious. Along their whole line, whether assailed or not, their countless field-pieces belched forth their charges of flame with an incessant din, which was answered back by the hoarser bellowings of the gunboats in the rear. Wherever the eye turned, it was met by a ceaseless stream of missiles shrieking and crashing through the forest. A moonless night descended on the turmoil, and the darkness was lighted up for miles with the glare flashing across the heavens, as when two thunder-clouds illuminate the adverse quarters of the horizon with sheet lightning. Beneath, the fitful lines of light danced amidst the dark foliage, showing where the stubborn ranks of infantry plied their deadly work; and the roar of the musketry filled the intervals of the mightier din with its angry monotone; while a fierce yell from time to time told of some hardly won vantage ground gained by the Confederates. At ten o'clock, the battle died away; for the Federalists were silently withdrawing from the field, under the friendly veil of the darkness. Indeed, much of the cannonade was doubtless intended to cover this retreat; and no sooner had it sunk into silence, than the rumbling of the multitude of wheels began to tell that the artillery was withdrawing from a field which was already abandoned by their infantry. The Confederates lay down upon their arms where the battle had ceased, in many places within a few paces of the opposing pickets, and during the

night they saw the lanterns flitting over the field, where they were busy removing the wounded.

When the battle had ceased thus, General Jackson retired slowly and wearily to the rear, to seek some refreshment and rest. In the midst of a confused multitude of waggons and stragglers, his faithful servant had prepared a pallet for him upon the ground; and here, after taking a morsel of food, he lay down and slept. At one o'clock his division commanders awoke him, to report the condition of their forces, and receive instructions for the morrow. None of them knew, as yet, those signs of retreat and discomfiture, which the advanced pickets were observing; they only knew what they had suffered in their own commands. Their imaginations were awe-struck by the sights and sounds of the fearful struggle, and every representation which they gave was gloomy. At length, after many details of losses and disasters, they all concurred in declaring that M'Clellan would probably take the aggressive in the morning, and that the Confederate army was in no condition to resist him. Jackson had listened silently, save as he interposed a few brief questions, to all their statements; but now he replied, with an inexpressible dryness and nonchalance: "No; I think he will clear out in the morning." These words reveal one element of his power and greatness. Such was the clearness of his military intuitions, and the soundness of his judgment, such the steadfastness of his spirit, that he viewed every fact soberly, without distortion or exaggeration. His excited fancy played no tricks with his understanding. Dangers never loomed into undue proportions before his steady eye. Hence, in the most

agitating or even appalling circumstances, his conclusions were still correct. Such they proved to be now; for when morning dawned upon the battle-field, M'Clellan was gone indeed, leaving every evidence of precipitate retreat.

The morning dawned with a dreary and pitiless rain, in contrast with the splendour of the harvest sun of the previous day, as though the heavens had clad themselves in mourning, and were weeping a flood of tears for the miseries of the innocent, and the crimes of the guilty aggressor. The woods which, the evening before, were thick with sulphureous smoke, were now wreathed in vapour; and the deep dust of the roads, trampled into ashes by the myriad feet of men and horses, was now as speedily converted into semi-fluid mire. All were of course without tents; and fatigued and hungry, they wore an aspect of squalid discomfort. The only activity visible was the humane labour of the surgeons and their assistants, who were still bringing in the wounded, exhausted by their sufferings and drenched with rain. General Jackson, however, arose, and without breakfast, hurried to the front to watch over his men. The air was too thick with mist to distinguish anything upon the opposite hill; but soon the reports from his outposts, and from the cavalry of Munford, convinced him that the enemy was gone. He now issued orders that the troops should form in the woods which they had occupied the day before, kindle liberal fires, cook their food, and refresh themselves after their fatigues; while he repaired to the house of Poindexter to meet the Commander-in-Chief. General Stuart, whom the latter had recalled from the north side of the Chicka-

hominy, had reached Turkey Creek on the left of the lines of Jackson just as the battle closed. He was now witness of the precipitate retreat of the enemy, and following him down the river road, found numerous carriages fast stuck in the mire, or wrecked, with ammunition, clothing, equipments and muskets strewn broadcast over the country. He was informed by the country people that the Federal army reached the open fields of Haxall's at morning, without the semblance of organization, observing no ranks nor obedience, spreading over the fields and woods at will, and lying down to sleep under the pelting rain. Instead of meditating the aggressive, the whole host would have surrendered to the summons of ten thousand fresh men. But, alas! the Confederates had not those men to pursue them. Every division of the army had been worn by marching and fighting, and a certain disarray prevailed throughout. It must also be declared that this inability to reap the fruits of their heroic exertions arose partly from that lack of persistence which is the infirmity of the Southern character. The army of Lee was as able to pursue as that of M'Clellan was to flee; and to the true soldier, the zeal to complete a hardly-won victory, and to save his country by one successful blow, should be as pungent a motive for intense exertion as the instinct of self-preservation itself. Another cause of delay in the pursuit was the hesitation of the Commander-in-Chief, who, uninformed as yet of all the signs of defeat given by his enemy, and prudently sceptical of the extent of his own success, was uncertain whether this was a flight, or a ruse of M'Clellan to draw him from his bridges and from

Fort Drewry, in order that he might suddenly pass to the south side, now denuded of defenders, and occupy Petersburg and Richmond without resistance. The remainder of July 2d was therefore consumed in replenishing the ammunition of the batteries, and in refreshing the men. Orders were given that on Thursday morning, the 3d, all the army should pursue the enemy by way of Turkey Creek and the river road, with Longstreet in front. But after that General had put his troops in motion, General Lee determined to march toward Harrison's Landing, where the Federalists were now assembled, by returning to the Charles City road, and making his way thence down to the river. His purpose was to avoid the obstructions which they were reported to have left behind them to cover their rear. The brigades of Longstreet were therefore countermarched by Willis' Church, and Jackson was directed to give him the road. The guides of the former proved incompetent for their duties, and he was compelled to halt his division before half the day's march was completed. Hence General Jackson only moved three miles on Thursday. Chafing like a lion at the delay, he moved his troops at early dawn of Friday, and pressing close upon the heels of Longstreet, reached the enemy's front by the middle of the day.

The opportunity was already almost gone. M'Clellan had now been allowed two unmolested days to select and fortify his position, and to reduce again the huge mob which followed him into the form of an army. The return of genial suns, with rest and rations, and the immediate proximity of their gunboats, were fast restoring their spirits. The ground occupied by them was a beautiful

peninsula, between the river James and a tributary called Herring Creek, composing the two estates of Westover and Berkeley. The creek, which enters the river at the eastern extremity of this peninsula, is, first, a tide stream; then, an impracticable marsh, and then a mill-pond, enlarged by an artificial embankment. West of Berkeley another stream of the like character descends to the river; so that the only access was through a space between the two creeks, of no great extent, and rapidly closing with earthworks. The fire of the gunboats, it was supposed, might also assist to cover this approach, over the heads of their friends.

The Commander-in-Chief was disappointed to learn, on his arrival in front of the Federalists, that no opportunity had been found for striking a blow, either on their retreat or in their present position. He immediately rode forward with General Jackson; and the two, dismounting, proceeded, without attendants, to make a careful reconnaissance on foot of the enemy's whole line and position. Jackson concurred fully in the reluctant opinion to which General Lee was brought by this examination,—that an attack would now be improper; so that, after mature discussion, it was determined that the enemy should be left unassailed to the effects of the summer heats and the malaria, which were now at hand.

To this the condition of his troops powerfully inclined him. On Saturday, General Jackson obtained returns of all his corps in front of the enemy and ready for duty; and found them just ten thousand men, exclusive of the division of D. H. Hill, which had been left to bury the

dead at Malvern Hill. Half his men appeared, therefore, to be out of their ranks, from death or wounds, from the necessary labours of the care of the wounded, from straggling, and from the inefficiency of their inferior officers. The army were therefore allowed to lie quiet in front of the enemy, and refresh themselves after their fatigues. The waggons of the General also arrived; and, for the first time in a fortnight, the Staff enjoyed the luxury of their tents. These were now pitched beside a beautiful fountain, under the shade of a group of venerable oaks and chestnuts; and here the quiet Sabbath was spent in religious worship, and in much-needed repose.

The battle of Malvern Hill was technically a victory for the Confederates, for they held the field, the enemy's killed and wounded, and the spoils; while the Federalists retreated precipitately at its close. But, practically, it was rather a drawn battle; because the loss inflicted on them was probably no greater than that of the assailants; and, especially, because the enemy would have retired to the same spot, and at the same time, if no assault had been made. The loss of Jackson's corps was three hundred and seventy-seven men killed, and one thousand seven hundred and forty-six wounded, with thirty-nine missing. The larger part of this bloodshed was in the division of D. H. Hill. The divisions under command of General Magruder lost about two thousand nine hundred men killed and wounded.

The struggle for the possession of the Confederate capital was now closed. The results of Lee's victories were indeed far less than the overweening hopes and ex-

pectations of the people; for Richmond was agitated with daily rumours that the Federal army was wholly dissipated; and then that it was about to surrender in a body. But, in the language of the Commander-in-Chief, "Regret that more was not accomplished, gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the universe for the results achieved. The siege of Richmond was raised; and the object of a campaign, which had been prosecuted, after months of preparation, at an enormous expenditure of men and money, completely frustrated. More than 10,000 prisoners,—including officers of rank,—52 pieces of artillery, and upwards of 35,000 stand of small arms were captured. The stores and supplies of every description which fell into our hands were great in amount and value; but small in comparison with those destroyed by the enemy. His losses in battle exceeded our own, as attested by the thousands of dead and wounded left on every field; while his subsequent inaction shows in what condition the survivors reached the protection to which they fled."

But yet, the same exalted authority has declared that, "under ordinary circumstances, the Federal army should have been destroyed." While that which is effected is creditable to the Confederates, yet the ruin of the enemy was within the scope of probability; and might have been effected by them by a higher degree of skill and effort. It is therefore of interest to the student of the military art to learn what were the obstacles and blunders which prevented the fullest success. Of these, some were unavoidable; and among these latter must be reckoned a large part of the ignorance concerning the movements of

M'Clellan, and the proper directions to be taken by the Confederates, by which General Lee found himself so much embarrassed. There were no topographical surveys of the country, and all the general officers were strangers to it. It was a country of numerous intricate roads, of marshy streams, and of forests. Hence every march and every position of the enemy was enveloped in mystery, until it was disclosed in some way at the cost of the Confederates; and every movement made by them in pursuit was in some degree tentative.

Among the unavoidable difficulties may, perhaps, be also ranked that which was, directly or indirectly, the fruitful parent of every miscarriage. The army was not sufficiently instructed, either in its officers or its men, for its great work. The capacity to command, the practical skill and tact, the professional knowledge, the devotion to duty, which make the efficient officer, do not come in a day; and few are the natures which are capable of learning them to a high degree. When the Confederate Government attempted to produce extempore officers of all grades for armies so great, out of a people who had been reared in the pursuits of peace, it could only be partially successful. The company and field officers competent to instruct and govern their men thoroughly, and to keep them to their colours amidst the confusion of battle and the fatigues of forced marches, were far too few for the regiments to be commanded. There were not enough Brigadiers who knew how to manœuvre a brigade quickly or vigorously; nor enough Major-Generals able to handle a great mass of troops. Hence that deficiency

in the functions of the Staff which has been already explained, by reason of which the Commander was ever in imperfect communication with his forces, and was never certain that his wishes were properly conveyed to all of them, or that he was possessed of their whole situation when out of his sight. Through so imperfect a medium perfect unison in action could never be gained, upon a theatre like that of Malvern Hill, extended over miles of wooded country, and including the convergent movements of several separate armies. It was from these causes the bungling combinations proceeded, upon every important field of this brief campaign. Enough officers always manœuvred their commands so slowly, as to compel the Commander-in-Chief to let slip critical hours, and to wear away the day which should have been employed in attacking and pursuing. Thus it was ever: at Mechanicsville, at Cold Harbour, at Savage's Station, at Frazier's Farm, and especially at Malvern Hill; the prime of the day was spent in waiting for somebody, or in getting into position; the battle, which should have been the business of that prime, was thrust into the late afternoon; and when the bloody victory was won, no time remained to gather in its fruits fully by a vigorous pursuit.

The event also taught, what no forecast, perhaps, would have foreseen, that a more efficient employment of the cavalry upon the enemy's flanks would have put the Commander-in-Chief in earlier possession of essential information. It has been seen that General Stuart, after his return from the White House, was directed to remain upon the north side of the Chickahominy, guarding the

Long Bridge, and the other crossings below; and that he only rejoined the army the night of July 1st. He should rather have been required to cross the Chickahominy immediately, and press as closely upon the line of the enemy's actual operations, let it be where it might, as was possible. He would thus have equally fulfilled the purpose of his stay upon the north side, to ascertain that they did not retire toward Yorktown by the lower roads; and he would probably have discovered at once their real movement. It afterward appeared that the whole baggage train of M'Clellan, with numerous stragglers, passed nearly to Charles City Court House by a road parallel to the Chickahominy, and only a few miles distant from it, on the 29th of June. Had this fact been reported to General Lee by the 1st of July, it might have thrown a flood of new light upon the momentous question which he was required that day to decide: Must M'Clellan be attacked in his almost impregnable position or not? It was not known that he was assembling all the corps of his army at Malvern Hill; that his gunboats had ascended thither; that he was beginning to entrench himself there. Was it his purpose to convert this spot into a permanent entrenched camp, to defend it from all such assaults as he had just experienced on the Chickahominy, by his engineering skill; to provision it from his ships, and thus to establish himself again within fifteen miles of Richmond, upon a base which General Lee's wisdom taught him to be a better one than that which he had lost? If this was his design, then it was imperative that he should be dislodged; and the more speedily it was attempted, the less patriot blood would it

cost. For if he were permitted to fix himself here, all the toil and loss of the glorious week would be vain. But now, add the fact that M'Clellan had sent all his trains to another spot, and that he stood upon Malvern Hill with nothing but his ammunition and the supplies of a day; and it became probable that he would retreat from this place whether he were attacked or not; that he would retreat whither his trains had preceded him, and that he was only standing at bay for a short time to secure the privilege of that retreat. The question thus assumed a new aspect, whether it were better to assail him on his chosen ground, at such a cost of blood, or to wait for a fairer opportunity as he withdrew.

If it were granted that M'Clellan ought to have been attacked at once on his own ground, much yet remains in the management of the battle on the Confederate side, which, though excused, cannot be justified. The attack was made in detail, first at one point, and then at another, instead of being simultaneous. Had the corps of Jackson and Magruder charged simultaneously, with the devoted gallantry which a part of each exhibited, the Federal lines would doubtless have given way, and a glorious success would have rewarded the Confederates, without any greater expenditure of blood than they actually incurred. But it is worthy of question whether M'Clellan's advantage of position could not have been neutralized. Malvern Hill is upon the convexity of a sharp curve in the river James, which just below that neighbourhood flows away toward the south, while the river road pursues still an easterly course. If M'Clellan moved eastward, he must either

forsake the coveted help of his gunboats, or, to continue near the water, he must leave the highlands, and descend to a level region commanded from the interior. These facts seemed to point to the policy of extending the Confederate left, until his egress by the river road was so violently threatened as to compel him to weaken his impregnable front. The great body of forest which confronted his centre might have been safely left to the guardianship of a skirmish line; for their weakness would have been concealed by the woods, and the enemy was, on that day, in no aggressive mood. A powerful mass of artillery and infantry displayed beyond their extreme right would probably have produced the happiest effects. Last, the tardy and indirect pursuit which followed the battle was the least excusable blunder of all. The two days which were allowed to M'Clellan proved the salvation of his army. But what are all these criticisms more than an assertion, in different form, of the truths, that all man's works are imperfect, and that every art must be learned before it is practised! When it is remembered that the South had very few professional soldiers, that the men who formed the victorious army of Lee were, the year before, a peaceful multitude occupied, since their childhood, in the pursuits of husbandry, and that half the brigades into which they were organized had never been under fire before the beginning of the bloody week, the only wonder will be that the confusion was not worse, and that the failures were not greater. That so much was accomplished is proof of the eminent courage of the people, and their native aptitude for war.

It is a fact worthy of note in this narrative, that the fire of the gunboats, so much valued by the Federals, and at first so dreaded by the Confederates, had no actual influence whatever in the battle. Their noise and fury doubtless produced a certain effect upon the emotions of the assailants; but this was dependent on their novelty. The loss inflicted by them was trivial when compared with the ravages of the field artillery, and it was found chiefly among their own friends. For more of their ponderous missiles fell in their own lines than in those of the Confederates. Indeed, a fire directed at an invisible foe, across two or three miles of intervening hills and woods, can never reach its aim, save by accident. Nor is the havoc wrought by the larger projectiles proportioned to their magnitude. Where one of them explodes against a human body, it does indeed crush it into a frightful mass, scarcely cognizable as human remains. But it is not likely to strike more men, in the open order of field operations, than a shot of ten pounds; and the wretch blown to atoms by it, is not put *hors de combat* more effectually, than he whose brain is penetrated by half an ounce of lead or iron. The broadside of a modern gunboat may consist of three hundred pounds of iron, projected by thirty or forty pounds of powder. But it is fired from only two guns. The effect upon a line of men is therefore but one-fifteenth of that which the same metal might have had, fired from thirty ten-pounder rifled guns.

In conclusion, a statement of the numbers composing the two armies in this great struggle is necessary to esti-

mate its merits. Under the orders of General Lee there were, at its beginning, about seventy-five thousand effective men, including the corps brought to his aid by General Jackson. M'Clellan confidently represented the numbers opposed to him as much larger than his own; but the habitual exaggerations of his apprehensive temper were patent even to his own Government. He states that his own force was reduced to eighty thousand effective men. It must be remembered that, during the campaign before Richmond, the motives of M'Clellan's policy dictated a studied depreciation of his own numbers. In the returns given by himself in another place, his effective force present for duty is set down at one hundred and six thousand men, inclusive of the garrison of Fortress Monroe under General Dix. Halleck declared, in his letter of Aug. 6th, that M'Clellan still had ninety thousand men at Berkeley, after all his losses! These M'Clellan had estimated at fifteen thousand, how truthfully may be known from this, that he places the men lost by desertion and capture under six thousand, whereas the Confederates had in their hands more than ten thousand prisoners; and the woods of the peninsula were swarming with stragglers. Whatever may have been his numerical superiority, it is indisputable that every advantage of equipments, arms, and artillery was on his side.

But the arrival of General Jackson brought a strength to the Confederates beyond that of his numbers. His fame as a warrior had just risen to the zenith; while all the other armies of the Confederacy had been retreating before the enemy, or at best, holding the defensive with

difficulty, his alone had marched, and attacked, and conquered. A disaster had never alighted on his banners. His assault was regarded by friends and foes as the stroke of doom, and his presence gave assurance of victory. Hence, when the army before Richmond learned that he was with them, they were filled with unbounded joy and confidence, while their enemies were struck with a corresponding panic.

CHAPTER XV.

CEDAR RUN.

WHILE the army lay near Westover, resting from its toils, General Jackson called his friend, the Honourable Mr. Boteler, to his tent, to communicate his views of the future conduct of the war, and to beg that on his next visit to Richmond he would impress them upon the Government. He said that it was manifest by every sign that M'Clellan's was a thoroughly beaten army, and was no longer capable of anything, until it was reorganized and reinforced. There was danger, he foresaw, of repeating the error of Manassa's Junction; when the season of victory was let slip by an ill-timed inaction, and the enemy was allowed full leisure to repair his strength. Now, since it was determined not to attempt the destruction of M'Clellan where he lay, the Confederate army should at once leave the malarious district, move northward, and carry the horrors of invasion from their own borders to those of the guilty assailants. This, he said, was the way to bring them to their senses, and to end the war. And it was within the power of the Confederate Government to make a successful invasion, if their resources were rightly concentrated. Sixty thousand men

could march into Maryland, and threaten Washington City, producing most valuable results. But, he added, while he wished these views to be laid before the President, he would disclaim earnestly the charge of self-seeking in advocating them. He wished to follow, and not to lead, in this glorious enterprise; he was willing to follow anybody—General Lee, or the gallant Ewell. "Why do you not at once urge these things," asked Mr. Boteler, "upon General Lee himself?" "I have done so," replied Jackson. "And what," asked Mr. Boteler, "does he say to them?" General Jackson answered, "He says nothing. But," he added, "do not understand that I complain of this silence; it is proper that General Lee should observe it: he is a sagacious and prudent man; he feels that he bears a fearful responsibility: he is right in declining a hasty expression of his purposes, to a subordinate like me." The advice of Jackson was laid before the President. What weight was attached to it is unknown, but the campaign soon after took the direction which he had indicated.

He was extremely anxious to leave the unhealthy region of the lower James, where his own health, with that of his command, was suffering, and to return to the upper country. He longed for its pure breezes, its sparkling waters, and a sight of its familiar mountains. Events had already occurred which procured the speedy gratification of his wish. After the defeat of Fremont and Shields, the Washington Government united the corps of these Generals, of Banks, and of M'Dowell into one body, under the name of the "Army of Virginia." These parts made an

aggregate of fifty or sixty thousand men, who were now sent, under Major-General John Pope, upon the mission of making a demonstration against Richmond by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and thus effecting a diversion which would deliver M'Clellan from his duresse. The former was directed to seize Gordonsville, the point at which the Orange and Central Railroads cross each other, and thus to separate Richmond from the interior. General Pope, who was supposed to have distinguished himself at New Madrid, on the Mississippi, was chiefly noted for his claim of ten thousand prisoners captured from General Beauregard in his retreat from Corinth, where the former commanded the advance of the Federalists (a boast which was reduced, by the truthful statement of the Confederate General, to one hundred). He was the most boastful, the most brutal, and the most unlucky of the Federal leaders who had yet appeared in Virginia. In a general order issued to his troops, he ostentatiously announced his purpose, to conduct the war upon new principles. "He had heard much," he said, "of lines of communication, and lines of retreat. The only line a general should know anything of, in his opinion, was the line of his enemy's retreat." He declared, also, that hitherto he had never been able to see anything of his enemies but their backs; and announced, that during his campaign the head-quarters should be in the saddle. So coarse a braggart was sure to be in sympathy with the race for which he promised to fight, and they did not need to wait for any deeds actually accomplished to proclaim him "the coming man" of his day. The reader may easily imagine

the quiet smile with which Jackson would hear these shallow threats of his antagonist, and the silence with which he accepted them as auguries of a certain victory. General Pope's method of dealing with the people of Virginia was to be as novel as his strategy. He deliberately announced his purpose to subsist his troops on the country, and authorized an indiscriminate plunder of the inhabitants. His army was let loose upon them, and proceeded like a horde of brigands through the rich counties of Fauquier and Culpepper, stripping the people of food, live stock, horses, and poultry, and wantonly destroying what they could not use. Their General also ordained that all the citizens within his lines must perjure themselves by taking an oath of allegiance to Lincoln, or be banished South, to return no more, under the penalty of being executed as spies.

Jackson was now moved toward Gordonsville, to meet this doughty warrior, who, as he left Alexandria to assume command of his army at Manassa's Junction, celebrated the triumphs to be achieved, before they were won, with banners and laurels. The corps returned from Westover to the neighbourhood of Richmond, the 10th of July. There they remained until the 17th, preparing for their march; and it was during this respite that General Jackson first made his appearance openly in the city which he had done so much to deliver. He gives the following account of it in a letter to his wife:—

"RICHMOND, *July 14th.*

"Yesterday I heard Doctor M. D. Hoge preach in his church, and also in the camp of the Stonewall Brigade.

It is a great comfort to have the privilege of spending a quiet Sabbath within the walls of a house dedicated to the service of God. . . . People are very kind to me. How God, our God, does shower blessings upon me, an unworthy sinner!"

The manner of his entrance was this: He came to the church without attendants; and just after the congregation was assembled, they saw an officer, who was manifestly a stranger, in a faded and sunburned uniform, enter quietly, and take his seat near the door. The immediate commencement of the worship forbade any notice or inquiry; they could only observe that he gave a devout and fixed attention to the services. When they were concluded, it began to be whispered that he was General Jackson; but he scarcely gave them time to turn their eyes upon him before he was gone, after modestly greeting one or two acquaintances. After visiting a mother, whose son had fallen in his command, he returned to his tent.

On the 19th of July he reached Gordonsville with his corps, and took quarters in the hospitable house of the Rev. D. B. Ewing, where he had before found a pleasant resting-place, when passing through the village. He appeared jaded by his excessive labours, and positively unwell; and said he had not suffered so much since his return from Mexico. But the rest, the mountain breezes, and the fresh fruits in which he so much delighted, speedily restored the vigour of his frame. He loved to refresh himself here, after the labours of the day were finished,

with the social converse of the amiable family which surrounded Mr. Ewing's board, and with the prattle of his children. One of these, while sitting upon his knee, was captivated with the bright military buttons upon his coat, and petitioned that when the garment was worn out he should give her one as a keepsake. This he promised; and months afterwards, amidst all his weighty cares, he remembered to send her the gift; which she ever after hoarded among her treasures. It was his greatest pleasure to share the family prayers of this Christian household, and he did not refuse to take his turn in conducting them. His host remarks of these services: "There was something very striking in his prayers—he did not pray to men, but to God. His tones were deep, solemn, tremulous. He seemed to realize that he was speaking to heaven's King. I never heard any one pray who seemed to be pervaded more fully by a spirit of utter self-abnegation. He seemed to feel more than any man I ever knew the danger of robbing God of the glory due for our success." Although he was incapable of making an ostentatious display of himself, and would never permit the interruption of business by society, yet, when time sufficed for social enjoyments, he was easily approached by all who sought to know him, and was careful to contribute to their entertainment by bearing a modest part in conversation.

After a few days spent near Gordonsville, he retired southward a few miles into the county of Louisa, whose fertile fields offered abundant pasturage for his jaded animals. Here he devoted himself to reorganizing his command, and recruiting his artillery horses for the

approaching service. It was at this time that he complained, in his letters to his wife, of being overburthened with cares and labours; but he chided himself by referring to the Apostle of the Gentiles, who "gloried in tribulation," and declared that it was not like a Christian to murmur at any toil for his Redeemer.

Learning that Pope was advancing toward the Rapidan River in great force, he called upon General Lee for reinforcements; and the division of General A. P. Hill was sent to join him. This fine body of troops continued henceforth to be a part of his corps. On the 2d of August, the Federal cavalry occupied the village at Orange Court House, when Colonel William E. Jones, the comrade of Jackson at West Point, commanding the 7th Virginia cavalry, attacked them in front and flank while crowded into the narrow street, and repulsed them with loss. They, however, speedily perceiving the scanty numbers of their assailants, returned to the charge; and threatening to envelop Jones, forced him back in turn. But he retired skirmishing with so much stubbornness, that they pursued him a very short distance, when they withdrew across the river. This affair occurred ten miles north of Gordonsville. Pope's infantry paused in the county of Culpepper, which lies over against Orange, across the Rapidan. He indiscreetly extended his army a few miles in rear of that stream, upon a very wide front, while some of the troops designed to serve under his orders were still at Fredericksburg, two marches below. This was an opportunity which the enterprise and sagacity of Jackson were certain to seize. He knew that the army of Lee, still detained to

watch M'Clellan upon the lower James, could not come to his support before that of Pope would be assembled. The mass of the latter would then be irresistible by his little army; and there was reason to fear that Gordonsville would be lost, the railroad occupied, and a disastrous progress made by Pope before he could be arrested. He therefore determined to strike his centre immediately at Culpepper Court House, and to cripple him so that he would be unable to advance, before other dispositions could be made for resisting him. Another powerful reason dictated an attack. Jackson's soldierly eye had shown him that the line of the Rapidan was the proper one to be held by a defensive army guarding the communications at Gordonsville, and the centre of Virginia; for the commanding heights of the southern bank everywhere dominated over the level plains of the Culpepper border. This judgment was afterwards confirmed by the high authority of General Lee, who selected that line for defence against Generals Meade and Grant; and, by its strength, baffled every attempt to force it in front. Pope, then, must not be permitted to occupy it; but it suited the temper of General Jackson to prevent it by an aggressive blow, rather than by a dangerous extension of his inadequate force upon it. Hence, on the 7th of August, he gave orders to his three divisions to move toward Culpepper, and to encamp on that night near Orange Court House.

It was on this occasion that the striking witness was borne by his African servant, Jim, to his devout habits, which was so currently (and correctly) related. Some gentlemen were inquiring whether he knew when a battle

was about to occur. "Oh, yes, sir," he replied, "the General is a great man for praying; night and morning—all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night besides, to go off and pray, then I know *there is going to be something to pay;* and I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning."

August 8th, the division of Ewell, which led the way, bearing off to the north-west, crossed the Rapidan at the Liberty Mills, as though to attack the extreme right of Pope. The other divisions crossed at Barnett's Ford, below; and Ewell, turning to the east, returned to their line of march, and bore toward Slaughter's Mountain. The division of A. P. Hill, delayed by the trains which followed the preceding troops, and by a misconception of orders, did not cross the river until the morning of the 9th. This derangement of the march arrested General Jackson many miles from Culpepper Court House, and he reluctantly postponed his attack to the next day. On the morning of August 9th, having ascertained that A. P. Hill was now within supporting distance, he moved early; and with his cavalry in front, pressed toward the Court House. About eight miles from that place, the advance reported the enemy's cavalry before them, guarding the roads, and manœuvring in a manner which indicated a force behind them; and, a little after, the line of horse was discovered upon a distant ridge, drawn up as if for battle. A few cannon shot from a rifled gun dislodged them; but speedily the fire was returned by the Federal artillery from a distant position, and the line of cavalry re-

appeared. General Jackson, convinced that he had a strong body of the enemy in his front, now made his dispositions for battle, a little after the middle of the day.

His army had by this time fallen into the main road, leading north-eastward to Culpepper Court House; and to this quarter his front was directed during the remainder of the day. The neighbourhood around him was a region of pleasant farms, of hills and dales, and of forests interspersed. But parallel with the road which he was pursuing, distant about a mile on his right, was an insulated ridge, rising to the dignity of a mountain, running perfectly straight from south-west to north-east, and dropping into the plain as suddenly as it arose. This is called by the country-people, Slaughter's Mountain. The fields next its base are smoother and more akin to meadows than those along the highway at the distance of a mile. Across the north-eastern end of the ridge flow the rivulets which form, by their union, Cedar Run, and make their way thence to the Rapidan. General Early's brigade of Ewell's division, which held the front, was ordered to advance along the great road and develop the position of the enemy, supported by the division of Jackson, commanded by Brigadier-General Winder. The remainder of Ewell's division, consisting of the brigades of Trimble and Hays (lately Taylor's), diverged to the right, and skirting the base of Slaughter's Mountain, by an obscure pathway, at length reached the north-east end, whence, from an open field elevated several hundred feet above the plain, they saw the whole scene of action unfolded beneath them. The battery of Lattimer, with half

that of Johnson, was drawn up to this promontory, and skilfully posted, so as to cover with its fire the whole front of the Confederate right and centre. It was to the promptitude with which General Jackson seized this point, and the adroitness with which he employed its advantages, that he was chiefly indebted, in connexion with the bravery of his troops, for his victory. The guns of Lattimer and Johnson, in consequence of the elevation of their position, commanded a wide range of the country below, and were themselves secure from the fire of the enemy. Every shot aimed at them fell short, and buried itself, without ricochet, in the hillside beneath them; while their gunners, in perfect security, and in a clear atmosphere above the smoke of the battle-field, played upon the enemy with all the deliberation and skill of target practice. Thus the level and open fields next the mountain, which otherwise were most favourable to the display of the Federalists' superior numbers, were effectually barred from their approach; or, if they braved the fire of the mountain-battery, the two brigades of Ewell lay hid in the dense pine thickets which clothed the side of the ridge, ready to pour upon their flank a crushing fire from superior ground. These dispositions at once decided the security of Jackson's right wing for the whole day. He placed no troops in the meadows next the mountain base; for on this ground the artillery of the enemy could play with best effect. But though this marked hiatus in his line seemed to invite attack, none was seriously attempted; the disadvantage imposed upon the assailants revealed itself to them so powerfully, at their first ap-

proach, that they observed the deadly-trap afterwards with respectful avoidance.

Before these dispositions upon the right were completed, General Early had become engaged with the enemy. Throwing his brigade into line of battle across the road, he advanced obliquely to the right, scouring the woods before him with his skirmishers, and driving back the observing force of cavalry. A march of a half-mile brought him to the top of a gentle hill, where the road emerged from the forest, and ran forward for a third of a mile farther between the wood and a large pasture field of undulating ground. In other words, the open ground here cut into the forest by an angle, so that the traveller advancing thenceforward had the field upon his right, and the wood upon his left, for that distance. There the wood terminated upon the brow of a hillock overlooking the rivulet, and there were open fields upon both sides of the highway. That on the right was covered for a great extent with a tall growth of Indian corn in all its summer glory; that on the left was a stubble field of narrow extent, with wheat in the shock; and still farther to the left of this was another piece of ground of about equal size, which had been denuded of its timber, but was now densely overgrown with brushwood of the height of a man's shoulders. The stubble field and the clearing together constituted in fact but a species of bay, penetrating the surrounding forests to the left of the main road, for on their farther side the woods commenced again. The cornfield, the stubble field, the brushwood, and the angle of forest on the Confederate side, were destined to be the

Aceldama. By the time General Early had reached the rear angle of the great pasture-field just described, his whole line was, in consequence of his oblique advance, on the left of the road, and was soon, by his farther advance, separated from it by a considerable space. Sweeping the Federal skirmishers before him, he pushed his line, in perfect order, to the front of the declivity which descended to the rivulet and the Indian corn. Several batteries on his right and in front were now opened on him, and the wheat-field on the left of the highway was observed full of squadrons of cavalry. Withdrawing his men into a slight depression behind the foremost crest of the hill, he obtained partial shelter from the enemy's artillery, and brought up four guns from the batteries of Captains Brown and Dement to a favourable position upon his right, whence they engaged the opposing batteries with great credit. But no line of infantry was yet visible before him, for it was masked in the thick corn.

The division of Winder had now arrived, and its commander was posting several of its best batteries in *echelon* along the road in the rear of Early's left, whence they delivered a most effective oblique fire toward the right and front. The second brigade of the division was advanced on the left of the road to the further edge of the wood, presenting a convex line toward the corn-field and the stubble field; the third brigade was left in column parallel to the road and in rear of their artillery; and the first, or Stonewall Brigade, was disposed as a reserve to support the left. A rapid and continuous thunder of artillery now began on both sides, which was prolonged

for two hours. Distant spectators perceived that the aim of the Confederates was much more accurate than that of the enemy. While the shells of the latter mostly exploded high in the air and above the tree tops, those of the former were seen ploughing the ground among the guns of their adversaries, and throwing the dust, with their iron hail, in their midst. But one fated shot from the Federal batteries robbed the patriots of one of the chief ornaments of their army. While General Winder was standing beside the guns of Poague and Carpenter, directing their working with his customary coolness and skill, a shell struck him upon the side, dashed his field-glass from his hand, and inflicted a ghastly wound, of which he died three hours after. No more just or graceful tribute can be paid to his memory than that of General Jackson's report: "It is difficult within the proper reserve of an official report to do justice to the merits of this accomplished officer. Urged by the medical director to take no part in the movements of the day, because of the enfeebled state of his health, his ardent patriotism and military pride could bear no such restraint. Richly endowed with those qualities of mind and person which fit an officer for command, and which attract the admiration and excite the enthusiasm of troops, he was rapidly rising to the front rank of his profession. His loss has been severely felt." Succeeding General Richard Garnett in the command of the Stonewall Brigade, after the battle of Kernstown, and coming to it wholly a stranger, he had unavoidably inherited some of the odium of that popular officer's removal. During the first two months of his connexion with

it, he was respected and obeyed, for his dignity, bearing, and soldierly qualities were such as to insure this everywhere; but he inspired no enthusiasm. It was at Winchester, when General Jackson assigned him the command of his left wing, that his prowess broke forth to the apprehension of his men, like the sun bursting through clouds. The heroism with which he shared their dangers, and the mastery with which he directed their strength, placed him thenceforth in their hearts.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the struggle began in earnest, by the advance of the Federal infantry against Early, through the Indian corn. This general, handling his regiments with admirable coolness and daring, held the heavy masses in his front at bay, with slight loss to himself. Soon after, the enemy advanced a strong force of infantry to turn his right; but just as the movement was endangering the guns of Brown and Dement, a brigade was seen advancing rapidly to their support. It was the command of Thomas (from the division of A. P. Hill, who had now arrived upon the scene), which, with two additional batteries, took post upon Early's right. The Confederate line of battle was thus extended within a half-mile of the mountain, and all the efforts made against it on this side were hurled back with loss. But, upon the other extremity of the field, grave events were occurring. It has been related how the second brigade of the division of Winder, under Colonel Garnett, had been stationed on the left of the great road, with its line conformed to the convexity of the wood. The Stonewall Brigade, which was its reserve, was, unhappily, too far to

the rear to give it immediate support. One moment it was declared that there was no hostile infantry visible in its front; but the next, the men at the extreme left beheld a formidable line, whose length overlapped them on either hand, advancing swiftly from the opposite woods, and across the stubble field, to assail them. The battalion at that end of the line, seeing themselves thus overmatched, fired a few ineffectual volleys, and gave way; the Federal right speedily swept around, entered and filled the woods, and even threatened the rear of the batteries of the division, from which the third brigade of Taliaferro had a little before been removed to the front, to fill the interval between the second and that of Early. The whole angle of forest was now filled with clamour and horrid rout. The left regiments of the second brigade were taken in reverse, intermingled with the enemy, broken, and massacred from front and rear. The regiments of the right, and especially the 21st Virginia, commanded by the brave Christian soldier, Colonel Cunningham, stood firm, and fought the enemy before them like lions, until the invading line had penetrated within twenty yards of their rear. For the terrific din of the musketry, the smoke, and the dense foliage, concealed friend from foe, until they were only separated from each other by this narrow interval. Their heroic Colonel was slain, the orders of officers were unheard amidst the shouts of the assailants and all the vast uproar; yet the remnants of the second brigade fought on, man to man, without rank or method, with bayonet thrusts and muskets clubbed, but borne back like the angry foam on a mighty wave, toward the high road.

The third brigade also, upon the right of the second, was broken, and on both sides of the way the enemy made a vast irruption, in which half of Early's brigade was involved. On his extreme left, next to Taliaferro, stood the famous 13th Virginia, which, under the gallant leading of its sturdy Colonel, J. A. Walker, still showed an unbroken front, and fell back, fighting the flood of enemies. The right regiments of Early, under the immediate eye of their veteran General, held their ground like a rampart. But the Federalists were fast gaining their rear in the open field.

It was at this fearful moment that the genius of the storm reared his head amidst the tumultuous billows, and in an instant the threatening tide was turned. Jackson appeared in the mid torrent of the highway, his figure instinct with majesty, and his face flaming with the inspiration of battle; he ordered the batteries which Winder had placed to be instantly withdrawn, to preserve them from capture; he issued his summons for his reserves; he drew his own sword (the first time in this war), and shouted to the broken troops with a voice which pealed higher than the roar of battle: "Rally, brave men, and press forward! Your general will lead you. Jackson will lead you. Follow me!"[1] The fugitives, with a general shame, gathered around their adored general, and rushing with a few score of them to the front, he posted them behind the fence which bordered the roadside, and received the pursuers with a deadly volley. They recoiled in surprise; while

[1] His own words, as repeated by a member of his staff, who was present.

officers of every grade, catching the generous fervour of their commander, flew among the men, and in a moment reinstated the failing battle. The fragments of Early and Taliaferro returned to their places, forming around that heroic nucleus, the 13th Virginia, and swept the open field clear of the enemy. The Stonewall Brigade had already come up and changed the tide of battle in the bloody woodland, for some of the regiments sweeping far around to the left through the field of brushwood, had taken the Federalists, in turn, upon their flank, and were driving them back with a fearful slaughter into the stubble field. Scarcely was this Titanic blow delivered, when the fine brigade of Branch, from the division of A. P. Hill, hardly allowing itself time to form, rushed forward to second them, and completed the repulse.

The Federal commander, loth to lose his advantage so quickly, now brought forward a magnificent column of cavalry, and hurled it along the highway, full against the Confederate centre. No cannon was in position to ravage their ranks; but, as they forced back the line for a little space by their momentum, the infantry of Branch closed in upon their right, and that of Taliaferro and Early upon their left. Especially did the 13th Virginia now exact a bloody recompense of them for all their disasters. Wheeling instantly toward the left, they rushed to the fence beside the road; and, just as the recoil of the shock began, poured a withering volley into the huddled mass from the distance of a few yards. On both sides of the devoted column, the lines of Branch and of Taliaferro blazed, until it fled to the rear, utterly scattered and dissipated. And

now Jackson's blood was up; and he delivered blow after blow from his insulted left wing, with stunning rapidity and regulated fury. Scarcely was the charge of this cavalry repelled, when he again reinforced the ranks of Branch, in front of the bloody stubble field, with the brigades of Archer and of Pender, from the division of Hill, extending them far to the left. These fresh troops, with the remainder of the first and second brigades of Jackson's division, were ordered by him to advance across the field, throwing their left continually forward, and attack the enemy's line in the opposite wood. They advanced under a heavy fire, when the foe yielded the bloody field, and broke into full retreat. The brigade of Taliaferro also charged, bearing toward the right, and pierced the field of Indian corn in front of General Early, where they captured four hundred of the enemy, with Brigadier-General Price.

The two brigades which had hitherto remained with General Ewell upon the mountain now advanced also upon the right, turned the left flank of the Federalists, and captured one piece of artillery. Thus at every point the foe was repulsed, and hurled into full retreat. When night settled upon the field, they had been driven two miles, Jackson urging on the pursuit with the fresh brigades of Stafford and Field. It was his cherished desire to penetrate to Culpepper Court House, for he would then have struck the centre of Pope's position, and his chief depôt of supplies; whence he hoped to be able to crush the fragments of his army before the corps of M'Dowell could reach him. With this object, he purposed at first to continue the pursuit all night. Ascertaining by his scouts

that the enemy had paused in their flight just in his front, he now placed the battery of Pegram in position, and opened a hot fire upon them at short range. This new cannonade threw them for a time into great confusion; and had the darkness of the night permitted the victor to see distinctly where his blows should be aimed, he would probably have converted the retreat of the Federals into a disastrous rout. But, after a time, three batteries began to reply to Pegram with such vigour as plainly indicated that Pope had received some fresh supports since the night fell. The indefatigable Colonel William E. Jones also, returning with his regiment of cavalry from a fatiguing expedition, had passed to the front, and ascertained the arrival of the remainder of the corps of Fremont, now commanded by Sigel. The General therefore determined not to hazard more in the darkness of the night, and commanded the troops to halt and bivouac upon the ground which they had won.

The long day, sultry with an August sun, and with the heats of battle, had now given place to a night, moonless, but placid. Jackson at length gathered his wearied Staff about him, and rode languidly back through the field of strife, lately so stormy, but now silent, save where the groans of the wounded broke the stillness, seeking a place of repose. Applying at two or three farm-houses for shelter, he was informed that they were full of wounded men, when he persistently refused to enter, lest he should be the occasion of robbing some sufferer of his resting-place. Resuming his way, he observed a little grass-plot, and declared that he could go no farther, but must sleep

then and there. A cloak was spread for him upon the ground, when he prostrated himself on it upon his breast, and in a moment forgot his toils and fatigues in deep slumber.

The morning of the 10th of August, General Jackson withdrew his lines a short distance, and proceeded to bury his dead, and collect from the field the spoils of his victory. These consisted of one piece of artillery and three caissons, three colours, and five thousand three hundred small arms. The loss of the Confederates in this battle was two hundred and twenty-three killed, one thousand and sixty wounded, and thirty-one missing,—making a total of one thousand three hundred and fourteen. General Jackson modestly estimated the loss of his enemy as double his own. How moderate that estimate was will appear in the sequel. The Federalists, according to their own returns, had thirty-two thousand men engaged in this battle. The numbers of General Jackson were between eighteen and twenty thousand. The prisoners captured from the enemy were chiefly from the corps of General Banks; but a few from those of Sigel and M'Dowell showed that parts of their commands were also engaged. On the 11th of August, Pope requested, by flag of truce, access to the field to bury his dead. This privilege was granted to him, and General Early was appointed commandant of the field, to enforce the terms of the temporary truce. Soon the ground was covered with those who had lately been arrayed against each other in mortal strife, mingling unarmed. While the burying parties collected their bloody charge, and excavated great pits in which to cover them,

the rest were busy trading their horses with each other, arguing upon the politics of the great controversy, and discussing the merits of their respective generals. The Federals, with one consent, were loud in their praises of Jackson, and declared, that if they had such generals to lead them, they also could win victories and display prowess. Not a few of them were prompt to draw parallels between the simplicity, self-reliance, and courage of the Confederate generals, and the ostentation and timidity of their own, little complimentary to them. "See old Early," they said, "riding everywhere, without a single guard, among his enemies of yesterday. If it were one of our mutton-headed generals, he must needs have half a regiment of cavalry at his heels, to gratify his pride, and defend him from unarmed men!" General Early saw them bury seven hundred corpses. How many were borne from the field by them during the progress of the battle cannot be known. If they, like the Confederates, had five wounded for every one slain (the usual ratio), then their total loss was, at the least, four thousand six hundred. While the field of Indian corn was sprinkled over with dead, the most ghastly accumulation was in the stubble field and the brushwood in front of the Confederate left, which one of their own generals (taking his metaphor from his own former trade) denominated "the slaughter-pens." The battle of Cedar Run, like all those where Jackson was the assailant, was remarkable for the narrowness of the front upon which the true contest was enacted. A space of a mile in width here embraced the whole of the ground upon which his centre and left wing had

wrestled, for half a day, against thirty thousand men. When it is remembered that these were enough to man a line of battle six miles long, this fact will appear a singular evidence of the incompetency of the Federal tactics,—that their boastful commander should have accepted defeat with all the advantage of his superior numbers, in an open country, without effecting any more extended development of his lines, or resort to the resources of manœuvre. General Jackson, on his part, pronounced this the most successful of his exploits. But he announced it to his superior, General Lee, in these devout and modest terms :—

"*August 11th*, 6½ A.M.

"On the evening of the 9th instant, God blessed our arms with another victory. The battle was near Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpepper Court House. The enemy, according to statements of prisoners, consisted of Banks's, M'Dowell's, and Sigel's commands. We have over four hundred prisoners, including Brigadier-General Price. Whilst our list of killed is less than that of the enemy, we have to mourn the loss of some of our best officers and men. Brigadier-General Charles S. Winder was mortally wounded whilst ably discharging his duty at the head of his command, which was the advance of the left wing of the army. We have collected about 1500 small arms, and other ordnance stores."

Whilst General Jackson was engaged on the 10th, caring for his killed and wounded, he caused careful reconnoissances to be made under the care of General J.

E. B. Stuart, who providentially visited his army on that day, on a tour of inspection. He was convinced by this inquiry that the army of Pope was receiving constant accessions, and that before he could resume the offensive it would be swelled to sixty thousand men. The bulk of the forces of M'Dowell was upon the march to join the enemy, by a route which seemed to threaten his rear. He therefore determined that it was imprudent to hazard further offensive movements. Having sent back all his spoils and his wounded, he retired from the front of the enemy the night of August 11th, and returned unmolested to the neighbourhood of Gordonsville, hoping that Pope's evil star might tempt him to attack his army there, where the proximity of the railroad would enable him to receive adequate reinforcements.

A part of the leisure of his day of truce was employed in writing to Mrs. Jackson a letter, from which the following extract is taken :—

"On last Saturday our God again crowned our arms with victory, about six miles from Culpepper Court House. All glory be to God for his unnumbered blessings.

"I can hardly think of the fall of Brigadier-General C. S. Winder without tearful eyes. Let us all unite more earnestly in imploring God's aid in fighting our battles for us. The thought that there are so many of God's people praying for His blessing upon the army, which, in His providence, is with me, greatly strengthens me. If God be for us, who can be against us? That He will still be with us, and give us victory after victory, until our independence shall be established, and that He will make our

nation that people whose God is the Lord, is my earnest and oft-repeated prayer. Whilst we attach so much importance to being free from temporal bondage, we must attach far more to being free from the bondage of sin."

His report of the battle is closed with these words :—

"In order to render thanks to God for the victory at Cedar Run, and other past victories, and to implore His continued favour in the future, divine service was held in the army on the 14th of August."

This battle was claimed by the Federalists, with their usual effrontery, as a victory, under the pretext that General Jackson had after two days retreated and re-crossed the Rapidan. Had these measures on his part been caused by anything that was done upon the battle-field by the forces engaged against him August 9th, that pretext would have worn the colour of a reason. But since his withdrawal was caused by the arrival of fresh troops in great numbers, after the battle was concluded, it might with as much truth be said that any other victory in history was a defeat, because the material resources of the two parties were afterwards modified or reversed.

The opinion has been expressed that although Jackson fought well at Cedar Run, it would have been better not to have fought at all; because his victory, while glorious, was without other result; and thus the brave men lost were made a useless sacrifice. This criticism should be met by two answers. The battle was not without solid results, for it arrested the career of Pope until the army of Northern Virginia arrived, and prevented his gaining positions decisive of future operations. It must be re-

membered that on the 2d of August the vanguard of the invading army had crossed the Rapidan, and penetrated within twelve miles of Gordonsville. The troops which came to support Jackson did not move against the enemy from that place until August 16th. What disastrous progress might not the invaders have made within that time if Jackson had not arrested them by his timely blow? But second: designs, which must necessarily be made in advance, are entitled to be tried, when the question is of the wisdom of him who formed them, not by the strict rule of the actual event, but by the milder one of the probable result. General Jackson proposed to strike the enemy, not at Cedar Run, but at Culpepper Court House, and not upon the 9th, but the 8th of August. The space to be traversed to effect this was not unreasonable (but one day's rapid marching), and the blunder by which it was prevented was unforeseen. Had his wishes been attained, it is not unreasonable to say that his victory would have been so much more complete as to silence every charge of fruitlessness. For we have seen that the supports which saved Pope from destruction only arrived at nightfall upon the 9th.

CHAPTER XVI.

SECOND MANASSAS.

THE battle of Cedar Run was but the prelude to a more bloody struggle, which was destined, by a strange coincidence, for the historic plains of Manassas. General Jackson had scarcely returned to his encampment near Gordonsville, when the gathering of the hostile masses in larger volume began. General Lee, convinced that M'Clellan was incapable of further aggression, and that the surest way to remove him finally from the peninsula would be to threaten Washington more violently, began to remove the remainder of his army from Richmond to the Rapidan, August 13th, proposing to leave only a small force for observation upon his lines there, until the success of his experiment was verified. On that day General Longstreet commenced his march for Gordonsville, and the remainder of the troops were moved in the same direction, the division of General D. H. Hill bringing up the rear near the end of the month. Halleck, the new Federal generalissimo, was also eagerly dictating the same movement to M'Clellan. He found the "Grand Army" divided into two widely separated fragments, and trembled before the activity of Jackson, and the danger of his

capital. M'Clellan accordingly broke up his camps at Berkeley on the 17th of August, and with sore reluctance shipped the decimated remains of his troops to Aquia Creek, on the Potomac. Disease had been carrying on the work which the sword had begun, and the fever and dysentery of the country had fearfully thinned his ranks. But meantime, General Burnside had brought his corps from North Carolina, and landing it at the same spot on the Potomac, had marched it to the support of General Pope in Culpepper.

That commander now had his forces tolerably concentrated along the line of the Orange Railroad. But ignorant of the first principles of strategy, and possessed with the vain conceit of crossing the Rapidan nearer its source, and thus turning Jackson's left wing, he had extended his right toward Madison. He did not advert, seemingly, to the fact that this manœuvre gave him a line of operations nearly parallel to his adversary's base, and thus exposed his own left and his communications to a more mortal thrust from him. The course of the Rapidan, which had now manifestly become Jackson's temporary base, is north of east; while the curvature of the Orange Railroad is such that its course, eastward of Culpepper Court House, is parallel to that river, or even brings its stations near the Rappahannock, nearer to it than at the Court House. Thus the Confederates, without exposing their own communications, had it in their power to strike those of Pope at Brandy Station by a march shorter than that which would fetch the Federal advance back to that place. So obvious an advantage could not escape any one

except the doughty Pope. Jackson of course seized it upon the instant. Upon an elevated hill which is called Clarke's Mountain, east of Orange Court House, he had established a signal station. From this lofty look-out, all the course of the Rapidan and the plains of Culpepper, white with the enemy's tents toward Madison, were visible. As soon, therefore, as the troops from Richmond began to arrive, General Jackson left Gordonsville, and on the 15th of August marched to the eastern base of Clarke's Mountain, where he carefully masked his forces near the fords of the Rapidan. His signal officer upon the peak above reported to him that the enemy were quiet, or even extending their right still farther up the country, unconscious of their danger. The Commander-in-Chief, who was now upon the ground, appointed the morning of the 18th, at dawn of day, for the critical movement; but the dilatoriness of a part of his subordinates disappointed the completeness of his combinations, and overruling the eagerness of Jackson, he postponed it until the 20th. He again issued orders for that day, that all the troops should be prepared to advance in light marching order, with three days' rations, and throw themselves that afternoon upon the enemy's rear. Jackson was to cross the stream at Somerville's Ford, so as to occupy the left, supported by the division of General Anderson; while Longstreet passed below, at Racoon Ford, and formed the right. General Stuart, now Major-General of cavalry, was to cross with his two brigades of Robertson and FitzHugh Lee, and his flying artillery, at Morton's Ford, march direct for the Rappahannock bridge, destroy it, and then turning back

along the enemy's line of communication, destroy his trains, and fill every place with panic, until he connected with the infantry of Longstreet upon the extreme right. It was hoped that by these skilful dispositions the enemy, cut off from his line of retreat, and fiercely attacked upon his left, would be routed, insulated, and destroyed.

But the issue showed the importance of that element of strategic combinations which Jackson so keenly estimated, time. The propitious moment was already forfeited by delay. On the night of the 18th of August, the day when the movement should have been made, a handful of fugitive negroes reached the army of Pope, and revealed to him enough of the movements of the Confederates to open his eyes to his danger. On the 19th, as the Commander-in-Chief stood upon his look-out on Clarke's Mountain, the encampments of the enemy farthest west were seen to disappear, and as the day advanced the rest vanished from view like a fleeting vision. Pope was in full retreat, eager to place the Rappahannock between himself and his adversary. This was his first lesson upon the soundness of his maxim, that a conquering general should leave his communications to take care of themselves; and he was destined to receive others still ruder. General Lee hastened to pursue, and put his army in motion on an early hour of the 20th of August, according to the plan already arranged. General Jackson, crossing the Rapidan at Somerville's Ford, marched rapidly toward Brandy Station, while General Longstreet, crossing simultaneously below, pressed toward Kelley's Ford, on the Rappahannock. No Federal infantry awaited their

approach; before their arrival, all had crossed the latter stream. But their cavalry still occupied the Culpepper bank, and were driven across by the brigades of Stuart. One of these, the brigade of Robertson, formerly the lamented Ashby's, under the eye of its Major-General, had a brilliant combat with the enemy's horse near Brandy Station, and drove them across the river with loss. Pope's whole army was now found massed upon the northern bank of the Rappahannock, with a powerful artillery, prepared to dispute the passage of General Lee. He therefore formed the plan of striking his rear at a point still farther north, and thus dislodging him, and fighting a general battle. But the conditions under which the second movement must be made were far less favourable than those of the one projected from the Rapidan, and the results could not be expected to be so great. The Rappahannock, which was then in Pope's rear, and would have been a fatal obstacle to the retreat of his defeated army, was now in his front, and was his defence. His communications were no longer exposed to a direct blow, but could only be reached by a dangerous, arduous, and circuitous march. And when the battle was fought and won, the beaten army would be within a day's march of its place of refuge, the lines of Arlington. Yet the vigour and courage of Jackson were trusted to effect this difficult enterprise. It was determined to march up the Rappahannock River, until a practicable crossing was found, and then to throw the corps of Jackson, which, being on the left, became the front in this movement, by forced marches to Manassa's Junction; and when his threaten-

ing presence there had called Pope away, to follow with the remainder of the army.

The first essay in pursuance of this plan was made on the 21st of August. General Jackson, leaving the hamlet of Stevensburg, where he had bivouacked, crossed the railroad, and approached the river above it, at Beverly's Ford. A lodgement was effected here by a regiment of cavalry, upon the northern bank, which was held until the evening; but the enemy was approaching in such force, that it was deemed inexpedient to make the passage in their presence, and the advanced party was withdrawn. The artillery of General Longstreet had meantime engaged that of the enemy at the railroad crossing, a few miles below, with such success as to compel them to withdraw to their works on the north side, and then to burn the bridge and desert the position. The morning of August 22nd witnessed a renewal of the same proceedings: the two armies advanced slowly up the Rappahannock, upon its opposite banks, contesting with each other every available crossing, by fierce artillery duels; and attempting upon each other such assaults as occasion offered. The corps of Jackson having passed the Hazel River, a tributary of the Rappahannock near its mouth, left its baggage train parked there, under the protection of Brigadier-General Trimble, of Ewell's division; while the main force pressed on to secure the bridge leading from Culpepper to Warrenton. The cupidity of the enemy was excited by this tempting prize, and they crossed to seize it, capturing a few ambulances. These were almost immediately regained, and Trimble, upon re-

ceiving the support of General Hood, who formed the van of Longstreet's corps, attacked the intruders, and drove them with loss to the north bank, filling the stream with their floating corpses. A similar enterprise attempted on the other hand by the Confederate General Stuart, on this day, was as much more successful than the Federals', as it was more audacious. Crossing the Rappahannock, above the enemy's outposts, with a brigade of cavalry, he pressed on through the village of Warrenton, and struck the rear of their army at Catlett's Station after nightfall. Finding here a detachment of troops, with an extensive encampment, in the midst of a furious thunder-storm and Egyptian darkness, they dashed into it with a yell, scattering the astounded occupants to the winds, and capturing a great spoil, with a number of prisoners. This encampment was found to contain the headquarters of General Pope; and the baggage, clothing, horses, and money of his Staff, as well as his own, rewarded the boldness of the assailants. Great exertions were also made to destroy the important railroad bridge spanning a large creek near by; but the deluge of rain had saturated the timbers beyond the possibility of ignition, and the rising freshet underneath, with the intense darkness, forbade the men to ply their axes with success. Stuart therefore, gathering up his spoils and prisoners, returned the way he came, leaving the enemy confounded by his seeming ubiquity. Pope thus learned, in a second hard lesson, that the communications of an army are worthy of its commander's attention. The gravest loss which he experienced in this capture, was that of his letter-book, which contained copies

of his confidential despatches to Washington, and thus revealed to General Lee the most intimate secrets of his numbers, his plans, and his pitiable embarrassments.

General Jackson, reaching the Warrenton road the afternoon of the 22d, found the bridge destroyed, and other evidence that the enemy were in close proximity. But they were not yet prepared to dispute his passage. Opposite to him, on a beautiful hill, rose the buildings of a watering-place, known as the Warrenton Springs, or Fauquier White-Sulphur; while to his right, a mile below, stretched a forest which clothed the ridge overlooking the river on that side. He sent the 13th Georgia from Lawton's brigade across to occupy the Springs; while Early's brigade, supported by two batteries, was passed over on a ruinous mill-dam a mile below, and occupied the wooded ridge. But now the darkness of the approaching night and storm arrested the passage of other troops; the floods descended, and the current was speedily swollen so as to become impassable. This accident placed the command of Early in extreme peril. The advanced parties of the Federalists were hovering around him in the darkness, and he had nothing to expect but to be crushed at the dawn of day by the whole weight of their army, within sight of his friends, but beyond their reach. But his own skill, with the wise and firm support of Jackson, rescued him without the loss of a man. When the morning came, the latter sent word to General Early to associate the 13th Georgia with his own brigade, and form the whole across the highlands near the watering place, with his left upon the river, and his right upon a creek,

now equally swollen and impracticable, which here approached from the north to mingle its waters with the Rappahannock. He urged forward, meantime, the construction of a temporary bridge; and, in the afternoon, passed the remainder of Lawton's brigade to the support of Early. But the freshet which had protected his right was now receding into its banks, and the whole army of Pope was manifestly at hand. Yet Early so adroitly concealed his force in the woods, and held his foes at bay with his artillery, that they were able to make no decisive attack before nightfall. During the darkness he retired safely to the southern bank, with his batteries, leaving not a man nor a trophy behind. The deliverance of Early was scarcely completed before the dawn of the 24th. The troops of Longstreet had now arrived and relieved those of Jackson in the afternoon of that day. A fierce cannonade was kept up across the river, chiefly by the guns of A. P. Hill, by which the enemy was occupied, while Jackson retired a few miles from the river-bank to the village of Jeffersonton, relinquishing to Longstreet the task of amusing Pope by the appearance of a crossing at the Springs.

While the enemy was thus deluded with the belief that the race up the Rappahannock was ended, and that he now had nothing more to do than to hold its northern bank at this place, General Jackson was preparing, under the instructions of the Commander-in-Chief, for the most adventurous and brilliant of his exploits. This was no less than to separate himself from the support of the remainder of the army, pass around Pope to the westward,

and place his corps between him and Washington City, at Manassa's Junction. To effect this, the Rappahannock must be passed on the upper part of its course, and two forced marches made through the western quarters of the county of Fauquier, which lie between the Blue Ridge and the subsidiary range of the Bull Run Mountains. Having made a hasty and imperfect issue of rations, Jackson disembarrassed himself of all his trains, save the ambulances and the carriages for the ammunition, and left Jeffersonton early on the morning of August 25th. Marching first westward, he crossed the two branches of the Rappahannock, passed the hamlet of Orlean, and paused at night, after a march of twenty-five miles, near Salem, a village upon the Manassas Gap Railroad. His troops had been constantly marching and fighting since the 20th; many of them had no rations, and subsisted upon the green corn gathered along the route; yet their indomitable enthusiasm and devotion knew no flagging. As the weary column approached the end of the day's march, they found Jackson, who had ridden forward, dismounted, and standing upon a great stone by the roadside. His sunburned cap was lifted from his brow, and he was gazing toward the west, where the splendid August sun was about to kiss the distant crest of the Blue Ridge, which stretched far away, bathed in azure and gold; and his blue eye, beaming with martial pride, returned the rays of the evening with almost equal brightness. His men burst forth into their accustomed cheers, forgetting all their fatigue at his inspiring presence; but deprecating the tribute by a gesture, he sent an officer to request that there should

be no cheering, inasmuch as it might betray their presence to the enemy. They at once repressed their applause, and passed the word down the column to their comrades: "No cheering, boys; the General requests it." But as they passed him, their eyes and gestures, eloquent with suppressed affection, silently declared what their lips were forbidden to utter. Jackson turned to his Staff, his face beaming with delight, and said: "Who could not conquer, with such troops as these?" His modesty, ever attributing his glory to his brave men rather than to himself, caused him to forget that it was his genius which had made them such soldiers as they were.

On the morning of the 26th, he turned eastward, and passing through the Bull Run Mountains, at Thoroughfare Gap, proceeded to Bristoe Station, on the Orange Railroad, by another equally arduous march. At Gainsville, he was joined by Stuart, with his cavalry, who now assumed the duty of guarding his right flank, and watching the main army of Pope, about Warrenton. As the Confederates approached Bristoe Station, about sunset, the roar of a railroad train proceeding eastward was heard, and dispositions were made to arrest it, by placing the brigade of Hays, under Colonel Forno, across the track. The first train broke through the obstructions placed before it, and escaped. Two others which followed it were captured, but were found to contain nothing. The corps of Jackson had now marched fifty miles in two days. The whole army of Pope was interposed between it and its friends. They had no supplies whatever, save those which they might capture from the enemy. But they were between

that enemy and his capital, and were cheered by the hope of inflicting a vital blow upon him before he escaped. This movement would be pronounced wrong, if judged by a formal and commonplace application of the maxims of the military art. But it is the very prerogative of true genius to know how to modify the application of those rules according to circumstances. It might have been objected, that such a division of the Confederate army into two parts subjected it to the risk of being beaten in detail; that while the Federal commander detained and amused one by a detachment, he would turn upon the other with the chief weight of his forces, and crush it into fragments. Had Pope been a Jackson, this danger would have been real; but because Pope was but Pope, and General Lee had a Jackson to execute the bold conception, and a Stuart to mask his movement during its progress, the risk was too small to forbid the attempt. The promptitude of General Stuart in seizing the only signal station whence the line of march could possibly be perceived, and the secrecy and rapidity of General Jackson in pursuing it, with the energy of his action when he had reached his goal, insured the success of the movement.

The first care of the General, after he reached Bristoe, was to secure the vast stores accumulated at the Junction, four miles north. He determined not to postpone this essential measure until the morning, lest the enemy should be able to destroy them; and he therefore accepted the offer of Brigadier-General Trimble, with the 21st North Carolina and 21st Georgia regiments, to volunteer for this service. Major-General Stuart was ordered to support the

attack with a part of his cavalry, and as the superior officer in rank, to command the whole detachment. The two regiments of General Trimble had already marched twenty-five miles, and the additional distance to the Junction made them thirty; but they set out with an eagerness which emulated that of the cavalry. Stuart having unmasked the enemy's pickets in front of the fortifications of Manassas, and having sent the regiment of Wickham to the north, in order to arrest the retreat of the garrison, Trimble placed his regiments in line right and left of the railroad, and advanced steadily to the attack. The night was rayless, and the artillery of the place opened upon them at short range. They knew not what force awaited them in the darkness, but dashing forward, they surmounted the works, and seized two batteries of field-guns, with all their men and horses, almost without loss to themselves. The whole entrenchments now fell into their hands without further resistance, with vast spoils. This gallant attack was a happy illustration of the success which may usually be expected from bold and rapid movements. The place was found crowded with stores for Pope's army, all of which, with three hundred prisoners, eight field-pieces, and two hundred and fifty horses, fell into the hands of the victors, besides two miles of burden cars, laden with army stores and luxuries. The storehouses were found filled with bacon, beef, flour, and ammunition. Everything was here which the Confederates needed. The confessions of Pope show that the loss of these stores was a chief element of his subsequent disasters. It discouraged and intimidated his men, and

compelled them to enter the arduous struggle of the three bloody days without adequate rations or ammunition.

On the morning of August 27th, the two regiments of General Trimble, who had been under arms all night, were relieved by General Jackson's arrival from Bristoe. He brought with him the divisions of A. P. Hill and Taliaferro, leaving that of Ewell at Bristoe to watch for the approach of Pope, with orders to make head against him as long as practicable; but when pressed by his main force, to retire and join him at Manassas. Scarcely had General Jackson come upon the ground, when a shot from a distant battery upon the left announced the purpose of the Federalists to contest it with him, and a brigade made its appearance advancing along the railroad from Alexandria. This was the detachment of Brigadier-General Taylor, of New Jersey, sent out by Halleck to re-open Pope's communications, and to brush away what they supposed was a mere inroad of cavalry. They advanced with all the confidence of ignorance, until they found themselves almost enveloped in the toils. The captured guns were turned against them by Stuart and Trimble; the batteries of Poague and Carpenter poured destructive volleys upon them in front, and the infantry of A. P. Hill threatened them on both sides. General Jackson now pitying their desperate situation, rode toward them alone, waving a white handkerchief as a signal of truce, inviting them to accept quarter. Their answer was a volley of rifle-balls. Seeing his compassion thus requited with treachery, he hastened back to his troops and commanded them to let loose their full fury against their foes. In a moment the detachment was

routed, their commander slain, and the fugitives, pursued by Hill and Stuart, were cut to pieces and scattered.

The General now gave the wearied troops a respite, to recompense themselves with the spoils, for their labours. Knowing that means of transportation would be utterly wanting to remove the larger part, he allowed the men to use and carry away whatever they were able to appropriate. And now began a scene in ludicrous contrast with the toils of the previous forced march. Dusty Confederates were seen loading themselves with new clothing, boots, hats, and unwonted luxuries. The men who had for days fed on nothing but green apples and the roasted ears of Indian corn, now regaled themselves with sardines, potted game, and sweetmeats. For several hours the troops held carnival.

General Ewell was not allowed to remain unmolested at Bristoe all the day. In the afternoon, heavy columns of Federalists were seen approaching on the west of the railroad, from the direction of Warrenton. The 6th and 8th Lousiana regiments of Hay's brigade, with the 60th Georgia, were posted to receive them, masked in the edge of the pine thickets, and supported by several batteries. Two heavy columns of the enemy advanced against them, each consisting of not less than a brigade; but almost at the first volley they broke and fled in confusion, many of them throwing away their arms. Fresh columns, however, speedily supplied their places, and it was evident that Pope's main force was at hand. General Ewell therefore gave the word to retire, in order to join his friends at Manassas. This retreat, which must be conducted in the

face of a superior force actually engaged with them, was a most delicate and difficult work; but was effected in perfect order and without loss. As the three regiments which had received the enemy's first attack were withdrawn, the brigade of Early took their places, and held the enemy in check, with so much steadiness and adroitness, that the stream which separated Bristoe from Manassas was crossed safely without the capture of a single man. The Federalists then halted at the former point, and left Ewell to pursue his way unmolested, his rear covered by the cavalry regiments of Munford and Rosser. The railroad bridge across Broad Run was now burned, and after all the troops had supplied their wants from the captured stores, the remainder was destroyed. This task was committed to the division of Taliaferro, which devoted to it the early part of the night, and then retired toward Sudley Church, across the battle-field of July 21st, 1861. There they were joined, on the morning of the 28th of August, by the division of A. P. Hill, which had marched northward to Centreville, and then returned across the Stone Bridge, and by the division of Ewell, which had crossed Bull Run, and marched up its north bank until it fell into the same route. The cavalry, which had scoured the country as far as Fairfax Court House, also assembled on the flanks of the infantry, and the concentration of the corps was completed.

General Jackson had now successfully executed the first part of the task intrusted to him. He had pierced the enemy's rear, destroyed his supplies, and secured a position between him and his Capital. But in doing this he had drawn upon himself the whole of the Federal army,

and until the remainder of General Lee's forces should arrive, he must either bear the brunt of their attacks with his single corps, reduced by straggling and casualties to eighteen thousand men; or he must retire again towards his friends, leaving Pope's operations unobstructed, and thus surrender the larger part of the advantages of his brilliant movements. Jackson was not the man to do the latter; he therefore selected a position where he could hope to stand successfully at bay, and prevent Pope's retreat, until sufficient forces arrived to deal with him successfully. One alternative was to remain at Manassa's Junction within the old Confederate entrenchments, but to this there were many conclusive objections. The direct turnpike road from Warrenton, where Pope's army was massed, to Alexandria, ran five miles northwest of the Junction, and would be still left open: an avenue more valuable to that general than the railroad, since its bridges and trains were destroyed. The Junction, moreover, was a post of limited extent, ill furnished with water, situated in a champaign every way favourable to the operations of the force having the numerical superiority, and denuded of all cover by the presence of previous armies. The other alternative was to retire to the north side of the Warrenton and Alexandria turnpike, nearer to Thoroughfare Gap, through which Longstreet was expected to advance, and there occupy the stronger ground, with the advantage of retreat upon the Confederate reserves in case of disaster. From this position, although the road was not directly obstructed, yet the passage of Pope was forbidden; for his army could not expose itself by marching

past such a leader as Jackson, who sat, with eighteen thousand men, ready to pounce upon its exposed flanks.

If the reader will recall the description of the battle-field of the first Manassas, he will have before him the position by Jackson. The Warrenton turnpike, running due east toward Alexandria, is crossed at right angles, a mile and a half before it passes the Bull Run at the stone bridge, by the country road which proceeds northward from the Junction to Sudley Ford, at which the Federal right first crossed the stream on the morning of July 21st, 1861. At this ford, Jackson now rested his left wing, protected by the cavalry brigade of Robertson, while his right stretched eastward across the hills, in a line oblique to the course of Bull Run, toward the road by which Longstreet was expected from Thoroughfare Gap. His front was nearly parallel to the Warrenton turnpike, and distant from it between one and two miles. The division of A. P. Hill formed his left, that of Ewell his centre, and that of Taliaferro, strengthened by the remainder of the cavalry and the horse-artillery of Pelham, his right.

Scarcely had these dispositions been completed, when the enemy was found to be advancing along the Warrenton turnpike in heavy masses, as though to force his way back to Alexandria. Mid-day had now arrived. The second brigade of Taliaferro's division, under the temporary command of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, which had been detached to watch the turnpike, was directed to skirmish with the front of the Federal column, and obstruct their advance. The remainder of the division of Taliaferro, supported by that of Ewell, was marched by its right flank,

and toward the turnpike, to attack the enemy in flank. He, perceiving this movement, and the obstruction in his front, at first attempted to file his masses across the open country toward Manassa's Junction, as though to seek some passage over Bull Run below the stone bridge. But Jackson now threw forward his line with so much energy as to compel him to relinquish this movement, and make a stand. The batteries of Wooding, Carpenter, and Poague were advanced to an elevated hill upon the left and rear of Taliaferro's line of skirmishers, whence they delivered so effective a fire of shell and solid shot upon the dense lines of the Federalists, that their numerous batteries were halted, and placed in position to reply. The Confederate artillery was then promptly removed to another position upon Taliaferro's right, whence they were enabled to enfilade the Federal guns; and the infantry line was again pressed forward, with its front parallel to the Warrenton turnpike, and within a hundred yards of it. Sunset was now near at hand, when a struggle commenced unprecedented in its fury. On Taliaferro's right, the partial screen of an orchard and a cluster of farm-buildings separated him from the highway, which was occupied by the Federal infantry. But, on his left, his line occupied the open field, and received and returned their volleys at the distance of a hundred yards. Until nine o'clock at night, the first, third, and fourth brigades maintained a stubborn contest upon this ground with successive lines of the enemy, when the latter sullenly retired, and gave up the field. On the left of Taliaferro, Ewell, with a part of his forces, waged a contest of almost equal fury, and with the

same results, when the darkness closed the battle, and the Confederates remained masters of the field. In this bloody affair, both the Commanders of the divisions engaged, with many field-officers, were wounded, Taliaferro painfully, and Ewell severely. The latter was struck upon the knee by a rifle-ball, and the joint was so shattered that amputation was necessary to save his life. During the remainder of Jackson's career he was unable to return to the field, and the General was deprived of his valued co-operation. The first of the three bloody days was now closed, and Jackson stoutly held his own. With one more struggle his safety would be assured; for the Commander-in-Chief, with the corps of Longstreet, leaving the neighbourhood of Jeffersonton on the afternoon of the 26th, and following the route of Jackson through Upper Fauquier, was now at the western outlet of Thoroughfare Gap, preparing to force his way through, the next morning, and come to the relief of the labouring advance. On the morning of the 29th this pass was forced; and the corps of Longstreet, stimulated by the sound of the distant cannon, which told them that Jackson was struggling with the enemy, hurried along the road to Gainsville, where they entered the Warrenton turnpike. Before they reached that village, the indefatigable Stuart, with his cavalry, met them, opened their communication with Jackson's right wing, and informed the Commander-in-Chief of the posture of affairs.

But the narrative must return to the lines of General Jackson. Anxiously did that General watch the distant road which led from Thoroughfare Gap down to the Warrenton turnpike, on the morning of the 29th. His little

army was now manifestly confronted by the whole Federal host, which, concentrating itself more toward his left, was preparing to force him back from Bull Run, and to crush him before his supports could arrive. His lines, exhausted by their almost superhuman exertions, thinned by battle, and pallid with hunger, stood grimly at bay; but the stoutest hearts were anxious, in view of the more terrible struggle before them. In the early morning, clouds of dust arising along the Thoroughfare road had mocked their hopes; but they were raised by the Federalists, who, having occupied that pass the day before to obstruct the march of Longstreet, were now retiring upon their masses toward Bristoe Station. As the day verged toward the meridian, other and denser clouds again arose along the same highway; and soon the couriers of Stuart came with the welcome news, that it was the corps of Longstreet advancing to connect with the right of Jackson. Already the Federalists, warned of the shortness of their time, had begun the attack by a heavy cannonade upon that part of his position, at ten o'clock. The batteries of Taliaferro's division, now commanded by the brave General Starke, replied. But the head of General Longstreet's column was now at hand, and threatened to insinuate itself behind the Federal left. They therefore shifted their demonstration to Jackson's left, opening upon that part of his position with a furious cannonade, and preparing vast masses of infantry to force it. While Longstreet deployed his line across the Warrenton turnpike, and fronting toward the east, Jackson's corps was now disposed at right angles to it, along the excavations and embankments of an unfinished rail-

road, which, crossing Bull Run a half mile below Sudley, ran westward, parallel to the Warrenton turnpike. This work had been begun to connect the city of Alexandria directly with the Manassa's Gap road near Thoroughfare. Running across the hills and vales of an undulating country, and presenting now an elevated embankment and anon a cut, it offered to the Confederates almost the advantages of a regular field-work. Here General Jackson had arranged his infantry in two lines of battle, with the artillery chiefly posted upon eminences in the rear. A. P. Hill formed his left, Ewell his centre, and Starke his right. An interval between his right and the left of Longstreet was occupied by a large collection of the artillery of the latter, posted upon a large hill, whence they assisted, by their fire, in the repulse of the enemy on either hand. Pope, now contenting himself with showing a front against Longstreet, began, at two o'clock P.M., to hurl his infantry with fury and determination against the lines of Jackson. Especially did the storm of battle rage in front of the left, occupied by the division of A. P. Hill. In defiance of his deadly fire, delivered from the shelter of the railroad embankments, line after line was advanced to close quarters, only to be mowed down, and to recoil in confusion. Soon the second line of Hill was advanced to the support of the first. Six times the Federalists rushed forward in separate and obstinate assaults, and as many times were repulsed. At an interval between the brigade of Gregg, on the extreme left, and that of Thomas, the enemy broke across in great numbers, and threatened to separate the former from his friends, and surround him. But two

regiments of the reserve, advancing within ten paces of the triumphant foe, poured such volleys into their dense masses that they were hurled back before this murderous fire, and the lines re-established. The brigade of Hayes, from the division of Ewell, now commanded by General Lawton, was first brought to the support of Gregg. The struggle raged until the cartridges of the infantry were in many places exhausted. When Hill sent to the gallant Gregg to ask if he could hold his own, he answered, "Tell him I have no ammunition, but I will hold my position with the bayonet." In several places, the Confederate lines, without a single round of cartridges, lay in the railroad cuts, within a few yards of their enemies, sternly defying their nearer approach with the cold steel, while the staff-officers from the rear sent in a scanty supply of ammunition, by the hand of some daring volunteer, who ventured to run the gauntlet of a deadly fire to reach them. In other parts the men, laying aside their empty muskets, seized the stones which lay near, and with them beat back the foe. When the bloody field was reviewed, not a few were found whose skulls were broken by these primitive weapons. But the strength of the extreme left was now exhausted by seven hours of strife; nature could do no more; and General Jackson ordered Early with his brigade, and the 8th Louisiana and the 13th Georgia, to relieve Gregg and Hayes. The enemy had by this time occupied a considerable tract of the railroad, and the woods in front of it. Early advanced upon them, drove them out of the thickets and across the excavation with fearful slaughter, and pursued them for a distance beyond it, when he was recalled

to the original line. With this magnificent charge, the struggle of the day closed. It had raged in similar manner along the centre, where that sturdy veteran, Brigadier-General Trimble, was severely wounded. But the carnage upon the left was most ghastly. Here might be seen upon the fields the black lines of corpses, clearly defining the positions where the Federal lines of battle had stood and received the deadly volleys of the Confederates; while the woods and railroad cuts were thickly strewn for a mile with killed and wounded. In the division of Hill the loss was also serious; and among the severely wounded were two brigade commanders, Field and Forno. During the heat of the battle, a detachment of Federal troops had penetrated to Jackson's rear, near Sudley Church, and captured a few wounded men and ambulances. The horse-artillery of Pelham, with a battalion of cavalry, under Major Patrick, speedily brushed the annoyance away, and recovered the captures. But this incident cost the army the loss of one of its most enlightened and efficient officers, the chivalrous Patrick, who was mortally wounded while pursuing the fugitives.

While this struggle was raging along Jackson's lines, the corps of Longstreet continued to confront the observing force of Federalists before them, and the batteries of his left engaged those of the enemy in a severe cannonade. As the afternoon advanced, Stuart reported to him the approach of a heavy column of the enemy upon his right and rear, from the direction of Bristoe. This was indeed a corps of the army of M'Clellan from the peninsula, which, landing on the Potomac, had been pushed forward to sup-

port Pope. Against this new enemy Longstreet showed a front, while Stuart, raising a mighty dust along the road near Gainsville, by causing a number of his troopers to drag bundles of brushwood along the highway, persuaded him that some heavy mass of fresh Confederate troops was advancing from Thoroughfare to meet his assault upon Longstreet's right. The Federal commander therefore recoiled, after a feeble demonstration; and, passing by a circuit to the eastward, sought to unite himself with the forces in front of Jackson. Longstreet now advanced several brigades to the attack, with those of Hood in the van, and, until nine o'clock at night, drove back the enemy before him with great vigour, capturing a number of prisoners, a cannon, and three colours. Darkness then closed the bloody day, and the Confederates on every side withdrew to lie upon their arms upon their selected lines of combat. From this respite, the boastful Pope took the pretext to despatch to his masters a pompous bulletin of victory, claiming that the Confederates were repulsed on all hands! With a stupidity equal to his impudence, he concealed from himself the fact that this lull in the tempest was but the prelude to its final and resistless burst. The mighty huntsman now had the brutal game secure in his toils, and only awaited the moment of his exhaustion to despatch him.

As Jackson gathered his officers around him in the darkness, at the close of this second act of the tragedy, and prepared to lie down for a short repose under the open sky, their triumph wore a solemn hue. A week of marching and fighting, without any regular supply for

their wants, had worn down their energies to a grade where nothing but a determined will could sustain them. Many of the bravest and best had fallen, and the sufferers and the dead were all around them. The Medical Director, Doctor M'Guire, recounting the many casualties which he had witnessed, said, "General, this day has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting." "No," said Jackson, "it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence." It was strong evidence of the devout spirit of the patriot troops, that amidst all these fatigues and horrors they yet found time for acts of devotion. The chaplains, after spending the day in attentions to the wounded, at nightfall returned to their regiments, and gathered such groups in the woods as could be spared from the watches, where they spent a season in prayer and praise. Many were the brave men who joined in these strange and solemn prayer-meetings, whose next worship was offered in the upper sanctuary.

The advance of Longstreet at nightfall upon the Confederate right had disclosed the fact that the Federalists were posted, in heavy masses, upon a position of great natural strength. The choice offered to General Lee now was, to leave the favourable ground which he had chosen, and taking the aggressive, to dislodge them at a great cost; or else to await their attack, with the prospect of turning their retreat into a disaster if they attempted to cross Bull Run in his immediate front, and retire without fighting. He well knew that Pope would scarcely be so rash as to attempt the latter expedient, for the two armies were now at such close quarters that there was no room

for either to turn away without a deadly side-blow from the other; and the Federal commander had been so obliging as to manœuvre himself into a position which had the stream immediately in its rear, with two practicable crossings for artillery, of which one was a stone arch, which a few well-directed round shot might have dismantled. General Lee, therefore, calmly awaited the final struggle, standing on the defensive in his previous lines. These formed a vast obtuse *fourchette*, presenting its concavity toward the enemy. The left of Longstreet did not touch the right of Jackson at the angle; but a space of half a mile between the two was occupied by an elevated ridge, which commanded the fronts of both wings. This hill was now crowned with the artillery battalions of Shumaker of Jackson's corps, and S. D. Lee of Longstreet's, making an aggregate of thirty-six pieces. From this arrangement it resulted, first, that the troops of Pope, operating within the jaws of the Confederate army, would naturally become more densely massed than their opponents, and would thus afford a more certain mark for their accurate fire, which no force on earth could ever face in close order without murderous loss. The second result was, that the superior momentum of the Federal masses must yet result only in a bloody failure, when hurled against either wing of the Confederates, because they would be enfiladed from the other wing. By these dispositions, the battle was decided before it was fought. The only gleam of good sense which the ill-starred Federal leader showed, was in delaying the decisive hour until the late afternoon, so that the friendly darkness might speedily supervene upon the

disaster which was destined to follow, and save him from utter destruction. The forenoon of Saturday, August 30th, was therefore spent in a desultory cannonade, addressed first to one, and then to another part of the Confederate lines, with irregular skirmishes interspersed. He was employed in disposing his infantry, under cover of the woods and valleys, chiefly in Jackson's front, for against him he again destined his main attack. The infantry of the latter was still posted along the unfinished railroad, in two lines, the first sheltered, where the ground was favourable, by the excavations and embankments, and the second massed upon the wooded hills above. At half-past three o'clock the enemy made a show of attack along the lines of Longstreet. But scarcely had this begun when they advanced, without preliminary skirmishing, in enormous masses, against Jackson. Three lines of battle surged forward like mighty waves, and rolled up to the Confederate position. As one recoiled before their fire, another took its place, with a dogged resolution, as though determined to break through by sheer weight of numbers. The Federal flags were planted sometimes within twenty paces of the excavations which contained the opposing line; and again the Confederates, after exhausting their ammunition, resorted to the stones of the field to beat back their assailants. When this furious struggle had raged for half an hour, and the wearied lines of Jackson were yielding at some points, he sent word to Longstreet to move for his relief. But his desire was already anticipated; the artillery in the centre was advanced, and wherever the attacking lines of Federalists exposed themselves

before Jackson's front, it showered a crushing and enfilading fire upon them. The third and second lines were first broken, and the woods in which they attempted to rally searched with shells. Meantime, the artillery of Ewell's and Hill's divisions, from Jackson's rear and left, joined in the *mêlée* as position offered. Before this fire in front and flank, the Federal lines wavered, broke, and resolved themselves into huge hordes of men, without order or guidance. General Jackson now ordered the advance of his whole line of infantry, and the Commander-in-Chief, seeing that the moment for the final blow had come, sent a similar order to his right wing. But its energetic leader had divined his wishes, and had already begun the movement. Over several miles of hill and dale, of field and forest, the two lines now swept forward, with a terrible grandeur, closing upon the disordered masses of the enemy like the jaws of a leviathan; while Jackson upon the left, and Stuart upon the right, urged forward battery after battery at a gallop, to seize every commanding hill whence they could fire between the gaps, or over the heads of the infantry, and plough up the huddled crowds of fugitives. But at many points these did not yield without stubborn resistance. The brigades of Jackson dashed at them with fierce enthusiasm, and such scenes of close encounter and murderous strife were witnessed as are not often seen on fields of battle. The supreme hour of vengeance had now come; in the expressive phrase of Cromwell, the victors "had their will upon their enemies." As they drove them for two miles toward Bull Run, they strewed the ground with slaughter, until

fury itself was sated and fatigued with the carnival of blood. And now night again closed upon the third act of the tragedy, black with a double gloom of the battle smoke and a gathering storm; but still the pursuers plied their work with cannon-shot and fierce volleys, fired into the populous darkness before them. At ten o'clock they ceased their pursuit, for they found that amidst the confusion of the field, and the obscurity, friend could no longer be distinguished from foe. The army then lay down to rest upon the ground they had won; while all night long the broken fragments of the Federalists were stealing across the stream, and retreating to the heights of Centreville.

In this three days' battle the Confederate loss was heavy, but that of their enemies was frightful. Compared to it, the carnage of the Chickahominy was child's play. The bloody field told the story of the disproportion for itself; and when the Federal surgeons came upon it under a flag of truce, such was the multitude of the wounded lying helpless upon it, that days were exhausted in collecting them, while many wretches perished miserably of neglect during the delay. This disproportionate carnage was due to the masterly handling of the Confederate troops, to their advantageous position, to the density of the enemy's masses, and especially to the terrible moment of the rout, when the work of destruction was pursued, for a time, without resistance. The Sabbath morning dawned upon a scene in most fearful contrast with its peace and sanctity. The storm which had gathered during the night was descending in a comfortless rain, drenching the ghastly dead, the miserable

wounded, and the weary victors. The soldiers of Jackson arose from the ground stiffened with the cold, and after devoting a few hours to refreshment, resumed the march, while those of Longstreet remained to bury the dead and collect the spoils. Stuart had reported that he found the enemy rallied upon the heights of Centreville, commanding the Warrenton turnpike, where General Joseph E. Johnston had constructed a powerful line of works, the first winter of the war, which were capable of defence either in front or rear. Here the fragments of Pope, supported by large reinforcements from the army of M'Clellan, again showed a front against the pursuers. Jackson was therefore directed to turn this position, and compel the retreat of the enemy from it without a battle. To effect this, he crossed the Bull Run at Sudley, and marching northward by a country road, came the next day into the Little River turnpike, which leads eastward, and intersects the Warrenton road at Fairfax Court House, far in the rear of Centreville. No sooner was this movement perceived by the enemy, than they resumed a hasty retreat. But as their crowded column approached Fairfax Court House, they found Jackson at hand, prepared to strike their line of march from the side. They therefore detached a strong force to make head against him, and posted it upon a ridge near the little hamlet of Germantown. As soon as Jackson ascertained the position of this force, he threw his infantry into line of battle, Hill on the right, Ewell in the centre, and his old division on the left, and advanced to the assault. The enemy, knowing that the salvation of their army depended upon them, made a desperate resistance, and the combat

assumed a sudden fury in the front of Hill, equal to that of any previous struggle. The enemy were encouraged by a momentary success in breaking Hayes' brigade, but his lines were immediately reinstated by the reserves, and after a short but bloody strife, the battle died away as suddenly as it had begun, and the enemy retired in the darkness. This affair, which was known as the battle of Ox Hill, closed the evening of September 1st. Its thunders were aggravated by those of a tempest, which burst upon the combatants just before the battle was joined, and the Confederates fought under the disadvantage of the rain, which was swept by a violent wind directly into their faces. Two Federal Generals fell here, in front of Hill's division, Kearney and Stephens, and their death doubtless completed the discouragement of their troops. The next morning, the Federalists were within reach of their powerful works before Washington, and the pursuit was arrested. The Commander-in-Chief now proposed to transfer the strife to a new arena.

The total loss of the Confederate army in this series of battles was about seven thousand five hundred, of whom eleven hundred were killed upon the field. Of this loss, nearly five thousand fell upon the corps of Jackson; out of which number eight hundred and five officers and men were killed. The captures from him, in the whole of the long struggle, amounted to only thirty-five. The excessive loss in his command is explained by the fact that it was always the advance, and that the enemy continually directed the chief fury of his attacks upon him. The results of the battle of Manassas were the capture of seven

thousand prisoners, in addition to two thousand wounded left in the hands of the Confederates; with twenty thousand small arms, thirty pieces of artillery, numerous colours, and a large amount of stores; and the deliverance of Northern Virginia from the footsteps of the invader, save where he still clung to a few miles along the Potomac included within his works. General Jackson closed his report of the campaign with these words:—

"For these great and signal victories our sincere and humble thanks are due unto Almighty God. We should in all things acknowledge the hand of Him who reigns in heaven, and rules among the armies of men. In view of the arduous labours and great privations the troops were called to endure, and the isolated and perilous position which the command occupied, while engaged with greatly superior numbers of the enemy, we can but express the grateful conviction of our mind, that God was with us, and gave us the victory; and unto His holy name be the praise."

Few words are needed to point out the share which Jackson and his corps merited, in the glory of the second victory of Manassas. To the rapidity of his march, the promptitude and skill of his action in seizing and destroying the Junction, the wisdom which guided his selection of a position, and the heroic tenacity with which he held it against fearful odds until the arrival of General Lee, was the splendid result chiefly due. It was so ordered, as if to illustrate the superior prowess of the Confederate soldiery, that in this battle the positions of the combatants in July 1861 were almost precisely reversed. The ground held by

Jackson in the second battle was that held by M'Dowell in the first; and the ground from which the Confederates drove Pope at nightfall, the 30th of August, was that from which M'Dowell could not drive them on the 21st of July; while the preponderance of numbers was still upon the Federal side.

The blunders of Pope in this short campaign,—which were almost as numerous as it was possible to make them, —are an instructive study to the commanders of armies. First, it was little short of lunacy to adopt, in Culpepper, a line of operations along the Orange Railroad, and even west of it, which was parallel to the Rapidan, the temporary base of the Confederates, in the presence of such masters of the art of war as Lee and Jackson. Instead of extending his right so far toward Madison, with the preposterous design of turning Gordonsville, upon the west, he should have directed the head of his column toward the lower course of the Rapidan, and perpendicular to it. He would thus have covered his own line of advance; and, if he succeeded in crossing that river, would have uncovered the communications of his adversary, which would then have been by the Central Railroad. Nothing but the delay of Lee's reserves in reaching Raccoon Ford saved Pope here from a disaster far worse than that of Manassas. Second, after retiring across the Rappahannock, which was a measure dictated by so stringent a necessity that a fool could not err therein, he repeated the old but seductive folly of attempting to hold a river as a defensive line, by extending his whole force along its immediate bank to watch and resist the passage of his opponent. Although a

river is, to some extent, a barrier to the assailant attempting to cross it in the face of a force defending it; yet, if the latter consigns itself to the stationary defensive along its banks, the other is always enabled thereby to baffle his vigilance at some one point; or to mass at a single spot a preponderance of force which will more than compensate him for the resistance of the natural obstruction, and break its way over it. Then the barrier, broken at one point, becomes useless, and must be forsaken at all. Such was the result here; the stream was passed above Pope's right before he was in condition to prevent it. His next mistake was in the singular inefficiency of his cavalry, which seems to have been more busy in harrying the hen-roosts of the citizens, than in ascertaining whither the swift-footed Jackson was bent, when he disappeared to the north-west from his position before Warrenton Springs. Thus Pope was left in a shameful ignorance, even after his communications were cut at Bristoe Station, whether it was done by a serious force, or by an audacious incursion of horse. But on the evening of the 27th, at least, he was taught, in a bloody lesson by Ewell, that he had a formidable foe in his rear. The plainest deduction might have convinced him that such a general as Lee would not have placed such a body of infantry and artillery, as he saw grimly confronting him across Broad Run at the close of that combat, so far from its base, without powerful supports.

From that moment the goal of safety for Pope should have been Centreville; and he should have lost no time in concentrating his whole army, by forced marches, to

strike the formidable obstruction from his rear, and secure his retreat thither. There he would have been front to front with his adversary once more, and within reach of the support of M'Clellan, by whose aid he might have advanced again, and quickly resumed his lost ground. But although it is but one march from Warrenton, where his headquarters were, to Manassas, two and a half precious days were wasted between the 26th, when Jackson struck Bristoe, and the 29th, when Longstreet reached his right; and neither was Jackson crushed, nor Thoroughfare Gap effectually held, nor the army safely transferred to Centreville. At mid-day on the 29th, the arrival of Longstreet rendered his fortunes difficult enough; but, as though he were intent to make them desperate, when his left was incommoded by the appearance of Longstreet's column behind it, instead of retiring squarely from his antagonists, keeping his right upon Bull Run, until his left met the support of the approaching column of Fitz-John Porter, from Aquia, he weakly sought to disengage his left, by manœuvring to his right, and again confining his onset to the lines of Jackson. These were skilfully retracted, to lead him into the trap; and the result was, that on the third and decisive day he was compelled to fight with the stream in his immediate rear, and with his whole army enclosed within the limits of the fatal *fourchette*. The Confederates might well pray that such leaders should ever command the armies of their enemies.

This chapter will be closed with a characteristic letter from General Jackson to his wife:—

"*September* 1*st*, 1862.

"We were engaged with the enemy at and near Manassa's Junction Tuesday and Wednesday, and again near the battle-field of Manassa's on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in all of which God was with us, and gave us the victory. All glory be to His holy name! May He ever be with us, is my earnest prayer, and we ever be His devoted people. It greatly encourages me to feel that so many of God's people are praying for that part of our forces under my command. The Lord has answered their prayers; and my trust is in Him, that He will still continue to do so. God, in His providence, has again placed us across Bull Run; and I pray that He will make our arms entirely successful, and that the glory will be given to His holy name, and none of it to man.

"God has blessed and preserved me through His great mercy."

Thus his soul dwelt habitually upon the plain and familiar promises of gospel blessings, with a simplicity of faith like that of the little child. He did not entertain his mind with theological refinements and pretended profundities or novelties, but fed it with those known truths which are the common nourishment of all God's people, wise and simple, and which are, therefore, the greatest truths of redemption. The eminence of his Christian character was not in that he affected to see doctrines unknown or recondite to others; but in this, that he embraced the doctrines common to all, with a faith so entire and prevalent. This character of his religion often sug-

gested to those less spiritually minded than himself the opinion that his was a commonplace understanding. They forgot that it is by receiving the kingdom of God as a little child that we must enter therein. When they met Jackson in council or in action, in his own profession, they soon learned their mistake, and recognised in him the original force and power of true greatness.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

THE Confederates had abundant reason to be satisfied with the results of the summer's operations. With an aggregate of about eighty thousand men in all Virginia, they had rescued the State from the grasp of M'Clellan, with his two hundred and twenty-three thousand. No invaders now polluted its soil, save at the fortified posts along the coast, where they were protected by their overwhelming naval forces, at Alexandria, and at Harper's Ferry, and Martinsburg, in the Great Valley. The powerful expedition of Burnside had been recalled from North Carolina, leaving no fruits of its exertions in the hands of his Government, except the occupation of a few feeble places. The "grand army" had been reduced by battle, desertions, captures, and sickness from its huge proportions, so that M'Clellan was now able to set in the field only ninety thousand men, by concentrating all those parts which had lately outnumbered and oppressed the Confederates, from the extreme west of Maryland to the capes of the Carolinian coast. The grateful people of the South might well exclaim with Jackson, in view of so grand a deliverance: "Behold! what hath God wrought!"

General Lee now determined to pursue his advantages by invading the country of his enemy in turn, and thus giving such occupation to him as would secure to Virginia, during the remainder of the season, a respite from the cruel devastations it had so long suffered. The temper of the South demanded it, swelling with the grief of its mighty wrongs, and hungering for righteous retribution. Wise policy dictated that the soil of Virginia should, if possible, be relieved of the burden of the invading and the patriot armies, which it had so long borne, and that their ravages should be retorted upon the aggressor. Maryland, it was known, had succumbed reluctantly to his yoke, and the hope was entertained that the presence of the southern army would inspirit its people to attempt something in aid of their own liberation; or that, at least, the well-grounded fears of the despot lest their discontent should endanger his Capital, would detain so large a force to defend it and to hold them prostrate, that his army in the field might be defeated upon their own soil, and a successful incursion might carry a wholesome terror into the heart of Pennsylvania. The two veteran divisions of R. H. Anderson and D. H. Hill had now overtaken the main army, diminished indeed by the losses of the peninsular compaign, but in excellent condition. Indeed, the former of these had reached Manassa's plains on the 30th of August, early enough to support Longstreet's centre in its decisive advance against Pope. The fragments of his army, reinforced by M'Clellan, were now ensconced within their lines near Alexandria, under the skilful direction of the latter general; and to attack them there would be attended with too

prodigal a waste of patriot blood. General Lee therefore determined to turn aside and promptly cross the Potomac. But notwithstanding the accessions he had just received, he was made conscious, in the very attempt, of that cruel disparity of means and numbers which robbed the Confederates of the larger part of the fruits of their heroism. The invasion of Maryland, he well knew, would stimulate that recruiting of the depleted armies of the enemy, which their population made so easy; while he could expect no material increase of his force. They would operate along great railroads, and sustain their troops with a lavish supply of transportation, stores, and ammunition, from their vast depôts just at hand. He had now left his railroad communication far behind, and must provide for the wants of his army with scanty trains of waggons; while ordnance, clothing, and shoes were deficient, and impossible to obtain in adequate quantities. No generals, therefore, ever adopted a bolder project than that of Lee and Jackson, or executed it with greater promptitude. The battle of Ox Hill ended at nightfall, September 1st, amidst thunder, tempest, and a deluge of rain. On the 2d the last remains of the beaten Federals were whipped in under the shelter of their ramparts. On the 3d the Confederate army was upon the march for the fords of the Potomac!

The invasion determined on, two places offered themselves to General Lee for penetrating into Maryland. If he removed his army directly across the Blue Ridge to the Lower Valley, he could easily brush away the force which occupied Martinsburg; when the valley of central Pennsylvania would lie open before him, and his own line of

communication could be established with the Central Virginia Railroad at Staunton, along that still abundant country. Or else he might cross the Potomac between the Federal fortifications and the Blue Ridge, and entering the middle regions of Maryland, proceed as the movements of the enemy should indicate. He adopted the latter plan. His purpose was first to draw the Federal army from the Virginian bank by violently threatening their Capital and Baltimore, from the other side, so that his field hospitals at Manassa's Plains, his own communications toward Orange, and the important work of removing his prisoners, wounded, and spoils from the scene of his late triumphs might be relieved from their incursions for a season. He also hoped that when the head of his great column began to insinuate itself between Washington and Harper's Ferry, the Federal detachment at the latter place would act upon the obvious dictate of the military art, evacuate that place to him without a struggle, and retire into communication with their friends; thus clearing his left of that annoyance. His purpose was then to move toward Western Maryland and Central Pennsylvania, establish his communications with the valley of Virginia, and drawing the Federalists afar from their base at Washington, fight them beyond the mountains. He therefore put the army in motion, September the 3d, with the cavalry of Stuart and the fresh division of D. H. Hill in front, followed by the corps of Jackson, which still formed the body of the advanced force. He marched to Drainsville that day, and to Leesburg, the county-seat of Loudoun, the 4th of September. On the 5th, the corps passed the Potomac, at White's Ford, near

Edwards' Ferry, a few miles distant, just below the scene of the bloody repulse of Ball's Bluff, and established themselves upon the soil of Maryland without opposition. At this place the great river spreads itself out to the width of more than half a mile, over a pebbly and level bed; and its floods, reduced in volume by the summer heats, were but two or three feet deep. The infantry, and even the cannoneers, passed by wading through the water. All day long the column poured across, belting the shining river with a thin, dark line; and as the feet of the men were planted upon the northern bank, they uttered their enthusiasm in hearty cheers. Many a gallant man who now touched that soil was destined to sleep, till the last day, within it, in a stranger's grave. The first care of the Confederates, after gaining the northern bank, was to interrupt the navigation of the canal effectually, by destroying its locks and opening the embankments, so that the waters escaped and left its bed dry. Jackson then advanced northward, and on the 6th of September occupied the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the flourishing town of Frederick. The arrival of the Confederates in Maryland awakened in a part of the population a faint glow of enthusiasm. A committee of citizens met General Jackson with the present of a costly horse, and a few hundreds of the young men enlisted in the patriot army. But the opinions of the people in the upper regions of the State were divided, and the major part merely acquiesced in the occupation of the country with a truckling caution. General Jackson employed the most stringent measures against straggling, and every outrage; and established in the town

a police so strict, that its citizens were almost unconscious of the inconveniencies of hostile occupation. Two appearances were now manifest in strong contrast, which have not failed to re-appear at every return of the Confederate army to the northern soil; on their part a generous forbearance and respect for private rights, almost incredible in men who had left their own homes desolated by outrages so diabolical; and on the part of the so-called Union population, a disgusting brutality, which declared itself incompetent even to comprehend their magnanimity, by imputing it uniformly to fear.

All direct communication between Washington and Harper's Ferry was now severed. The first effect which General Lee hoped from his movement was immediately gained. M'Clellan, who was placed by the verbal request of Lincoln in supreme command, began at once to withdraw his troops to the north bank of the Potomac; and the Confederate rear was delivered from all serious annoyance, save the insults of flying parties of cavalry. The other consequence, the evacuation of Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, would also have followed, if the sound discretion of M'Clellan had prevailed. No sooner had he fully discovered General Lee's drift, than he requested of Halleck that the troops there and at Harper's Ferry, useless and in peril where they were, should be withdrawn and brought into connexion with him. His advice was disregarded, and the speedy capture of both those detachments evinced at once the soundness of his counsel and the soundness of General Lee's expectation, that his advance on Frederick ought naturally to result in the peaceable occupation of

Harper's Ferry by the Confederates. The blunder of the Federalists in remaining there did, indeed, exert an unforeseen and indirect influence in favour of their army, as will appear in the sequel; but, as it was one which was not designed by either Halleck or M'Clellan, it does not acquit the former of these generals from the charge of an error of judgment. This commander was now seized with a panic for the safety of Washington, which obfuscated his own senses, and obstructed, for a time, every effort of M'Clellan to act with vigour against the invaders. He was haunted with the fear that the march into Maryland was a feint,—that only a small detachment was there, while the bulk of their army was somehow hidden away in some *limbus* in the woods of Fairfax, whence the terrible Jackson would suddenly emerge, seize the lines of Arlington while denuded of their defenders, and thunder with his cannon upon the White House. Again, he imagined that he would suddenly recross the Potomac somewhere in the mountains, march down its southern bank, pass it a third time below M'Clellan's army, and, approaching Washington by its north side, capture the place, with the precious persons of the President and his minions before the latter general could turn about. A few days after, when he heard that Jackson was indeed passing to the south side of the Potomac at Williamsport, a hundred miles away, he was sure that the catastrophe was at hand. Hence, he detained M'Clellan in his march; he entreated him not to proceed far from the Capital; he warned him to look well to his endangered left. These fancies of the *Generalissimo* are of interest only as showing the convic-

tion of Jackson's enemies, that there was nothing that was not within reach of his rapid audacity, and as evincing how happily his prowess confounded their counsels.

These uncertain and dilatory movements of the enemy gave General Jackson a respite from the 6th to the 10th of September, at Frederick, which he improved in resting and refitting his command. The day after his arrival was the Sabbath. Such was the order and discipline of the invading army, that all the churches were opened, and the people attended their worship, with their wives and children, as in profound peace. Jackson himself appeared in the German Reformed Church, as a devout worshipper. He expressed to his wife his lively delight in participating in the divine service again, after so many weeks of privation, with a regular Christian assembly, and in a commodious temple consecrated to God.

Meantime his cavalry, under the gallant Colonel Munford, with some supporting force, observed the approaches of the enemy on the side of Washington. This officer, who had just distinguished himself on the plains of Manassas in the most brilliant cavalry charge of the war, skirmished daily with the enemy's advance; and, as their masses began to press more heavily upon him, fell back toward Frederick. The whole Confederate army had arrived there, and was encamped near the town. General Lee now assembled his leading generals in council, to devise a plan of operations for the approaching shock of arms. Harper's Ferry had not been evacuated, as he hoped. His first design of withdrawing his army in a body towards Western Maryland, for the purpose of

threatening Pennsylvania, and fighting M'Clellan upon ground of his own selection, was now beset with this difficulty : that its execution would leave the garrison at Harper's Ferry to re-open their communications with their friends, to receive an accession of strength, and to sit upon his flank, threatening his new line of supply up the valley of Virginia. Two other plans remained : the one was to leave Harper's Ferry to itself for the present, to concentrate the whole army in a good position, and fight M'Clellan as he advanced. The other was to withdraw the army west of the mountains, as at first designed, but by different routes, embracing the reduction of Harper's Ferry by a rapid combination in this movement ; and then to re-assemble the whole at some favourable position in that region, for the decisive struggle with M'Clellan. The former was advocated by Jackson ; he feared lest the other system of movements should prove too complex for realizing that punctual and complete concentration which sound policy required. The latter, being preferred by the Commander-in-Chief, was adopted. It would be unjust to point to its partial results as proof of superior sagacity in Jackson, for the impartial reader would remember that the plan of his preference was never tried ; and, if it had been, the test of experiment might have shown that it also was only capable of imperfect success. It should be added, that the execution of the plan which was actually adopted was marred, in some measure, by the untimely disclosure of it to the enemy. Either project was bold, and its execution would have been delicate and hazardous. The purposes of General Lee cannot be so clearly set forth

in any way as by the order which unfolded them to his lieutenants, issued at Frederick, September 9th :—

"The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown with such portion as he may select, will take the route towards Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

"General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonesborough, where it will halt with the reserve, supply, and baggage trains of the army.

"General M'Laws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland heights, and endeavour to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and its vicinity.

"General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudoun heights, if practicable, by Friday morning; Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General M'Laws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

"General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear-guard

of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance, and supply-trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

"General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson, and M'Laws; and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army, and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

"The commands of Generals Jackson, M'Laws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonesborough or Hagerstown."

It will be seen that the advance was again committed to General Jackson, together with the task of making the longer circuit, and reducing Harper's Ferry. On the morning of Wednesday, September 10th, he set out, and marched across the mountains to Boonesborough. The next day, leaving Hagerstown on his right, General Jackson marched to Williamsport; and crossing the Potomac at that place, re-entered Virginia a full day's march west of Harper's Ferry. Then, dividing his forces, he sent General A. P. Hill on the direct road to Martinsburg; while he, with the other two divisions, moved to the North Mountain Depôt, the nearest station west of that town. The object of these movements was to prevent the garrison of Martinsburg from escaping by the west or north. Their commander, Brigadier-General White, finding no other outlet, deserted the place on the approach of the Confederates, and retired to Harper's Ferry. They entered Martinsburg on the morning of the 12th of Sep-

tember, and found many valuable stores abandoned by the enemy. By the patriotic part of the population of this oppressed town General Jackson was received with an uncontrollable outburst of enthusiasm. He was now in his own military district again,—his beloved valley; and he appeared among the astonished and delighted people almost as a visitor from the skies. The females, especially, to whom his purity and domestic virtue made him as dear as his lofty chivalry, crowded around him with their affectionate greetings; while the foremost besieged him for some little souvenir. Blushing with embarrassment, he said, 'Really, ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded by the enemy;' and disengaged himself from them. Allotting scanty time to the indulgence of this popular emotion, he pressed forward the same day toward Harper's Ferry, and approached it from the west at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 13th. His two partners in the enterprise, Generals M'Laws and Walker, had not yet arrived; and it is striking evidence of his celerity, that while they had but the distance of a day's march to traverse, he completed a circuit of more than sixty miles, and arrived first. 'Placing his signal officer upon a conspicuous eminence, he began immediately to question the neighbouring heights of Loudoun and Maryland, but received no response. He then sent by couriers; and, during the night of the 13th, received answer that General M'Laws had succeeded in seizing the Maryland heights, after a spirited and successful combat, about half-past four o'clock P.M., while General Walker

had the same evening occupied the Loudoun heights with two regiments without opposition.

The village of Harper's Ferry has already been described as occupying the angle between the Potomac and Shenandoah, where these two rivers unite, immediately before their passage through the gorge of the Blue Ridge. The town ascends, in a rambling fashion, a ridge which fills the space between the two rivers, and which is itself almost a mountain. This range of highlands, known as Bolivar heights, upon its reverse presents a regular acclivity, looking toward the south-west over the open country of the valley, which extends from the Shenandoah to the Potomac. The former stream separates them from the Loudoun heights, and across the latter they are confronted by the Maryland heights. Along the crest of Bolivar heights the Federalists had constructed a defensive line of earthworks, with heavy abattis, and many batteries of artillery. On the morning of September 14th, General Jackson placed himself in communication with his associates, and taking the chief direction as senior officer, proceeded to dispose everything for the capture of the place with its entire garrison. Brigadier-General Walker carried four rifled cannon to the crest of Loudoun heights, supported by a portion of his infantry; while with the remainder he guarded the roads by which the enemy might seek to escape eastward. Major-General M'Laws established himself in Pleasant Valley, a mountain vale embraced between the main crest of the Blue Ridge, and a subsidiary range parallel to it on the west, known as Elk Ridge. It is the southern promontory of

this which, immediately overlooking the river and village, is known as Maryland heights. After seizing this commanding position, as has been related, he devoted the night of the 13th and the forenoon of the 14th to constructing a road along the crest of Elk Ridge, by which cannon could be carried out upon its southern extremity. By two o'clock P.M. four pieces of artillery were established there, with great labour, overlooking the whole town and a part of the enemy's works on Bolivar heights. The remainder of General M'Laws' force was employed in watching the outlets from Harper's Ferry down the Potomac, where the main road, the railroad, and the canal passed under the mountain's foot, and to guarding his rear against the approach of the heavy force of M'Clellan; who sought to raise the siege by pressing him from the north. But while the guns of M'Laws and Walker upon the mountains now rendered the town untenable to the Federalists, they could not dislodge them from their main line upon Bolivar heights; and here, it was plain, they would cling, in the hope of being relieved by M'Clellan, until the place was actually forced. So that the main struggle, after all, fell to the corps of General Jackson. He directed the division of Hill toward the Shenandoah, and that of Taliaferro, under Brigadier-General J. R. Jones, to the banks of the Potomac. The division of Ewell, under Brigadier-General Lawton, marched upon the Charlestown turnpike, and supported Hill. On the 14th General Jackson, observing an eminence upon the extreme right of the enemy's line, and next the Potomac, occupied only by horsemen, directed the Stonewall Brigade, under Colonel

Grigsby, to seize it. This was done without much difficulty; and the hill was at once crowned by the batteries of Poague and Carpenter. On his right, a similar operation, of still greater importance, was happily effected by General A. P. Hill. Perceiving an elevated piece of ground (whence the Federal position along Bolivar heights could be enfiladed at the distance of only a thousand yards), which seemed to be defended by infantry behind a heavy abattis without artillery, Hill sent three brigades under General Pender to storm it. This was effected in most gallant style, and with slight loss. During the night, Major Walker, director of his artillery, by indefatigable exertions carried several batteries to the position thus won; while the remainder of the infantry of the division, availing themselves of the darkness, and the precipitous ravines which descend to the Shenandoah, insinuated themselves down its left bank, and took post in rear of the enemy's left. By these dispositions the fate of the garrison was sealed. But General Jackson, to make sure of his work, also directed his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, to pass eleven pieces of artillery from Ewell's division across the Shenandoah, and establish them upon its right bank, so as to take a part of the Federal line in reverse. To the division of Ewell was assigned the front attack, in the centre.

This arrangement of the Confederate forces has been described in its completeness, because there is no more beautiful instance in the whole history of the military art, of a grand combination, absolutely complete and punctual, irrevocably deciding the struggle before it was begun, and

yielding a perfect result, which left nothing more to be desired. In the afternoon of the 14th, the guns of M'Laws and Walker, upon the two mountains, had given the enemy a foretaste of their overthrow, by silencing their batteries nearer the Potomac, and searching the whole encampment and barracks with their shells at will. But Jackson was now ready also; and at dawn on the 15th he proceeded to give to his adversary the *coup de grace*. He ordered all the different batteries to open at once. M'Laws and Walker plunged their shot among the Federal masses from the heights; Poague and Carpenter scourged their right with a resistless fire; Lawton advanced to the attack with artillery and infantry in front; and the enfilading batteries of General Hill and Colonel Crutchfield swept their men from the ramparts by a storm of projectiles. After an hour of furious cannonading, all the Federal batteries were silenced. General Jackson had directed that at this signal Hill should instantly advance, and storm the place upon the right. His brigades were just moving, the gallant Pender again in front, supported by two advanced batteries, when amidst the surges of smoke a white flag was seen waving from a prominent height within the town. Hill arrested the tempest of battle at once; and sending an officer to ascertain the purpose of the enemy to surrender, soon after entered the town, and received the submission of its commander. The senior officer present, Colonel Miles, had just fallen by a mortal wound; Brigadier-General White, the next in command, surrendered at discretion, with a garrison of eleven thousand men, seventy-three pieces of artillery, thirteen thousand stand of small

arms, a great number of waggons and horses, and a vast accumulation of stores of every description. When General Hill entered the place, all was confusion and panic, and the defenders had already lost every appearance of subordination.

General Jackson granted most liberal terms to the prisoners, although they had placed themselves at his will. The officers were dismissed with their side-arms and personal effects, upon their parole, and waggons, with horses, lent them to remove their baggage to the Federal lines. The privates also were disarmed, and released upon parole. The force of General Lee was too small to permit, at this critical hour, the detachment of men to conduct them into the interior. This magnificent capture confirmed the judgment of General Joseph E. Johnston, who decided in 1861 that Harper's Ferry was an untenable position for a garrison menaced by a large army. The only resource for the Federal commander, when he saw his enemies approaching, was a retreat to the Maryland heights. These commanded the Loudoun heights, as they, in turn, commanded the village. He should have retreated thither at the beginning with his light artillery, destroyed his stores, and broken up the bridges between himself and Harper's Ferry. That place would have then been as untenable to Jackson as it had been to him, and he would have speedily restored communication between himself and M'Clellan, who was approaching from the north.

The surrender of Harper's Ferry was received at nine o'clock A.M., the 15th of September. General Jackson, assigning to Hill the receiving of the captured persons

and property, immediately resumed his march to rejoin General Lee at Sharpsburg with his two remaining divisions. By a toilsome night march, he reached that place on the morning of Tuesday, September 16th. He also ordered M'Laws and Walker to descend, pass through Harper's Ferry, and follow him. The Commander-in-Chief was now demanding their presence with urgency. To understand its cause, other lines of events must be resumed.

On the 12th of September, the advance of M'Clellan's grand army having discovered that all the Confederates had left Frederick, ventured to enter the place. The next day, a copy of General Lee's order, directing the movements of his whole army, which had been unfortunately dropped in the town, was discovered, and sent to the Federal general. Satisfied at once of its authenticity, he perceived that he now had the clue for which he had been groping so cautiously, and determined to disregard the groundless fears of the despotism at Washington, and to press the Confederates henceforward with vigour. He saw correctly that celerity of movement might now make him master of the situation, and adopted a plan of operations dictated by the highest skill. This was to push his great army westward as rapidly as possible by several parallel routes, so near together as to render a concentration on either rapid and easy; to feel all the passes across the mountain which were held by Lee, and, as soon as he effected an entrance at any, to collect his whole force beyond that barrier between the Confederates near Harper's Ferry and the other wing, supposed to be tending

toward Hagerstown; to crush the former first, delivering the beleaguered garrison, and then turn upon the latter. That all this was not effected, was due to the surprising promptitude with which Jackson reduced Harper's Ferry, and to the heroic tenacity of M'Laws and D. H. Hill in holding the Pleasant Valley and Boonsborough Gap against him, until the Confederate army could be concentrated. On the 14th, the Federal left wing, in great force, under General Franklin, forced Crampton's Gap, by which M'Laws had approached Harper's Ferry. But when they passed the first crest of the mountain, they found M'Laws, with a strong rear-guard, drawn up across the Pleasant Valley with so bold a front that they feared both to attack him and to expose their flank by proceeding farther west. Here Franklin lost a day invaluable to his commander, by pausing to confront M'Laws, until the fall of Harper's Ferry on the 15th opened to the latter a safe exit, by which he retired toward the appointed rendezvous. On the 14th of September, also, the remainder of the Federal army, moving from Frederick by the main road toward Boonsborough, hurled its vast masses all day against D. H. Hill, in the mountain pass in front of that place. This determined soldier held his ground with less than five thousand men, when General Longstreet, coming to his support in the afternoon, sustained the onset until night-fall. They then withdrew their divisions toward Sharpsburg, under favour of the darkness, and arrived at that position on the 15th, while their enemies pursued sluggishly; bravely resisted by the cavalry of FitzHugh Lee. In the combat of Boonsborough Gap, M'Clellan, with that

usual exaggeration of the numbers of his enemy to which his timid temperament inclined him, placed the force of D. H. Hill at fifteen thousand, and that of Longstreet at as many more. A large portion of his army arrived in front of the Confederate position at Sharpsburg on the same day with them, and he might have immediately attacked with the prospect of overwhelming the three divisions opposed to him. But the absence of Franklin, with his whole left wing, which was detained in Pleasant Valley by M'Laws, the cumbrous size of his vast and sluggish host, and his own caution, consumed both that day and the 16th. Then two divisions of the corps of Jackson and that of General Walker were in position, and the hope of beating the Southern army in detail was at an end.

The position selected by General Lee for his final concentration is marked by the little village of Sharpsburg, a cluster of German farm-houses, which had spent its quiet existence amidst the hills and woods, dreaming little of the fame which was to connect its name for ever with the greatest battle of this gigantic campaign. It is situated at the intersection of six roads, two and a half miles east of the Potomac, and one mile west of Antietam Creek, a picturesque mill-stream, which descends from the north, and separates between the rolling hills of the great valley, and the long sloping ridges which form the western bases of the Blue Ridge, or South Mountain. The roads which centre at the village lead southward to Harper's Ferry, northward to Hagerstown, westward to Shepherdstown, upon the Virginian shore of the Potomac, eastward to

Boonsborough, and south-eastward to Pleasant Valley. It was by the last two that M'Clellan's army approached; and these highways passed the Antietam upon substantial bridges of stone; while other practicable crossings, above and below, were offered by fords and country roads of less note. The country around Sharpsburg is elevated and rolling, with woods, fields, farm-houses, and orchards interspersed, divided by stone fences, and scarred here and there with ledges of limestone, which project a few feet from the soil. It offered, therefore, a strong defensive position for an army receiving the attack of its enemies; but the ground lay under two grave objections, of which the one was, that this army had the Potomac in its immediate rear; and the other, that its lines were almost enfiladed by the heavy rifled artillery of the assailants, posted upon the ascending ridges which rose from the eastern margin of the Antietam toward the mountain. Here, however, General Lee began the formation of his line of battle on the 15th of September, by placing the divisions of D. H. Hill, Longstreet, and Hood upon the range of hills in front of Sharpsburg, and overlooking Antietam Creek. His line was nearly parallel to this stream, and had Longstreet upon the right and Hill upon the left of the road which led to Boonsborough; while Hood's two brigades, stationed upon the left of Hill, extended that wing to the highway leading to Hagerstown. The evening of that day was expended by the Federalists in feeble reconnaissances. But on the morning of the 16th they were evidently busy in posting their batteries, and disposing their vast masses for a pitched battle. At mid-day General Jackson arrived,

with the two divisions under the command of Brigadier-Generals Jones and Lawton, and, after granting his men a few hours' repose, took position on the left of Hood, nearly filling the space between the Hagerstown road and the Potomac. To rest his extreme left in the neighbourhood of the river, he was compelled to retract it somewhat from the direct line. This exposed him to two inconveniences, —that his position was thereby more completely enfiladed by hostile batteries in front of his right, and that space was thus left between him and the Antietam for the collecting of a heavy force of the Federalists before his left, and on the hither side of that barrier. But no other choice was left him; the vast numbers of M'Clellan would otherwise have enabled that general to swing around between his extreme left and the river. General Walker, arriving with his two brigades a little after Jackson, was posted on the right of Longstreet. After spending the day in a heavy but useless cannonade, M'Clellan advanced to the assault about sunset on the 16th, and attacked the two brigades of Hood, on the left of the centre, in great numbers. These veteran commands received the onset with firmness, and inflicted serious loss upon the assailants. The combat continued far into the night, and was suspended without result; when Hood's troops were relieved by the brigades of Trimble and Lawton, from the division of Ewell (now commanded by Lawton), that they might have a much-needed respite during the night, to prepare food and replenish their ammunition. The two divisions of Jackson now occupied the whole left, from that of D. H. Hill forth, and the command of Hood became the reserve. Thus the

troops lay down upon their arms, with the skirmishers immediately confronting the lines of the enemy, and sought such repose as they might, amidst the alarms of a continual dropping fire.

The morning of the 17th of September dawned with all the mellow splendour of the American autumn; but scarcely had the sun arisen, when its quiet and beauty were obscured by the thunders and smoke of a terrific cannonade, which burst from the whole Federal line. The plan of M'Clellan's battle was, to advance his right first, under the lead of Generals Hooker and Mansfield, who had already made a lodgment west of the Antietam, to overpower the Confederate left, and then to sweep down the stream, taking the remainder of General Lee's line in reverse, and forcing it simultaneously by a front attack. To effect the first part of this design, he hurled against the left the corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, containing, by his own statement, forty-four thousand combatants, and supported by five or six batteries of rifled artillery from his reserves, besides the numerous guns attached directly to their movements. But so far was this force from proving adequate to his purpose, he relates that the corps of Franklin, then numbering twelve thousand men, was necessarily brought up as a reserve, and a part of it engaged, to prevent the Confederates from retorting his assault upon their left by a serious disaster. Thus the post of danger and of glory again fell to the devoted corps of Jackson The divisions present were now diminished by battle, straggling, and overpowering fatigues, to an aggregate of less than seven thousand men. With this

little band, supported by five thousand reserves under Hood and M'Laws', of whom the latter only arrived from Harper's Ferry in the crisis of the battle, did Jackson hold his ground throughout the day, and breast every onset of the deluge of enemies. His dispositions have already been described in part. The brigades of Lawton and Trimble were between the Hagerstown road and the command of D. H. Hill. On the left of these, and parallel to that road, was the division of Jones. The brigades of Early and Hayes were at first detached to support the horse-artillery of General Stuart, who, with a portion of his cavalry, had seized an elevated hill distant nearly a mile from the infantry, whence he proposed to threaten the extreme right of the Federalists. Hayes was immediately recalled from this movement to the support of Lawton's brigade, leaving Early to guard the batteries of Stuart. This general, finding that the wide interval between him and General Jackson's left allowed the intrusion of the enemy, almost immediately removed his guns to a height somewhat farther to the rear, and nearer to his friends. From this position he rendered essential service, not only in guarding their flank, but in repulsing the onsets of the Federalists, by a spirited cannonade. But the advance of their infantry had begun simultaneously with the furious fire of their batteries, and by sunrise the skirmishers were hotly engaged in the woods east of the Hagerstown road. Very soon the Confederates were driven out, and the position was occupied by large masses of Federal infantry, with several batteries of artillery, which assailed the Confederate line in front, while the rifled guns in the distance raked

them with a murderous fire from their right. But under this double ordeal the veterans of Jackson stood firm, and returned the fire, inflicting a terrible slaughter upon their enemies. For more than an hour this unequal contest raged with unabated fury. The brigade of Hayes was speedily called from the second line into the first. General Lawton, commanding the division, was severely wounded. Colonel Douglass, leading his brigade, was killed. Colonel Walker, commanding Trimble's brigade, was wounded and unhorsed. General J. R. Jones, commanding the old division of Jackson, was compelled to leave the field, and the gallant General Starke, succeeding him, was immediately slain. Trimble's brigade had one-third, and the others half their men *hors de combat;* and four out of five of their field officers were killed or wounded. The whole line was speedily reduced to a shattered remnant, which still fought with invincible tenacity, from hillock to hillock, and ledge to ledge, as they retired. It was in this terrific crisis that General Jackson commanded Hood to return to the front and relieve the division of Lawton, and recalled Early with his brigade, to assume the command vacated by the wounding of the latter. With his accustomed prowess, the heroic Texan rushed forward against the teeming multitudes of the enemy, and stayed the tide of battle. His two little brigades engaged five times their own numbers, and in a deadly grapple, of several hours' duration, drove them steadily back a quarter of a mile, and re-established the Confederate lines. After firing away all his cartridges, he caused his men to replenish their supply from the slain of both armies, and still main-

tained the struggle, until the Federalists, about mid-day, remitted their exertions.

But General Early brought other succours to the failing line at the same time with Hood. Marching his brigade by its right flank over sheltered ground in the rear of the Confederate lines, he brought it, at the moment when the division of Starke was almost overpowered, to their assistance. They had been driven from the Hagerstown road, across an elevated field, and into a wood beyond, where the dauntless Colonels Grigsby and Stafford were endeavouring to rally a few score of their brigades. The Federalists had already posted a battery in the road; and, thinking the left successfully turned, were advancing heavy columns of infantry against both the right and the left of the ground which Early had just assumed. Informing General Jackson of his critical position, he assigned to Colonel Grigsby the task of holding the left column in check for a few moments, and moved his own brigade farther to the right, so as to confront the other, concealed from them by the undulations of the ground. Having gained the desired position, he suddenly disclosed his line, advanced, and attacked them with fury. They gave way before him, and he pursued them with great slaughter to the road. At this opportune moment the brigades of General M'Laws began to arrive to his support,—Kershaw and Barksdale upon his right, and Semmes upon his left. The Federal column, threatening that part of his line, had just come far enough to endanger his left flank and rear, as he advanced against the routed enemy in his front. Early therefore arrested his men in the ardour of their

pursuit, changed his front, and advanced upon this second body of enemies, in conjunction with Semmes, Grigsby, and Stafford. By this combined attack they were swept summarily, with great loss, from the woods, and the lines were finally restored. At the same time, the other brigades of M'Laws were advanced on Early's right with admirable skill and spirit, by their commander, and drove the enemy across the woods and fields for half a mile, strewing the ground with killed and wounded. The whole of General Jackson's line was then re-established by the united troops of Hood, M'Laws, and Early; and the conflict of the infantry sunk into a desultory skirmish of outposts. But the baffled Federalists kept up, during the remainder of the day, a furious cannonade upon his position, under which his men lay quiet behind the hillocks, rocky ledges, and fences, suffering but little loss. The share of his wearied troops in the glories of the day was now completed. In the afternoon, indeed, instructed by the Commander-in-Chief, he made an attempt to effect a diversion in favour of his comrades upon the right and centre, by attacking the extreme right of the Federalists in conjunction with General Stuart. But their lines were found to extend so near the Potomac, and to be so fortified with artillery, that the experiment was relinquished. During this terrible conflict General Jackson exposed his life with his customary imperturbable bravery, riding among his batteries and directing their fire, and communicating his own indomitable spirit to his men. Yet he said to a Christian comrade that on no day of battle had he ever felt so calm an assurance that he should be pre-

served from all personal harm through the protection of his Heavenly Father.

While M'Clellan was accumulating his chief strength against the Confederate left, he was also diligently preparing for an attack in force upon the centre, by feeling its lines with a heavy artillery fire. No sooner had the tempest exhausted its fury upon Jackson than it burst upon D. H. Hill and Longstreet with almost equal violence; but it was met with the same determined resistance. To describe its course would lead the reader over a precisely parallel story of fourfold numbers, resisted by the thin Confederate lines with a sublime heroism which supplied every defect of force; of the lamentable martyrdom of devoted officers and men, but avenged by bloody slaughters of the assailants; of shattered brigades reduced to handfuls, and of fearful onslaughts, turned back by the rally of these unconquerable men, when the effort seemed almost madness. At one moment he would see vast masses of the enemy pouring through a breach in the single line of Hill, and about to seize the very key of the Confederate position, arrested and turned back by that general with four field-pieces, and a few hundreds of bayonets, rallied from several broken brigades. At another, he would see Longstreet sitting alone upon his horse, near a battery of four field-pieces, which was supported by the North Carolina regiment of Cooke, without a single cartridge, and thus confronting and beating back a whole line of battle.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, M'Clellan transferred his attack to the Confederate right, and attempted with

the corps of Burnside to force the bridge over the Antietam, leading from the Pleasant Valley. This was immediately defended by several batteries, and two regiments of General Toombs's Georgia brigade, stationed near the stream. These troops held the enemy's advance in check until they had passed the stream in great numbers below, when they were necessarily withdrawn, to avoid capture. Burnside now crossed the bridge in great force, and attacked Longstreet's right, under General D. R. Jones, forcing him from the range of hills which commanded the approaches. An advance of a few hundred yards more would have given the enemy control of the roads leading from Sharpsburg to the Potomac; but here also, through the providence of the Commander-in-Chief, timely succour was at hand. The remaining division of General Jackson's corps, under General A. P. Hill, having been ordered up from Harper's Ferry, had just reached the field, and was now sent to the support of the right wing. This general, advancing four of his brigades, with his batteries, attacked the Federalists, flushed with confidence, but disordered by the rapidity of their advance, and immediately arrested their career. Assailed in flank by Toombs, and in front by Branch, Gregg, and Archer, they wavered, broke, and fled in confusion to the banks of the Antietam, where they sought protection under the fire of the numerous artillery upon the opposite hills. In this splendid combat two thousand men of Hill's division, assisted by the brigade of Toombs, routed the fourteen thousand of Burnside, and drove them under the shelter of M'Clellan's reserves.

The general was now compelled to pass from the aggres-

sive to the defensive, and was happy to be able to prevent the Confederates from crossing the bridge in turn, forcing back his left, and separating him from the mountain base, which he destined for his refuge in case of disaster. To the anxious appeals of Burnside for more men and more guns to meet "the overpowering odds" against him, he had no reply to give. Contenting themselves with posting their beaten infantry and their artillery so as to contest the passage of Hill, they awaited the night, which speedily came to their assistance. With this affair the bloody day was closed. The two armies held the same positions which they occupied when it began, save that in the centre the Confederate line was retracted about two hundred yards. In no battle of the war had the shock of arms been so violent as in this, or the cannonade so terrible. On both sides portions of the forces engaged were almost totally disintegrated by the fury of the struggle. The whole organized remainder of brigades appeared in the form of a few companies, and divisions were reduced to the size of regiments.

The exhaustion of the Confederates forbade the thought of following up their successes. But had they been stronger, the adroit position of M'Clellan gave them little encouragement to attempt it. He was able to place the Antietam in his front, and to occupy upon the eastern side ground of commanding height. Had he been forced back from this, he would have retired to ranges of hills still more elevated, whence his numerous and powerful artillery would have been employed with still more fatal effect; and had he been defeated, this would only have driven

him to the mountain, where he would have been unassailable. But on the morning after the battle, General Lee firmly awaited another attack in his first position. His army had been recruited already by the return of thousands of the foot-sore and the stragglers to their ranks, and he was nothing loth to try conclusions again, upon the same ground, with his gigantic adversary. M'Clellan had no stomach whatever for another wrestle of the sort he had just escaped; and thus, during the 18th, the two adversaries stood at bay, and busied themselves in burying their dead and removing their wounded. In the afternoon, General Lee, learning that M'Clellan was about to receive large accessions of fresh troops, and having no corresponding increase of his own strength in prospect, determined to re-cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown. As soon as the darkness set in this movement was commenced, and was continued all night. The trains, the artillery, the wounded, were passed safely over; while the troops forded the shallow stream in a continuous column. Nothing was left to the enemy except a few hundred wounded men, whose sufferings would have been aggravated by their removal, and a few disabled guns and caissons. The corps of General Jackson now brought up the rear; and its passage was not completed until 10 o'clock A.M. on the 19th. For hours he was seen seated upon his horse in the middle of the river, as motionless as a statue, watching the passage of his faithful men; nor did he leave this station until the last man and the last carriage had touched the southern shore. He then retired with his troops; and having made suitable dispositions for guarding the fords, sought en-

campments for them, where they might find the much needed repose.

When M'Clellan perceived that the Confederates had retired he began to claim the battle of Sharpsburg as a glorious victory. He forgot that at Malvern Hill he had also claimed a splendid victory because he was permitted to do something similar to that which General Lee had now done, except that it was less successful. There he had stood on the defensive, in the position of his choice; he had beaten off the assailants with a loss equal to his own; he had held his ground, in the main, until the close of the battle; and he had then stolen off in the darkness, leaving his enemy to bury his dead, and to care for many of his wounded. Here General Lee had received the attacks of his foe in his chosen position; had repelled them all with enormous slaughter; had slept upon his own ground; had sent his wounded to the rear; had buried his dead, save where the impetuosity of his victorious men had carried them into the enemy's line; had offered battle defiantly on the succeeding day; and, after this, had retired at his leisure, and unmolested. If Malvern Hill was a victory for M'Clellan, by parity of reasoning Sharpsburg was more a victory for Lee. But the Confederates did not claim it as a decisive victory, for it did not gain them the main object for which it was fought. It has been said that this object was gained, for it was the whole end of the battle to win a safe exit out of Maryland, after the brilliant capture of Harper's Ferry. This statement is incorrect. The evening of the day on which Harper's Ferry fell, more than half of the army was safely

out of Maryland, the corps of Jackson, and the divisions of M'Laws, Anderson, and Walker; it was necessary for them to re-enter Maryland, in order to fight at Sharpsburg. Nor is it true that their return was necessary to extricate the remaining divisions of Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and Jones. These crossed the Antietam to Sharpsburg with impunity, in the face of M'Clellan's huge host, during the forenoon of September 15th, and the onset upon them did not begin in earnest until the dawn of the 17th. Surely the same skill and firmness might have conducted them in safety four miles farther across the Potomac to Shepherdstown. The battle of Sharpsburg was fought by the Confederates, not to purchase a secure retreat, but to open their way for triumphant invasion; to redeem their offers of aid to oppressed Maryland; to conquer a peace, by defeating their opponents upon their own soil. This truth displays at once the daring and hardihood of General Lee's conceptions, and his confidence in the prowess of his army. He believed them capable of everything, and so was not afraid to require of them the greatest things.

In the daring policy of delivering this battle, General Jackson had emphatically concurred with him upon his arrival from Harper's Ferry in advance of his corps. When the Commander-in-Chief determined to withdraw across the Potomac again, he also approved this movement; but added that, in view of all the circumstances, it was better to have fought the battle in Maryland than to have left it without a struggle. In the larger part of this admirable army, it may be truly said, his confidence was justly reposed; but in this instance he exacted of them that of

which human nature was scarcely capable. The marches and combats which introduced the great day of Sharpsburg exhausted the strength of the men in advance. Many were absent, because they were unable to march with deficient rations, and ill shod; and many others, who had faithfully dragged their weary limbs to the field, had neither strength of muscle nor animal spirits for its duties. This army, jaded, foot-sore, and half famished, was sustained under the toils of the bloody day only by its lofty principle and its devotion to its leaders. To their adversaries even, they appeared wan and haggard, albeit they were as terrible as hungry wolves. Men among them were seen, while advancing to the charge through orchards of the German farmers under a hail of death, greedily devouring the apples from the trees.

Here, then, was one explanation of the imperfection of General Lee's victory. Another, more important, was in the miserable vice of straggling, which the mistaken good nature of officers had fostered. For in this army, so heroic as a body, there were two elements commingled,—the precious metal and the vile dross,—the true patriot, citizen-soldier, animated by a high principle, and the base skulker, who did nothing, save under compulsion. The great vice of the Southern armies was on this occasion prevalent: that the ignorance of the practical details of duty among officers, with the easy *bonhommie* of their character, remitted the bonds of discipline; so that the base were not compelled to act with the true, as one body. The losses of the army from straggling had begun upon the Rappahannock. When it moved thence against Pope,

at Manassas, the country behind it was left infested with thousands of laggers and deserters, who preyed upon the substance of the citizens, and wandered about, with arms in their hands, defying arrest. At every stage of the march this depletion increased, until, at the final struggle, there were fewer Confederate soldiers in line of battle, along the Antietam, than there were along the course of the Potomac, and the roads over which the army had marched. General Lee declares that the battle was fought with less than forty thousand men. The confusion reigning in many parts of the army make an accurate enumeration for ever impossible. But the highest estimate made by well-informed actors in the scene gave him thirty-three thousand effective men. General M'Clellan declares officially that Lee's line of battle was exceedingly short. All who fought in it testified that it was also exceedingly thin. In contrast with this sober revelation of facts, the confident estimates of the Federal general are set in a ridiculous light, when he formally announces, to a man, the exact number present in each of the Confederate corps, and makes up an aggregate of ninety-seven thousand four hundred and forty-five combatants opposed to him on the Antietam. The fact that the Confederates defended themselves successfully against the ninety thousand men whom he hurled against them, supported by the most numerous and complete artillery ever arrayed on a field of battle, is a testimony to the heroism of the men and the skill of the officers, almost inexpressibly glorious. The commendation of Jackson is best written by his adversary, when he says, in his report, "One division of Sumner's, and all of Hooker's

corps on the right, had, after fighting most valiantly for several hours, *been overpowered by numbers*, driven back in great disorder, and much scattered." Those numbers, so overpowering, were, as the reader has seen, less than seven thousand jaded men, supported by a few hundreds of reserves from M'Laws. That the Confederates accomplished so much with their fragment of an army, is the best apology for the daring policy of their commander. Had all his men been in their places, and had they fought as the thirty-three thousand fought, it is no idle vaticination to say that the battle of Sharpsburg would have been a magnificent and decisive triumph. The apprehensions which M'Clellan confessed as possessing his breast after its close (September 18th), shall express its probable results: "At that moment, Virginia lost, Washington menaced, Maryland invaded, the national cause could afford no risks of defeat. One battle lost, and almost all would have been lost. Lee's army might then have marched, as it pleased, on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York. It could have levied its supplies from a fertile and undevastated country, extorted tribute from wealthy and populous cities; and nowhere east of the Alleghanies was there another organized force able to arrest its march."

But it will be well to pause here, and answer a question which has doubtless been frequently raised in the reader's mind, by the astonishing discrepancies between the confident estimates made by M'Clellan of his adversaries' numbers and the sober statements of the Confederate reports. The doubt has arisen, "Can it be, that a

general of M'Clellan's acknowledged skill should be so incapable of measuring the size of the force acting before him, or that an official, occupying so high a position among a civilized people, can be so capable of deliberate lying concerning matters of fact?" The answer is to be found chiefly in the traits of his people. Their general vanity and falsehood prompted his officers and men, when beaten by the Confederates, to cover their own cowardice under wondrous tales of the overpowering numbers before which they gave way. Thus M'Clellan, who, it was well known, was not accustomed to risk his person by too near an inspection of the incidents of battle, was perpetually made the victim of a system of lies and exaggerations, passed upon him by his subordinates, to cloak their own cowardice. It is to precisely this source that the most of his military blunders are traceable. And this is one among the manifold illustrations of the intrinsic weakness of sin. Virtue is always the stronger in the end.

To return. Another cause of imperfect success to the Confederate arms was the too great dispersion of their forces before the battle. The fact, that so much was effected with the portion present on the morning of the 17th, shows how complete the victory might have been had all the divisions been on the ground, and suitably refreshed by rest and food. The prize at Harper's Ferry, left within General Lee's grasp, not by the forecast, but by the folly of the enemy, yet proved the occasion of their rescue from destruction. The splendid bait was seized; but it caused Jackson to arrive wearied and depleted by forced marches, and it detained the divisions of A. P. Hill,

M'Laws, and Anderson, and then placed them at the scene of combat with exhausted strength, after it had been raging for hours. Had those forces been present at the beginning which arrived during the day, a concerted onset would have converted the repulse of M'Clellan into a disastrous defeat.

The cause of the Confederates suffered also from indiscreet management of their artillery in some parts of the field. Inferior in number and range of guns, in the quantity and quality of ammunition, and in the experience of the gunners, it should not have attempted to cope with the distant Federal batteries. To them it should have made no reply; but, protecting itself from their fire until the auspicious moment, it should have confined itself to driving back their masses of infantry, when they ventured to expose themselves at close quarters.

The prime error of M'Clellan in this campaign was his mistake concerning the numbers of his opponent; for out of this his other errors grew. Of these, not the least was his timid delay in pressing General Lee at Sharpsburg, and M'Laws at Pleasant Valley, on the 15th and 16th. He had then attained that opportunity to deal with the parts of the invading army separated, for which he represented himself as manœuvring; a great captain would have used the precious advantage while it lasted, by hurling his troops at once, with such imperfect preparation as they might have, against their foes. His handling of his forces on the 17th was also faulty in two important particulars. His attacks upon the Confederate left, centre, and right were successive, instead of simultaneous. The

one movement was decided adversely before the next was seriously begun, and the wings of his army consequently gave each other little mutual support. And second: it was an inexcusable error to permit the day to be decided against him, with fifteen thousand reserves of veteran troops lying passive behind the Antietam. For all useful purposes, the corps of Fitz-John Porter might as well have been in Washington City. It may be right for the general who is very distant from his supplies and reinforcements to husband his reserves, even at the cost of surrendering a victory; but M'Clellan was very near to his, having two or three fresh divisions within a few hours' march. It appears, therefore, that the faults of his tactics here were again those of over-caution. His best apology is to be found in the indomitable quality of the troops opposed to him.

It remains to speak of the losses of the two parties to this sanguinary battle. General Jackson reported a total loss in his command, during the operations at Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg, of three hundred and fifty-one officers and men killed, two thousand and thirty wounded, and fifty-seven missing. Nearly all of this loss was incurred at the latter place. The loss of the whole Confederate army, while in Maryland, was ten thousand three hundred killed and wounded, of whom one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven were killed. The confusions of the campaign left no means to discriminate between those lost at Boonsborough and Crampton's Gaps, at Harper's Ferry, and in the final struggle. General M'Clellan asserts that the losses of the Confederates in killed and

wounded at the two places first named were as great as two thousand five hundred. If this is true, then the casualties of the Confederates at Sharpsburg were under eight thousand. He sets down the aggregate of his own losses during the Maryland campaign at about fifteen thousand two hundred men, of whom two thousand were killed and wounded in the preliminary skirmishes and combats. He thus leaves thirteen thousand as his loss in the battle of Sharpsburg. His own blunders, in the indiscreet attempts he so often made to estimate the casualties of his adversary, are a lesson of caution against a too dogmatic attempt to correct this statement. It will therefore be left, with the accompanying fact, that the hospital returns of the medical authorities of his Government showed an increase of thirty thousand patients, from his command, as consequent upon the operations of this short campaign.

The close of this series of events was marked by one more combat, which shed a parting beam of glory upon the military genius of General Jackson, and the bravery of a part of his troops. After crossing the Potomac upon the 19th of September, he withdrew his corps four miles, upon the road toward Martinsburg, and caused them to encamp. Brigadier-General Pendleton, the chief of the reserved artillery of General Lee's army, was stationed with thirty guns upon the heights overlooking the river, supported by the shattered remnant of Lawton's brigade, to guard it against the passage of the enemy in pursuit. These arrangements had not long been made, when the Federalists began to establish heavy batteries of artillery upon the

opposite heights, to protect the advance of their troops to the attack; and Fitz-John Porter's corps, which had been held in reserve at Sharpsburg, appeared on the river-bank. This general, after nightfall, sent a detachment across a point above the batteries of Pendleton; which, advancing unobserved, came so near the base of the heights upon which he was posted, as to be protected from an effectual cannonade; while the infantry, discouraged by their previous losses, and the absence of their accustomed commander, were seized with panic, and fled. The thirty guns of Pendleton were now exposed to capture, and four of them fell at once into the hands of the Federalists; while the captains of the other batteries withdrew the remainder, to rescue them from a similar fate. At midnight General Pendleton came to the camps of the army, to report these alarming facts; and added to them, what he then supposed to be true, that all his guns had met the fate of the four first taken.

Lee had already made provision against a pursuit of M'Clellan, although deeming him probably too much crippled at Sharpsburg to venture immediately into Virginia, by intrusting the defence of his rear to General Jackson, and by sending General Stuart with his cavalry back across the river at Williamsport, to threaten the enemy's right flank and harass his movements. But now, concluding from the report of General Pendleton that the Federal army might be attempting to follow him, he sent at once to General Jackson, directing him to prepare for assailing them, and informing him of his purpose to support the attack, if necessary, with his whole army. But

General Jackson, to whom Pendleton had made the same report, as to the general commanding the approaches next the enemy, did not tarry for further prompting. He had already risen, and gone toward Boteler's Ford, a crossing a little below the position just lost by Pendleton, and had ordered the division of A. P. Hill, that of Early (who was now the successor of Lawton), and that of D. H. Hill (which had the day before been permanently assigned to his corps), to follow him thither immediately. Meantime General Lee had sent orders to General Longstreet to countermarch his corps and rejoin him, that he might proceed with him to the support of Jackson. The messengers sent to place the latter in communication with the Commander-in-Chief with difficulty found him, in advance of all his troops, without escort, examining the posture of the enemy's force, while the division of A. P. Hill was rapidly advancing to the front.

On the north bank of the Potomac were planted seventy pieces of heavy artillery, while, under their protection, a considerable force of infantry had passed to the southern side, and were drawn up in line upon the high banks next the river. Under the direction of General Jackson, Hill formed his gallant division in two lines, and advanced to the attack, regardless of the terrific storm of projectiles from the batteries beyond the river. The enemy attempted for a time to resist him, by bearing heavily against his left; but his second line, marching by the left flank, disclosed itself from behind the first, and advanced to its support; when the two charging simultaneously, and converging toward the mass of the Federalists, swept them

down the hill, and drove them into the river. Now occurred a scene of carnage, in which the bloodiest spirit of revenge might have sated itself for all the losses suffered at the hands of the enemy. The troops of Hill rushed down the declivity regardless of the plunging shot and shell of the opposing batteries, hurled their adversaries by hundreds into the water, and as they endeavoured to struggle across, picked them off with unerring aim. The surface of the broad river was black with the corpses of the foe, and few of the luckless column ever reached the northern bank. This was one of those rare opportunities which victory sometimes gives to her favourites, to repay themselves in one triumphant hour for all the sufferings and injuries of a campaign; and well did the veterans of Hill employ the precious season. When the last of the intruders was destroyed or escaped, they withdrew a short distance, and guarded the ford for the remainder of the day; but M'Clellan had learned a lesson which inspired due regard for the Confederate rear, and henceforth kept a respectful distance. When a second messenger from General Lee arrived, to seek for General Jackson, he found him watching the repulse of the enemy. His only remark was, "With the blessing of Providence, they will soon be driven back." In this combat, General A. P. Hill did not employ a single piece of artillery, but relied upon the musket and bayonet alone. Early was at hand with his division to support him; but no occasion arose for his assistance. The whole loss of the Confederates was thirty killed, and two hundred and thirty-one wounded. The Federalists admitted a loss of three thousand killed and

drowned, and two hundred prisoners; and one large brigade was nearly extinguished by the disaster.

General M'Clellan, in his narrative of the war, only notices the combat of Boteler's Ford as a reconnaissance of secondary importance, which he despatches in a few lines. But it does not admit of question that it was the beginning of a general advance against General Lee. Commanders do not make mere reconnaissances with seventy pieces of heavy artillery, laboriously posted upon difficult heights. General M'Clellan declared himself under the most urgent pressure from Washington not to allow the "Rebels," whom he had described to his masters as a herd of fugitives discomfited by his mighty arm, to escape without destruction. He was commanded to follow stroke with stroke, until they were consumed from off the face of the earth. He found it necessary to make a formal argument, to show that he was not blameworthy for postponing their destruction later than the morning of September 18th. He declared that all his dispositions were made to fight a general action on the 19th, and that nothing prevented it, save the retreat of General Lee during the night. The reader who duly weighs these things will hardly believe but that the advance of the 20th, at Boteler's Ford, was the commencement of that general assault intended for the previous day.

This truth is necessary to enable him to apprehend the value of the service now rendered to his country by the military genius of Jackson. The Confederate army, wearied by almost superhuman exertions, reduced by battle and straggling, deprived of its known leaders, by

the wounding or death of the larger number of the gallant field officers present, and disheartened by its terrible sufferings, was in no condition to fight another pitched battle. General Jackson appreciated these facts, and hence felt the urgent necessity of avoiding a general action by a prompt resistance to the initial movements of the Federalists. When he had decided this, he showed equal judgment in selecting the division of A. P. Hill to lead the attack. This body of troops, arriving at Sharpsburg late in that dreadful day, had taken a short and comparatively bloodless, but glorious share in its labours in repulsing the corps of the feeble Burnside. Their numbers were less diminished and their spirits less worn than those of any other troops in the army. To them, therefore, General Jackson intrusted the post of honour on this morning,—and well did they discharge the trust. Through them General Jackson probably saved the army on that occasion from destruction.

It is always as unwise as it is evil to misrepresent the truth. The Federalists, in their overweening vanity and arrogance, claimed a victory at Sharpsburg to which they knew they were not entitled, and filled the public ear with fictions of the discomfiture of the Confederates, which they knew were exaggerated. They thus created for themselves a moral necessity to press them with boldness, and the penalty was the slaughter of September 20th. The three thousand corpses floating down the Potomac, or lining its banks, were the price paid by them for the vain boastings of September 17th.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FREDERICKSBURG.

A RESPITE now occurred in the storms of war, when it was permitted to contemplate General Jackson and his soldiers in a more peaceful and pleasing attitude. The army was withdrawn a few miles, to the banks of the Opequon, a tributary of the Potomac, which flows to the eastward of Winchester and Martinsburg, and empties into it a little above Harper's Ferry. Here they encamped for a number of weeks, in the bosom of the most charming regions of the lower valley. The beauty of the season surpassed even the accustomed glories of the Virginian autumn; and amidst days of unclouded serenity, free alike from the ardours of summer and the extremes of winter, the tired soldiers recruited their strength, reposing upon the rich meadows and pastures of the Opequon. Man and beast alike revelled in abundance, for the teeming productiveness of those valley farms seemed to defy the exhaustion of war, and the sweet and luxuriant greensward made the war-horse forget the necessity of other provender. Here a few days of repose restored the elastic spirits of the men; for the Southern soldier is quick to forget his toils and resume his hopes. The bivouacs

under the golden and crimson foliage of the trees echoed with exuberant laughter and mirth; and the heroes of a score of deadly fields, with the light hearts of pleased children, made a jest of every trifle. Their passionate attachment to "Old Stonewall" was now at its height, and his appearance rarely failed to evoke a burst of enthusiasm. As the men heard the mighty cheer rolling toward them like a wave from the distant camps, they sprung to their feet, saying, "There comes old Jack," and prepared to join in swelling the chorus. His heart also was soothed and gladdened, with the rest, and the society of the people of his beloved district. He was now in the valley for which he had fought first and longest, the region of his chosen home, the scenery in which he most delighted, and amidst that sturdy population whose loyalty so cheered his heart. Winchester, that gallant and hospitable town, was near by; and he could once more mingle there with the friends of the first year of the war, and see them emancipated from the hated yoke of the Federals.

But General Jackson's rest was never idleness. He was diligently improving the interval of quiet in refitting his men with shoes and clothing, in recalling the stragglers to the ranks, and composing the disorders of organization, produced by the arduous service of the summer. His regiments were again rapidly filled up by the return of the foot-sore, the wounded, and the sick, and the addition of new recruits; and his corps was enlarged to the proportions of a gallant army. On the 11th of October the Government conferred on him the rank of Lieutenant-General, next to the highest military grade in its service.

The army of General Lee was now divided into two great corps or wings, of which the one was permanently assigned to Jackson, and the other to Longstreet. Henceforth these two great soldiers became as the two hands of their commander, and served him with a generous emulation and mutual respect, as honourable to them as their well-proved heroism. The organization of General Jackson's corps was now confirmed. It consisted of four divisions: the original division commanded by him in the Valley campaign, now led by Brigadier-General William B. Taliaferro; the division of Ewell, commanded by Brigadier-General Early, who was soon after rewarded for his eminent services by the rank of Major-General; the division of Major-General A. P. Hill; and that of Major-General D. H. Hill. To these were attached numerous batteries, arranged into battalions of artillery under the various division generals, but all supervised by Colonel Crutchfield. A part of the spoils of Harper's Ferry was now assigned to the most meritorious of these batteries; and their equipment became more perfect than ever before. To the famous company of Poague, of the Stonewall Brigade, especially were assigned four of the heavy rifled guns, upon the construction of which the Federals had exhausted all their resources of skill and wealth; and this battery continued to hold its hardly earned place as the *élite* body of the corps.

This pleasing leisure was also employed in a manner yet congenial to the heart of Jackson, in extraordinary labours for the spiritual good of the men. Not only did the chaplains now redouble their diligence in preaching, and

instructing the soldiers from tent to tent; but many eminent ministers availed themselves of the lull in the storm of war, and of the genial weather, to visit the camps, and preach the gospel as missionaries. These were received by General Jackson with affectionate hospitality; and while no military duty was neglected for a moment to make way for their ministrations, his pious ingenuity found abundant openings for them. It was now that the series of labours, and the ingathering of precious souls, began in the Confederate army, which have continued ever since so extraordinary a feature of its character. The most enlightened and apostolic clergymen of the country, forgetting for the time the distinctions of sect, joined in these meetings. Nightly these novel and sacred scenes might be witnessed after the drill and the labours of the day were over. From the bosom of some moonlit grove a hymn was heard, raised by a few voices, the signal for the service; and at this sound the multitudinous noises of the camps died away, while the men were seen gathering from every side until the group from which the hymn had arisen was swelled into a great crowd. The man of God then arose and began his service by the light of a solitary candle or a fire of resinous pinewood, elevated on a rude platform. While his face and the pages of the Holy Word were illuminated thus, all else was in solemn shadow; and his eye could distinguish nothing of his audience, save the dusky outline of the multitude seated all around in a wide circle upon the dry leaves or the greensward. But though his eye could not mark the impress of the truth, it was drunk in by eager ears; and many was the bearded cheek, which

had not been blanched amidst the horrors of Sharpsburg, which was now wet with silent tears. At some of these meetings General Jackson was a constant worshipper, seated modestly in an unnoticed corner amidst the common soldiers, but setting the example of the most devout attention. In his letters to his friends he related the success of the Word among his men, with ascriptions of warm and adoring gratitude to God. One of these, addressed to Mrs. Jackson, must suffice as an instance :—

"BUNKER HILL, *October* 13.

"Mr. G. invited me to be present at communion in his church yesterday, but I was prevented from enjoying the privilege. But I heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Dr. S. His text was 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6 : 'For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' It was a powerful exposition of the Word of God. He is a great revival minister; and when he came to the word '*himself*,' he placed an emphasis on it, and gave to it, through God's blessing, a power that I never before felt. . . . And I felt, with an intensity that I never before recollect having realized, that truly the sinner who does not under gospel privileges turn to God, deserves the agonies of perdition. The Doctor several times, in appealing to the sinner, repeated the sixth verse, 'Who gave *himself* a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' What more could God do than give *himself* a ransom? . . . He is labouring in a revival in General Ewell's division. Oh, it is a glorious privilege to be a

minister of the gospel of the Prince of Peace! There is no equal position in this world."

Such was the estimate of the worth of the minister's work, by one whose fame was filling the civilized world. It may be added, once for all, that this religious reformation, which was destined to be spread so widely through the army by General Jackson's efforts, bore the fruits of a true work of God's grace. That there was more apparent bloom than fruit, as in every other ingathering which ever blessed the Church, from the Pentecostal down, is, of course, fully admitted. It is not to be supposed that there were no good people engaged in it, whose mistaken zeal led them to push it on by indiscreet means, and no converts whose temporary warmth was due rather to the gregarious sympathies of the camp than to the truth and Spirit. But still there was a glorious reformation in many souls to true holiness, diminishing permanently the wickedness of the camps, turning many finally away from their sins. It was the uniform testimony of even the ungodly, that the commands most largely blessed by this reform became the most efficient in the service of their country; with the best discipline, the fewest stragglers, and the steadiest behaviour in battle. It was the general conclusion of the whole people, that the subsequent efficiency of the corps was promoted as much by this work of divine grace as by the professional ability of General Jackson.

It was a little after the date of the letter just quoted, that one of those instances arose in which he disclosed to others his spiritual emotions. The night was damp and

rainy, when a brother officer whom he greatly valued visited him on business. After this was despatched, Jackson seemed to have a leisure unwonted for him, and urged his friend to remain, and spend a short time in relaxation. Although the latter did not yet call himself a Christian indeed, he was one for whose spiritual good the General was greatly concerned. The conversation was soon insensibly turned on the things of Redemption. His friend related how Dr. S.,—the eminent minister mentioned in the last letter,—had been understood by him to declare, that the fear of wrath did not enter at all as an element of that godly sorrow for sin which marks true repentance, but that it was prompted solely by love and gratitude. The General answered that the doctrine intended by Dr. S. had probably been misapprehended by him. For his part, he supposed that, in the new-born believer, both fear and love actuated his repentance. But as his assurance became more clear of the Redeemer's mercy to his soul, his obedience became less servile, and more affectionate, until, as in the most favoured saints, perfect love cast out fear. He then declared that he had been himself for a long time a stranger to fear of wrath, because *he knew and was assured* of the love of Christ to his soul; that he felt not the faintest dread that he should ever fall under the wrath of God, although a great sinner, because he knew that it was for ever reconciled by the righteousness of Christ, and that love for God and Christ was now the practical spring of all his penitence. Speaking thus, Jackson arose from his seat, and, with an impressive union of humility and solemn elation, continued in

substance thus: "Nothing earthly can mar my happiness. I know that heaven is in store for me, and I should rejoice in the prospect of going there to-morrow. Understand me: I am not sick, I am not sad; God has greatly blessed me, and I have as much to love here as any man, and life is very bright to me. But still, I am ready to leave it any day, without trepidation or regret, for that heaven which I know awaits me, through the mercy of my heavenly Father. And I would not agree to the slightest diminution of one shade of my glory there"—[Here he paused, as though to consider what terrestrial measure he might best select to express the largeness of his joys]—"No; not for all the fame which I have acquired, or shall ever win in this world." With these words he sunk into his chair, and his friend retired—awe-struck, as though he had seen the face of an angel. But he did not fail to notice the revelation made of Jackson's master-passion by nature, in the object he had chosen to express the value of his heavenly inheritance. It was fame! Not wealth, nor domestic joys, nor literature; but well-earned fame. Let the young aspirant consider also, how even this passion, which the world calls the most honourable of all, was chastened and crucified in him by a nobler longing.

It was manifestly about the same time that the following letter was written to Mrs. Jackson. Mentioning several presents, he says:—

"*Oct.* 27.

"Our God makes me so many friends! I mention these things in order that you may see how much kindness

has been shown me, and to express things for which I should be more grateful, and to give you renewed cause for gratitude. . . .

"Don't trouble yourself about representations that are made of me. These things are earthly and transitory. There are real and glorious blessings, I trust, in reserve for us beyond this life. It is best for us to keep our eyes fixed upon the throne of God, and the realities of a more glorious existence beyond the verge of time. It is gratifying to be beloved, and to have our conduct approved by our fellow-men; but this is not worthy to be compared with the glory that is in reservation for us, in the presence of the glorified Redeemer. Let us endeavour to adorn the doctrine of Christ our Saviour in all things, knowing that there awaits us 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I would not relinquish the slightest diminution of that glory for all this world, and all that it can give. My prayer is that such may ever be the feeling of my heart. It appears to me that it would be better for you not to have anything written about me. Let us follow the teaching of inspiration: 'Let another praise thee, and not thyself.' I appreciate the loving interest that prompted the desire."

On the 18th of October, General Jackson removed his headquarters from Bunker Hill to Martinsburg, to superintend the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which was committed to his corps. The importance of this great thoroughfare between Washington and the West has been already described; and it was determined that the enemy should be as thoroughly deprived of its

use as possible. General Jackson now applied a system of his own to dismantle it. Besides burning all bridges, and breaking up all culverts, he ripped the iron rails from the cross-ties, using the former as levers, collected the latter into heaps two or three feet high, and laying the bars of iron across the top, set fire to the whole. The heat of such log-heaps in full blaze rendered the iron red-hot, and the weight of the projecting ends warped and bent it into every imaginable shape. But as though this were not enough, the soldiers, seizing the great bars while heated in the middle, bent them around trees, and amused their ingenuity in reducing them to every fantastic use. From the hamlet of Hedgesville, west of Martinsburg, to a point near Harper's Ferry, the track was thus utterly destroyed, for a distance of thirty miles; and after the work was done, Jackson rode deliberately over the whole to assure himself of its completeness.

At the end of the month, the corps moved toward the Shenandoah river and the Blue Ridge, and encamped upon the road from Charlestown to Berryville. The purpose of this change was to watch M'Clellan, who had now begun to cross the Potomac below Harper's Ferry. The Government at Washington had indicated their discontent with the sluggish movements of this general in many ways, and had urged him to advance into Virginia, and assail the Confederates again, before they could recruit their strength. But he had contented himself with a few reconnaissances of cavalry, and had refused to move until his vast army received large accessions, and a new outfit of clothing and equipments. At length all his requisitions were met, and

with a thoroughly furnished army of one hundred and forty thousand men, he began to cross the Potomac from Berlin into the county of Loudoun, on the 23d of October. But so vast was the apparatus of this huge host, six days were consumed in transferring it to the south bank of the river. The plan which its leader seemed to propose to himself was to occupy the passes of the Blue Ridge between himself and General Lee as he proceeded southward, so as to protect himself from an attack in flank, and by advancing toward the interior of the State, to compel him to leave Maryland free from invasion, in order to place himself between the Federalists and Richmond. In its first results this strategy was successful; the Confederate army was promptly recalled from the neighbourhood of the Potomac. As soon as the direction of M'Clellan's advance was disclosed, a part of General Longstreet's corps was thrown before him at Upperville, and the remainder speedily followed it, and took position in M'Clellan's front, on the east of Blue Ridge, while the corps of General Jackson was left to guard the Valley. M'Clellan, after his usual cautious fashion, advanced his outposts as far south as Warrenton, in Fauquier County, while his masses occupied the line of the Manassas Gap road, and the country thereabouts. On the 5th of November one of his detachments, proceeding westward through Snicker's Gap, attempted to pass the Shenandoah at Castleman's Ferry, in the face of two brigades of A. P. Hill's division. They were chastised by him with a severe repulse, and the loss of two hundred men, and made no further attempts to penetrate the Valley.

General Lee, accompanying the corps of Longstreet and Stuart's cavalry, now took post at Culpepper Court House, and the two adversaries again confronted each other, with the Rappahannock between them. M'Clellan was apparently pursuing the same line of operations which the unlucky Pope had found so difficult. If his purpose was to follow the Orange Railroad to Gordonsville, and thence turn eastward to Richmond, it was beset by the grave inconveniences, that in obliquely approaching the Rapidan by this line, he exposed his communications to a fatal side-thrust; and that, at Gordonsville, he must pass around an acute angle, which must present his flank most awkwardly to his adversary. If, forsaking the Orange Railroad, he marched directly south-east, the vast dimensions of his army, and the enormous consumption of supplies by it, would render it a difficult problem how it was to be provisioned without other transportation than waggon trains over the country roads of Virginia. If M'Clellan had expedients for overcoming these difficulties, they remained undisclosed; for about this time the political jealousies between him and his Government became so irrepressible, that he was suddenly relieved of his command, and ordered to retire into private life. His successor was Major-General Burnside, who seems to have been commended to the authorities chiefly by the fact, that the impatient public could say nothing against him, because nothing was known of him.

While the Federalists were advancing into Fauquier, and General Lee was confronting them in Culpepper, it was a subject of anxious discussion between him and

General Jackson, what disposition should be now made of his corps. The latter desired to remain with it in the Valley, or at least to continue to threaten the enemy's right wing by the passes of the Blue Ridge. Reasoning from the axiom, that one ought never to do the thing which his adversary desires him to do, he concluded that the manifest wish of M'Clellan to draw the Confederates away from the Valley, by his threatened advance into Eastern Virginia, should not be gratified. He believed that if one wing of the army held fast to that country and the Blue Ridge, his advance would be effectually checked; or if it were not, his communications would speedily be exposed to a side blow as disastrous as that which he had dealt to Pope at Manassas. Moreover, his love for the country, and his knowledge of the inestimable value of its teeming resources, made him reluctant to see it vacated to the enemy. True, the disposition of forces which he advocated seemed to give the enemy the power to place himself between the two parts of the Confederate army. But Jackson's knowledge of the sluggish movements of that unwieldy force, and of its lack of enterprise, with his own vigilance and celerity, removed all fear of being beaten in detail. The Commander-in-Chief acquiesced for a time in his suggestions. An expedition to assail the Federal right and rear was proposed; but the lack of shoes and clothing in Jackson's corps prevented its execution. And new movements of Burnside, after a time, required the relinquishment of all the plans which have been detailed.

This general, after gathering the reins of authority into his hands, determined to direct his command to a new

base, whence to attack the Confederate capital. The route by Fredericksburg, whence there ran a railroad of sixty miles' length, direct to Richmond, possessed at least the advantage that it had not yet been signalized by any Federal disaster. Burnside determined to adopt this line, making his base of supplies the landing of Acquia Creek, upon the Potomac, where the Fredericksburg Railroad terminated, thirteen miles north of that town. It was an important recommendation of this route to his jealous masters in Washington, that by pursuing it, he kept that city covered during his advance upon the rival metropolis, and composed the fears in the breast of the Government which had so retarded the operations of M'Clellan on the peninsula. In truth, the reasonings of the latter General in favour of the James river as the true line by which to take Richmond were just. But next to that line, the one selected by Burnside obviously offered the fewest difficulties. It gave him an unobstructed water-carriage for his supplies, more than one-third of the way. It was the most direct route between the two cities; and therefore he uncovered his one line of operations least, as he advanced. It gave him, from the Potomac to Richmond, a continuous line of railroad to transport the apparatus of his army. It was true that this route brought him upon the Rappahannock where its current was enlarged by the accession of the Rapidan; but Burnside might have argued that military experience has proved a river is not usually an effectual obstacle to an attacking army, and that the vast resources of his Government would easily enable him to overcome it. The result, moreover, justified his action, so

far as the river was concerned; for he did, in fact, experience little difficulty in the actual passage of the stream. How much influence he may have allowed to the threatening attitude of General Jackson upon the right of his position in Fauquier, cannot be known; but his proposed change of base was manifestly the most ready way to elude that danger. About the middle of November, therefore, he began to transfer his army, by a side march, down the north bank of the Rappahannock to the heights opposite Fredericksburg. He hoped to arrive there before his designs were known to General Lee, to occupy the town and the crossings of the river without resistance, and to commence the race for Richmond in advance of the Confederates.

But the vigilance of his adversary, and the customary heaviness of the movement of his plethoric army, disappointed his hopes. On the 18th of November, General Stuart, crossing the Rappahannock from Culpepper, made a thorough reconnaissance as far as Warrenton, and learned with certainty that the whole Federal army was moving upon Fredericksburg. When the Federal General Sumner reached Falmouth, on the north side of the Rappahannock, he found a force of Confederates guarding the passage across it; and before he could overpower them, the divisions of M'Laws and Ransom appeared. The whole remainder of Longstreet's corps followed from Culpepper soon after, and took up a strong position on the southern bank.

As soon as this movement of Burnside was unmasked, General Lee suggested to General Jackson the propriety of his leaving the Valley of Virginia to support Longstreet.

He therefore complied at once, and beginning his march from Winchester, November 22d, in eight days transferred his corps, with an interval of two days' rest, to the vicinity of Fredericksburg. His journey was through the great Valley to New Market, and thence by the Columbia Bridge, Fisher's Gap, and Madison Court House to Guinea's Station upon the railroad, a few miles south of Longstreet's position, where the troops arrived the 1st of December. But on the 21st of November, Sumner had summoned the town to surrender, under a threat of cannonading it the next day. The weather was rainy and tempestuous, and only a few hours of darkness were allowed the inhabitants to remove from their homes. General Lee assured the city authorities that he would pledge himself not to use the place for military purposes; but that he could not permit the enemy to occupy it. Although no garrison was within its precincts at that time to justify the outrage of a bombardment, yet the Federal commander refused to retract his threat, and only extended to the people the poor privilege of a prolongation of the time for removal to forty-eight hours. Nearly the whole population of the city now deserted their homes, at the beginning of winter, and with an unexampled patriotism, accepted all the horrors of exile, rather than submit to the yoke of the enemies of their country. The bombardment was, however, deferred.

When General Jackson arrived near Fredericksburg, several Federal gunboats had appeared at the village of Port Royal, upon the Rappahannock, twenty miles below. As the positions upon the southern bank were there less

strong, it was surmised that the enemy might design a landing or a crossing. General Jackson was therefore directed to send the division of D. H. Hill to guard that place. When he gave him this order, he said to him, "I am opposed to fighting here. We will whip the enemy, but gain no fruits of victory. I have advised the line of the North Anna, but have been overruled." These words were prophetic. The objection which General Jackson stated had also been maturely weighed by the Commander-in-Chief; but it was counterpoised by other considerations, which he did not feel at liberty to disregard. To adopt the North Anna as his line of defence, would have been to surrender to the occupation of the enemy a breadth of thirty-five miles of territory. The Confederate Government was reluctant to submit to the political effect of such a retreat; and the waning resources of the Commonwealth warned them to relinquish no space to the enemy which might yield important supplies for the sustenance of the army.

General D. H. Hill proceeded to Port Royal on the 3d of December, constructed a slight entrenchment above that village during the night, and the next day chose positions for his artillery. Carter's battery of Parrot guns was placed on a commanding hill west of the place, and Hardaway's, with one English Whitworth gun of great power and range, was posted three miles below. On the 5th these two officers opened upon the Federal gunboats with such effect as to compel them promptly to change their position. By retiring behind the village, they shielded themselves from the fire of Carter, but were still

exposed to that of Hardaway. They now proceeded to vent their spleen in a dastardly outrage, which, were it not overshadowed by so many others more enormous, would fix upon them the detestation of all men. Although the peaceful village was not occupied as a position by any Confederate battery or other force, the ships of war now opened a furious bombardment upon it, without a moment's notice. The little town was battered half into ruins; but although all the females, aged, sick, and children were caught within it in unsuspecting security, the superintending mercy of Providence delivered them all from death. The only casualties were the killing of a dog, and the wounding of a poor African slave. But while this dastardly attack was proceeding, Hardaway continued pertinaciously to pound them with his Whitworth shot, until they gave up the contest, and retired with loss down the river, running the gauntlet of the guns of Major Pelham's horse-artillery, which lined the bank. A few days after, they returned toward Port Royal with five additional ships; but were again driven away by the artillery of Hill, reinforced by Colonel Brown from the reserves.

A few miles above Port Royal, an insignificant stream, at a place known as the Hop Yard, enters the Rappahannock. The attention of General D. H. Hill was somehow called to it, as offering an eligible place for the passage of the enemy, and he resolved to examine it thoroughly. He found that the configuration of the country did indeed give special advantages to the force attempting to pass from the north side, and, moreover, that there were marks

not to be mistaken of its occupation for that purpose by the enemy. When these facts were reported to General Jackson, he immediately appreciated their importance, and sent the division of Early to the place, which began diligently to fortify the southern bank. The reports of the Federal generals subsequently disclosed the importance of these precautions. Halleck had himself selected the Hop Yard as the place for crossing, and Burnside had planned a surprise there, which was relinquished when they perceived that the ground was preoccupied.

Meantime the Federal Government was urging that unhappy commander to force the line of the Rappahannock before further obstacles were accumulated in his front; and he was excusing himself by complaining that his pontoon trains had not been forwarded to him from the Upper Potomac. Twenty days were spent in these mutual criminations. Of the merits of the quarrel, it is enough to say, that the delay of the bridge trains probably evinced the incompetency both of himself and Halleck. But the interval was diligently improved by him in perfecting his communications at Acquia Creek, fortifying the heights north of the Rappahannock, and arming them with the most potent equipment of heavy guns ever marshalled in the field by any general. The lavish preparations of his Government supplied him with an apparatus, compared with which the gigantic artillery of Napoleon was puny. Besides innumerable field-batteries of lighter guns, which were intended to march and fight with his divisions of infantry, one hundred and eighty heavy cannon, some of them throwing shot of a hundred pounds' weight, frowned

upon the town and its approaches from the opposing hills. The "Grand Army" was now arranged into three great corps, under Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin, which made an aggregate of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, besides a corps of twenty-five thousand more under the German Sigel, which performed the duties of a rear-guard.

On the 10th of December, Burnside at length received his pontoon trains, and he determined at once to prepare for forcing his way in front of the Confederate army, and beginning his onward march to Richmond. He was confronted, upon the heights before Fredericksburg, by the corps of Longstreet. At Port Royal was the division of D. H. Hill; between him and Longstreet was the division of Early; and the remainder of Jackson's corps was held in reserve about Guinea's Station, ready to support either point. The cavalry division of Stuart guarded the course of the Rappahannock for many miles above and below; and prosecuted, with their usual audacity, their raids within the enemy's lines. The defensive force may be stated with substantial, although not with exact correctness, at sixty-five thousand men of all arms. Of these, General Jackson's corps included about twenty-five thousand effective men.

The impressive drama which was now about to occur upon the plains of Fredericksburg, presents to the student of history one of the most brilliant examples of defensive warfare. To comprehend its true merits, he must acquire a distinct conception of the topography of the arena upon which it was enacted. The general course of the Rappa-

hannock, though sinuous, may be said to be here from west to east; and it divides the county of Stafford on the north from that of Spottsylvania on the south. The town of Fredericksburg is in the latter; and the village of Falmouth, a mile above, is in the former. The tides flow to the foot of the town; so that below the stream is deep, though narrow, while immediately above it is shallow and fordable during dry seasons. The country along its banks here has, in a marked degree, those features which characterize the tidal streams of Eastern Virginia. There are three stages, or grades, proceeding from the water, of which the second is more elevated than the first, and the third than the second. The first of these levels, next the water's edge, is the modern alluvium, or low ground proper, rarely marshy, yet subject to the inundations of the great freshets, with a horizontal surface, and a deep, black soil. It is of very variable width, spreading in some places to the extent of a beautiful meadow, and in others contracted to a narrow strip of land. The traveller moving directly from the river, after passing over this low belt, ascends a short, steep hill, thirty or forty feet high, and then finds himself upon a table-land of greater extent, which is of an older alluvial deposit, but nearly horizontal likewise. It is this level, extending to the width of miles in many places, which constitutes the great grain region of the Rappahannock. Its dry, kindly and fertile soil has long ago tempted the inhabitants to strip it of its forest; and the whole surface was divided into extensive fields, enclosed by wooden fences or hedge-rows, and dotted over with country mansions, and the humbler homes of the

servants. The streams making their way across the table-land from the interior to the Rappahannock, as may easily be surmised, have excavated for themselves deep channels through its alluvial structure; along which they flow sluggishly upon the level of the first bottoms below. Finally, the river, like all other great streams, is inclined to throw the main bulk of its flats wholly on the one side or the other, by running at, or near, the base of the highlands; and at Fredericksburg nearly all the level lands are on the south side. It is on the second stage, or table-land, that the town of Fredericksburg is seated; and it stretches along the river for more than a mile, with a breadth of a half mile backward.

If the traveller would proceed farther from this table-land toward the interior, he next ascends the highlands proper, which rise in swelling hills of the altitude of fifty or a hundred feet, nowhere rocky or craggy, but sometimes bold; and pierced here and there by the vales through which the inland rivulets descend to the lower stages. From the top of this range of hills, the interior stretches away into a region of gentle hills and dales, of which the average altitude is far above the table-lands. And as the soil of the highlands is thin and gravelly, the larger part of the bordering front of hills was left to the original forest, whence the fuel and timber for the vast farms of the table-land were taken. It will now be easily understood how the town of Fredericksburg, with the narrow plain in which it is seated, is commanded both from the hills of Stafford and from those of Spottsylvania, which are here separated by the distance of a mile. These heights are

lofty, and perhaps of equal altitude near the town. Where the main country road going south issues from the streets, it is overlooked near at hand by a noble hill, known, from the country seat upon its brow, as Marye's Hill. The highway, striking the base of this height, turns aside to the eastward, in order to avoid its acclivity, and thus skirts its base for a few hundred yards, until reaching the course of a sparkling rivulet called the Hazel, it again resumes its southern direction, and finds its way up the vale of that stream into the interior by a gradual ascent. It will be perceived from this that the road has a tract of a few hundred yards which runs parallel with the edge of the town. This is bordered on the left or townward side by a massive stone fence, embanked with earth; and between it and the edge of the suburb is a narrow and level field. After passing the Hazel, the highlands take a wide sweep to the south-eastward (receding from the Rappahannock, until the ample table-land acquires a breadth of nearly three miles), and continually declines in elevation and boldness as it is followed in that direction. At the broadest place, the plain is watered by another rivulet, called Deep Run, whose springs, breaking from the base of the heights, collect into a stream, and make their way along a deep channel to the Rappahannock, half a mile below the mouth of the Hazel, and a mile below the town. The rim of highland, after encircling the sources of Deep Run, again approaches the river somewhat, continually diminishing its altitude, until, at the distance of four and a half miles east of Fredericksburg, the height gently declines into a series of soft waves of land, which terminate at the

valley of the Massaponax. This is a tributary of the Rappahannock, which, taking its rise in the interior of Spottsylvania, flows northward with a current of greater pretensions than the Hazel and Deep Run, and enters the river five miles below Fredericksburg. It is itself bordered, for several miles upward, by an expansive valley of broad meadows and gentle slopes, which are, in fact, an extension of the greater table-land of the Rappahannock. Immediately east of the Massaponax, the highlands approach the very margin of the river on both sides, and hug it closely for several miles.

A country road, known as the Port-Royal or River Road, issues from the town at its eastern corner, and proceeds down the middle of the great table-land, at the distance of a mile from the river, and a mile and a half from the heights, until it crosses the Massaponax, and penetrates the eastern highlands. This road runs, the greater part of its course, between two fences, each of which is set upon an earthen bank of a yard's height, thickly grown with cedars and other hedge-row trees. It therefore offered to the occupants the advantages of a double line of low but very substantial field-works; for the embankments, consolidated by time, and interlaced with the roots of trees, offered a perfect defence against rifle-balls, and no mean protection against heavier projectiles. This whole lane of four and a half miles' length was commanded by a multitude of Federal guns of long range upon the Stafford heights. The railroad to Richmond, also emerging from the eastern end of the town, passed through the plain upon an embankment a couple of feet high, parallel to the river

road and between it and the hills, until approaching the Massaponax it turned southward with a wide and sweeping curve, seeking to make its way, by the valley of that stream, to the interior. It is just where the heights finally sink into the wide valley of that creek that the railroad crosses an old country thoroughfare, known as the Mine road; and here was seated a little wayside station, called Hamilton's Crossing. The plain of Fredericksburg, which was destined to be the great battle-field, may be roughly compared to the half of a vast ellipse, divided by its longer axis, with the west end containing the town, contracted to a narrow apex, and the eastern expanded into an ample section of a circle.

The reader is requested to master this somewhat particular description, because it is necessary to the correct understanding of transactions much misunderstood. The zeal of the Federals, of all mortals most passionately thirsting for that reputation for military prowess to which they are so little entitled, has led them with one voice to excuse their disaster, after it occurred, by attributing it to the excellence of the Confederate position, and the natural difficulties of the crossing. Justice both to the much-abused Burnside, and to the Confederate army, requires that the topography be correctly conceived. It will then be seen, that while the position of General Lee was good as a whole, and on his left strong, it gave him no advantage whatever upon his right (save a slight superiority of elevation for his batteries) which was not matched by at least equal advantages in the position of the enemy. The ground which Jackson so successfully held against the

double numbers of Franklin and Hooker in the coming battle, was no stronger than that which he wrested from Shields at Port Republic, and not near so strong as that which he and Longstreet stormed at the Chickahominy with inferior forces. When the battle of Fredericksburg was fought, General Jackson had not a yard of entrenchment in his front; indeed his corps only came upon their ground during the night and the early morning preceding the struggle. The elaborate lines which the military tourist saw afterward, were all the work of subsequent weeks, provided by General Lee against the possibility of future attacks. On the left, the battle-line of Longstreet was strengthened, at several places, by light earthworks, or barricades of timber, and abattis; while the heavy field-guns upon Marye's heights, and thence toward the west, were protected by slight lunettes or *épaulements*. It should also be remembered, that the position of General Lee gave no effectual advantage toward the resistance of the passage of the river by Burnside and his quiet establishment on the southern bank, in a situation perfectly tenable and secure. The configuration of the Stafford heights, and of the river flats and bluffs, the superiority of the Federal numbers, and the power of their countless batteries, made him master of those points. It was therefore with perfect truth that he claimed, in his despatches of the 12th of December, that the difficulties of the Rappahannock were surmounted, and that nothing remained between him and the march to Richmond except the equal grapple with the army of Lee upon a fair and open battle-field. It was only after that grapple had occurred, and the heroism of the

Confederate soldiery, with the masterly skill of their leaders, had made it a frightful disaster, that these facts were diligently obscured. The river bank in the possession of the Federalists did not, indeed, present that concave curve which the military authorities recommend as favourable to the success of the assailants seeking to pass a stream in the face of an enemy. But it showed, in every other respect, all the requisites which they ask for a successful crossing; and the peculiar form of the opposite flats made the absence of this curvature wholly unimportant to Burnside. These truths will manifest themselves without discussion as the narrative proceeds.

Before the break of day, on the 11th of December, the signal-guns of the Confederates gave note that Burnside was moving, and the whole army stood to its weapons. The guardianship of the river bank had been committed to Barksdale's Mississippi brigade, from M'Laws' division. One regiment was at the mouth of Deep Run, and the remainder, assisted by the 8th Florida, was in the town; two of the regiments being posted in the cellars of houses overlooking the water, and in trenches and other hiding-places, to resist the construction of bridges. At Deep Run there was no protection from the overpowering fire of the numerous batteries on the Stafford heights, and of the large bodies of infantry which lined the opposing bank. After a struggle, protracted beyond all expectation to the middle of the day, this detachment was compelled to retire; and about one o'clock P.M. the Federalists completed a pontoon bridge, and immediately began the passage of a heavy column of infantry and artillery. Upon

the low and narrow bench of the first bottom, and beneath the steep bluff which separates it from the second level, they found a secure place to land and extend their lines. Unless the Confederates could advance across the wide plain to the very brink of that bluff, which was rendered impossible by the frowning batteries of the opposing heights, the enemy was as completely shielded from their fire as though behind the walls of a great castle. Having gained this lodgment, the Federalists busied themselves in laying down other bridges, and passing over additional troops. But at Fredericksburg they found sterner work. The riflemen of Barksdale, availing themselves of every covert, poured so deadly a fire upon the working parties and their guards, that they were again and again driven back with great slaughter, in their attempts to gain the southern bank. Nine times did the thronging multitudes encourage each other to return to the task. The floating bridge projected itself nine times from the northern shore, covered with a busy swarm of men bearing timbers; when the Mississippians, awaiting their approach within their deadly aim, opened upon them stinging volleys, which strewed the bridge and the water with corpses. Until one o'clock P.M. this contest continued, and no progress was made toward winning the southern bank. Burnside then opened upon the town every piece of artillery which could be brought to bear upon it. One hundred and eighty cannon began to belch their thunders upon the devoted city. To the spectators upon the opposing hill it seemed wrapped in a whirlwind of smoke and flame; while from the bosom of the gloom the crash of falling

buildings, the explosion of shells, the hissing of the fires, and the yells of the combatants arose in frightful chorus, as from a pandemonium. Yet, amid this terrific tempest, the little brigade of Barksdale clung to the bank with invincible tenacity; and it was only after three hours more that they stubbornly retired a couple of squares, before a heavy detachment of infantry landed from boats under the protection of the cannonade. But here they again resumed the contest, and, fighting from street to street, held the enemy at bay until far into the night. When they were told that they had now accomplished all that was desired, and commanded to withdraw, they said that their position was tenable enough still, and entreated to be allowed to remain and fight the enemy. He had now completed two or three bridges, by which heavy columns of infantry were pouring into the town. It was no part of General Lee's plan to contest the occupation longer; for his position was chosen, not to prevent the crossing of the river, but the advance from it. He therefore withdrew the regiments of Barksdale, during the early part of the night, to his lines about Marye's Hill. The desired time for preparing a reception for the enemy had been gained.

During all the next day the landscape was obscured by a dense fog, beneath which as a mask the Federals carried on their preparations for attack. Whenever this curtain was lifted up momentarily, the ravines leading from the Stafford heights to the river bank were seen black with the vast masses of Federal infantry pressing toward the bridges, and their lines were perceived upon the plain advanced as far as the river road. The Confederate artil-

lerists now and then seized these glimpses to direct a cannon shot where the throngs were thickest, never failing to elicit an angry reply from the opposing heights. But, otherwise, the whole day passed without hostile collision. The two divisions of General Jackson near Guinea's Station were brought forward to strengthen the right; and as it was now beyond a doubt that Fredericksburg was to be the place of the great collision, messengers were sent to Port Royal for the other divisions. The summons reached General D. H. Hill a little before sunset on the 12th. His troops were then eighteen miles from the post they were designed to occupy upon the battle-field; but such was the promptitude of their action, by dawn on the next morning they were in their places, and ready to meet the enemy. The division of Early, which was somewhat nearer at hand, preceded them in their arrival upon the field.

The morning of Saturday, December 13th, now arose, like its predecessor, calm and foggy. The city and the extended plain were wrapped in the impenetrable mantle of mist, until ten o'clock A.M.; but on both sides, every sound which arose from the obscurity gave token of grim preparation. The line of General Lee was stretched for five and a half miles, from the heights overlooking Falmouth, along the edge of the highlands, to Hamilton's crossing, near the Massaponax. Upon the crests of the hills were placed his numerous batteries, while Marye's Hill, as the post of honour, was assigned to the Louisiana battalion of Colonel Walton. The corps of Longstreet held the left, and that of Jackson the right. Next the

river, upon the extreme left, was the division of Major-General Anderson, extending to the neighbourhood of Marye's Hill. Then came that of M'Laws in the front line, supported by that of Ransom in reserve. To the brigade of General T. R. Cobb of Georgia, from M'Laws's division, was assigned the post of advanced guard, along the road and stone wall which has been described as skirting the base of that hill. Upon another still more commanding height in its rear were planted other powerful batteries, designed to sweep the Federalists from its crest, should they succeed in gaining it. Next to M'Laws came the division of Pickett, occupying the edge of the high lands opposite to the widest part of the plain, and next to him the division of Hood. On the right, the country was less elevated; it offered every way fewer difficulties to the enemy; and it was flanked by the wide and smooth valley of the Massaponax, which was so favourable to the operations of his vast masses. Here, therefore, General Jackson strengthened himself with a triple line of battle, to compensate for the weakness of his ground. His front line was formed of two regiments of the brigade of Field, from the division of A. P. Hill, with the brigades of Archer, Lane, and Pender. These stretched in the order named, from Hamilton's Crossing to the right of Hood. But they did not form a continuous line; for the brigade of Lane in the centre was advanced two hundred yards to the front, to occupy a tongue of woodland which here projected itself far into the plain. This patch of forest was low and marshy, and behind it, the ridge sunk almost into the same level, so that no position for artillery could be

obtained upon Jackson's centre. Behind the interval thus left between the brigades of Archer and Lane was placed that of Gregg, and behind the space which separated the brigades of Lane and Pender was that of Thomas. Thus the whole front was composed of the division of A. P. Hill. A second line was composed of the two divisions of Taliaferro and Early, the former behind Pender and Thomas, and the latter behind Gregg and Archer. The division of D. H. Hill was held as a reserve in the third line. All these troops were posted in the woods, which covered the base and the gentle acclivities of the hills, so that they were not disclosed to the view of the enemy. They formed a line of battle a mile and a half long. On General Jackson's right was Stuart with two brigades of cavalry, and his famous horse-artillery, under the boy hero, Pelham, thrown forward toward the enemy's left flank in the plain. In front of Archer, near Hamilton's Crossing, the range of hills which, behind Pender, had sunk almost into the plain, rises again to the altitude of forty feet, with the open field extending to its summit. Here Jackson placed fourteen picked guns from the artillery of A. P. Hill, under the command of Colonel Lindsay Walker. On the left of his line were posted thirty-three guns, from the batteries of Early and Taliaferro, twelve of them advanced into the plain beyond the railroad track, and all on level ground; for the place offered no superior position for them. On the right, twelve more guns were also advanced to assist the movements of Stuart, and to cross their fire with those of Colonel Walker. And Captain Hardaway, from the division of D. H. Hill, was sent

with his long Whitworth rifle to the highlands east of the Massaponax, whence he enfiladed the Federal line of battle as it advanced from the river road.

Having ordered these dispositions, General Jackson now rode along his whole front, to assure himself of their completeness, accompanied by several general officers, and a brilliant staff. As he appeared this morning upon his favourite battle-steed, clad in a new and elegant suit of uniform, the gift of his friend Stuart, and the old drab fatigue cap, which had so long been to his followers as glorious a guide to victory as the white plume of Harry of Navarre, replaced by the hat of a lieutenant-general, resplendent with gold braid, he was scarcely recognised by his old veterans. They saw not in this gallant cavalier, so instinct in his gait with martial elation, the sunburned "old Stonewall" to whom their eyes were accustomed upon the field of battle. As he passed along his lines, his suite was made the target of the Federal sharpshooters. When he reached the tongue of woodland occupied by the brigade of Lane, he said, "The enemy will attack here,"—a prediction which a few hours fully verified. Thence he proceeded to the station of the Commander-in-Chief, upon a commanding hill near the Hazel, overlooking the whole plain, to receive his last suggestions. It was now past nine o'clock, and the sun, mounting up the eastern sky with almost a summer power, was rapidly exhaling the mist. As the white folds dissolved and rolled away, disclosing the whole plain to view, such a spectacle met the eyes of the generals as the pomps of earth can seldom rival. Marshalled upon the vast arena beneath them stood

the hundred and twenty-five thousand foes, with countless batteries of field-guns blackening the ground. Long triple lines of infantry crossed the field from right to left, and hid their western extreme in the streets of the little city; while down the valleys, descending from the Stafford heights to the bridges, were pouring in vast avalanches of men, the huge reserves. For once, war unmasked its terrible proportions to the view with a distinctness hitherto unknown in the forest-clad landscapes of America, and the plain of Fredericksburg presented a panorama that was dreadful in its grandeur. To the Confederate soldiers, the multitudinous hosts of their enemies appeared as though all the families of men had been assembled there for the great assize of the Last Day; but confident in their leaders, they beheld their numbers with steady courage. Not a cheek was blanched, nor a heart appalled. Lee stood upon his chosen hill of observation, inspiring every spectator by his calm heroism, with his two great lieutenants beside him, and reviewed every quarter of the field with his glass. It was then that Longstreet, to whose sturdy breast the approach of battle seemed to bring gaiety, said to Jackson, "General, do not all these multitudes of Federals frighten you?" He replied, "We shall see very soon whether I shall not frighten them." Such was the jest in which the stern joy of battle in their spirits found utterance, while other hearts stood still with awe. They then separated to seek their several posts; and as the last remnants of the mist rolled away, the battle began with a general cannonade. Three hundred guns now burst forth from the opposing heights; hill answered to hill with their thunders, while

the battle smoke, rolling sullenly down their sides, again enveloped the plain in a more dreadful pall than the morning fogs; and through the gloom the fiery projectiles flew shrieking across in stunning confusion. Under the cover of this tempest Burnside advanced his columns to the attack at once upon the right and upon the left.

In the plain before him General Jackson saw the wing of Franklin, supported by a part of the grand division of Hooker, drawn out in three vast lines of battle, which he estimated at fifty-five thousand men. They were supported by numerous batteries, which advanced with them upon the plain. But as they passed the line of the river road, Pelham dashed forward into the open fields with two chosen guns of his horse-artillery, and unlimbering upon their left flank, began to rake their massive line with a rapid and damaging fire. At this audacious diversion the Federalists paused, threw a division of infantry into crotchet at right angles to their main line, so as to confront Pelham, and directed upon him the whole fire of four batteries, besides the distant heavy guns upon the Stafford heights. But for a whole hour the two guns maintained the unequal duel, shifting their position upon the plain as fast as the enemy obtained their range accurately, disturbing the aim of their cannoneers by an occasional shot of deadly accuracy, and still pouring a rapid fire into the infantry. It was not until Pelham was recalled by positive orders that he would surrender his hazardous position; and yet he brought off his command without serious loss. Such was the prelude to the tragedy upon Jackson's side; and this splendid example, doubtless, did

much to inspire the rest of the artillery with high determination.

The Federalists having been relieved of this antagonist, now advanced in earnest, feeling the whole forest, which enveloped Jackson's position, with a shower of cannon-shots. He commanded his batteries to make no response. Apparently satisfied that the woods were not occupied by any heavy force, they now moved forward with confidence, but still covering their front with a storm of projectiles. When their lines of infantry had approached within eight hundred yards of Jackson's position, they at last awoke the response. The guns of Colonel Walker, upon the front of Archer, were thrust forward, and opened furiously upon the Federal infantry, firing to their front and left, while Pelham, supported by the twelve guns of Jackson in front of his extreme right, again scourged them with a cross fire. The Federals paused, wavered, while visible gaps were made in their ranks by every discharge, and then broke and retreated to the river road. For two hours the struggle now degenerated into a desultory skirmish of sharpshooters. While this lull in the tempest continued, General Jackson rode toward his extreme right, and dismounting, advanced on foot far into the plain, followed by no escort save a single aide. This was Lieutenant James Power Smith, a young man of that class, of which the Confederate army contained so many honourable members, who, though educated and well-connected, had served long and faithfully as a private in the Poague battery. Jackson having noted his devotion and intelligence, with his wonted sagacity selected him from the ranks, and promoted him

to be his aide-de-camp,—a favour which, as will appear in the sequel, was requited by young Smith with a fidelity which deserves to link his name in enduring bonds with the memory of his patron. The General, followed by this zealous attendant, now walked far out into the fields, to observe the dispositions of the enemy, when a sharp-shooter, suddenly arising out of the tall weeds at two hundred yards' distance, levelled his rifle and fired at him. The bullet hissed between the heads of the General and his aide, who were standing about two paces asunder. Thereupon he turned to him with a sunny smile upon his face, and said, "Mr. Smith, had you not better go to the rear? they may shoot you!" The audacity of the sharp-shooter seemed to strike him as a pleasant jest; but, insensible to fear for himself, his caution only concerned itself for those committed to his care. After he had deliberately satisfied his curiosity, he returned to his lines, to await another attack, which he knew was at hand.

Having remained passive until past noon, the Federalists now moved their left again. Three lines of battle advanced to the charge, preceded by clouds of skirmishers, and strengthened by ten batteries of field-guns upon the flanks. Again they approached under a furious cannonade, to which the batteries of Jackson made no response until their infantry was within point-blank range, when they replied with equal violence. But the Federal lines now advanced with determination, and, as General Jackson foresaw, directed their attack to the projecting point of woods occupied by Lane's brigade. They hoped to find here a lodgment and a protection from the Confederate

artillery; for, when they came to close quarters, the oblique fire of the batteries on the right and left was necessarily suspended, to avoid overwhelming friend with foe, and the place occupied by Lane offered no position for cannon. Yet his sturdy infantry stood their ground for a time against triple odds, until the thronging multitudes of enemies insinuated themselves into the gap between his right and the left of Archer, deployed rapidly in the woods, and attacked his flank and rear. Some of his men wheeled, and made front against the new advance of the Federalists upon their side; a part of his line was broken and overwhelmed in the tangled woods, and the remainder retired upon its supports, fighting stubbornly; while the twelve guns which had been advanced upon his left, across the railroad track, were hurriedly withdrawn to avoid capture, suffering not a little from the Federal sharpshooters. The left of Archer's brigade met a like fate with Lane's. Finding themselves taken in reverse, they broke and fled before overpowering numbers, thus widening the great breach in the front line, through which the Federal columns poured into the woods. But Archer still held fast to the right of his position with two or three regiments with a stubborn tenacity, which contributed much to save the day, and attempted, with another regiment, to form a new front against the enemy's flank.

But Jackson had provided many additional resources against this casualty. The triumphant irruption of the Federalists was first checked by the brigades of Thomas and Gregg, which covered the intervals of the front line. As the throng of enemies spread themselves from the

breach in divergent columns, the one bearing most toward the Confederate right found itself suddenly confronted, at close quarters, by Gregg. His foremost regiment, mistaking them for friends, received a sudden volley, and was thrown into confusion. As their lion-hearted general, Gregg, rushed forward to reinstate his battle, he was shot down with a mortal wound. But Colonel Hamilton speedily rallied a part of his brigade, and made head against the enemy until other succours could arrive. Another torrent of Federalists, directing themselves along Lane's rear, and toward the Confederate left, was met by Thomas, and their efforts were partially contained. The battle had now passed within the range of the artillery, which suspended its fire; but the struggle raged in a confused manner within the woods, and the fragments of the line of Hill and of his enemies were mixed in inextricable confusion. It was at this critical moment that General Jackson ordered up his second line. But the generals commanding it, anticipating his wishes with intelligent zeal, were about to rush into the wavering conflict when they received his instructions. General Early, whose division covered all the right of A. P. Hill's broken line, through the Georgia brigade of Lawton, commanded by Colonel Atkinson, directly forward, and then moved the brigade of Walker by its left flank at a double-quick, until it covered the yawning chasm upon Atkinson's left. The two now dashed forward upon the confused masses of the enemy with such a yell as only the Confederate soldiers know how to give. Walker connected his left with the right of Thomas, of Hill's division, who was still

showing an unbroken front; and the three brigades swept the intruders in a moment from the woods, and pursued them, with heavy carnage, across the railroad track, and far into the fields beyond. Here, indeed, the enthusiasm of the Georgians led them too far; for, rushing several hundred yards in advance of the railroad, they exposed their right to a whole division of Federal infantry, which fired into their flank, and forced them back to that embankment, capturing among their wounded the commanding colonel and his adjutant.

But no sooner had General Early assisted in restoring the wavering fortunes of the centre, than he was entreated for succours for the fragment of the line of Archer, which was staggering under the unequal pressure. He therefore advanced the brigade of Trimble, under Colonel Hoke, supported by Hayes, upon the extreme right, relieved Archer, and driving the enemy across the railroad here also, established his men along that line. As soon as the enemy's infantry was sufficiently disengaged from the woods on their retreat, the gallant Colonel Walker opened his guns upon them again, and before they reached the shelter of the river road, inflicted a severe punishment. While these events occurred on Jackson's right, the division of Taliaferro also advanced with the greatest enthusiasm, to support the front line upon his left. But so speedily was the irruption of the enemy repulsed, nothing remained for them to do, save that the 2d Virginia Regiment, of the Stonewall Brigade, assisted in driving out the Federalists who had threatened the right of Thomas.

The division of General Hood, also, upon General Jack-

soh's left, instructed by Longstreet to lend a generous aid to their neighbours, had assisted with two or three regiments, to repulse a threatening attack there. A large detachment of the enemy advancing up the channel of Deep Run, shielded from view, suddenly emerged in line of battle, and confronted the left of Pender's brigade, and the numerous batteries which he supported. One of his regiments, assisted by those of Hood, immediately attacked them, and drove them back with great spirit. Especially did the 57th and 54th North Carolina, two new regiments of conscripts, which had never been under fire before, cover themselves with glory. They pursued the broken enemy, the 57th in front, across the railroad, and for a mile into the plain, although scourged by a flank fire from the channel of the creek; and it was not until repeated messengers had been sent to repress their ardour that they were recalled. The gallant Hood said, that he verily thought the mad fellows would go to the Rappahannock in spite of him and the enemy together. And as they returned, some were seen weeping with vexation, because they were dragged from the bleeding haunches of the foe, and exclaiming, "It is because he has not confidence in Carolinians. If we had been some of his Texans, he would have let us go on." But the men of Pender displayed equal merit, in enduring an ordeal of a different nature. Their chief part was to sustain the numerous batteries with which General Jackson had guarded his left upon the open plain. Lying behind these guns, insulted by a cloud of skirmishers, and receiving a large part of the projectiles aimed at the artillery, they patiently

held their ground, unrelieved by the solace of active resistance, until the day was won.

A new front line was now formed by the Confederates, composed of portions of the divisions of A. P. Hill and Early, with the Stonewall Brigade, under General Paxton, along the railroad embankment in front of their former position. It began near Hamilton's Crossing on the extreme right, and extending along the wide curve with which that thoroughfare sweeps into the plain, confronted the enemy all the way to the position of General Hood. The division of D. H. Hill, whose services had not been needed to complete the enemy's repulse, was now advanced to the second line; while the shattered portions of A. P. Hill's division were drawn to the third. The Federalists did not seriously renew their attack upon General Jackson during the day, but kept up a spiteful cannonade, under which he suffered some loss. In this battle, Franklin had almost equal advantages of ground, and double numbers. But such was the skill of Jackson and his assistants, and the superior prowess of the Confederate soldiery, he was beaten, and driven hopelessly back to his starting-place, before more than half of his antagonist's force had been displayed. He left about five hundred prisoners, besides many wounded men, and five thousand muskets in Jackson's grasp, as trophies of his victory.

While this battle was raging with General Jackson's corps, events of equal magnitude were occurring upon the left, in front of Fredericksburg, which are detailed with less fulness, only because the immediate subject of this narrative was unconnected with them. Here Burnside,

with an almost insane policy, selected Marye's Hill, as the point of pertinacious attack; a position which, in the hands of Confederate soldiers, was impregnable; and which, if captured, would have been found commanded in turn by other positions of greater strength. But, endeavouring to silence the batteries of Colonel Walton upon its crest, by the tremendous fire of his heavy guns upon the Stafford heights, he hurled brigade after brigade of Sumner's wing against it throughout the day, with no other result than the pitiable slaughter of his men. Six times his fresh reserves were advanced to the attack. But Walton, disregarding the hurricane of shells from the opposing hills, reserved his fire for the dense lines of infantry; and as soon as they emerged from the town, and formed for the charge, shattered them with well-directed plunging volleys. The advanced line of Cobb, behind the stone fence at the base of the hill, supported by Ransom upon the face of the declivity, awaited the Federals, whenever they advanced, with withering discharges of musketry. The narrow field before them was literally encumbered with corpses; the gallant Cobb, statesman and orator, as well as soldier, was borne from his post mortally wounded, assigning it to Kershaw; but still the night closed upon the carnage, and the Confederates had not been dislodged from a single foot of the outworks of their position. The depressions of ground along the Hazel, in which the routed columns of the Federalists sought refuge from the scathing fires of Marye's Hill, were raked by the more distant batteries near General Lee's position upon the centre; and the frightened wretches found no refuge save behind

the dwellings of the town. There, also, they were only secure because the Commander-in-Chief spared the city from bombardment, in mercy to a few hundreds of the inhabitants who, he knew, had clung to their homes throughout these horrors. In a word, the Confederates at length had here a position which was really strong, and which they had adequate forces to defend. It was such a position as they had been accustomed to wrest from Federalists in previous battles. The consequence was, that the attempt to wrest it from them never approximated the first appearance of success, and resulted only in a frightful loss.

On the right, the afternoon was wearing away without event, save that the contest of artillery was still actively sustained between Stuart and Colonel Walker, supported by some of the guns of Colonel Brown, and the Federalists. General Jackson desired them to attack him again in his position; but when he perceived that they had learned too much wisdom by their chastisement, he was desirous that the important juncture should not pass without at least an attempt to turn their repulse into a defeat. He longed to try, whether by one grand advance, disregarding the fire from the Stafford hills, their shattered masses might not be routed from their hold along the river road, forced back upon the deep river, mowed down at the narrow approaches to the bridges, and hurled into the water. He thirsted for at least one victory, where the blood of his faithful men, and his own cares and toils, should be rewarded by grand results, like those of an Austerlitz or a Waterloo. But he knew something of the double embank-

ments of the river road before him, and of the double numbers of the enemy's men and guns. He knew that while the Federal was no match in prowess for the Confederate soldier, yet he never permitted any advantage to fail him which could be gained by adroit cunning or mechanical industry. He was well aware that it was no easy task for the inferior force to inflict an utter overthrow upon the superior, sustained by such resources, however the latter might be repelled by a higher courage. As the sun declined toward the west, he was seen sitting upon his horse a long time, with his watch in his hand, considering the effect of the cannonade with which Stuart was still plying the enemy's left, and counting the minutes until the sun should touch the horizon. After anxious hesitation, his resolve was formed; he determined to make the essay, postponing it until the approach of night, in order that, if it were successful, the death grapple with the Federal infantry might be shielded from the fire of their protecting artillery by the darkness, and might be enhanced in its confusion and horrors; or, if it were unsuccessful, the same friendly veil might assist him in drawing off his forces without serious disaster. He therefore issued orders that every gun, of whatever calibre or range, which was not disabled, should be advanced to the front; that at sunset they should move across the plain together, and open upon the enemy; that all the infantry should follow in lines of battle, and that as soon as the Federal front showed signs of wavering under the cannonade, the whole should charge with fixed bayonets, and sweep the invaders into the river. The attempt was hurriedly made to effect

these dispositions; a number of fresh batteries were advanced and opened upon the enemy; and the first line, which the General had committed to the charge of Early, was just springing to its work, when he recalled his orders. He perceived that the concert between his different batteries of artillery was too imperfect to promise him success; that his subordinates proceeded to the enterprise with doubtful determination; and that the enemy covered his whole front with so terrible a fire from his countless artillery, that it threatened too great a loss of patriot blood. He therefore unwillingly relinquished the endeavour, and made his dispositions for the night, assigning the front to Early, and ordering all the troops to be relieved for a short time, by detachments, that they might replenish their ammunition for the morrow. With this exception the whole army lay upon their weapons during the night, in the positions they had held during the day.

The unfulfilled plan of General Jackson has not been related to impress the imagination of the reader with a picture which was, perhaps, impossible to be realized, of the horrors of Boteler's Ford re-enacted on a grander scale, amidst the accessories of darkness and a stupendous confusion; of murderous lines of Confederate bayonets rushing through the gloom, revealed to the affrighted invaders by the angry glare of the cannon alone; of huddled masses of fugitives, mowed down by shot and thrust of invisible hands, and engulfed in the black waters; while Jackson and his fierce subordinates urged on the carnival of death. The purpose is to prove, by a great and notable

instance, that General Jackson's determination had none of that headstrong imprudence which has sometimes been imputed to him. He was capable of grand resolves; no commander ever engaged his adversary with more of "the unconquerable will, and purpose never to submit or yield," than he; but none was ever more careful of the blood of his men, or tempered his daring with greater wisdom.

Thus ended the great battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Federalists confessed a loss of twelve thousand men killed and wounded, nine thousand small arms, and about a thousand prisoners. In repelling the attacks of their vast army, General Lee had employed less than twenty-five thousand men, and had experienced a loss of four thousand two hundred. Of these, nearly twenty-nine hundred were killed and wounded in the corps of General Jackson; and there were, in addition, five hundred and twenty-six officers and men captured, chiefly from the division of A. P. Hill. That division also bore the heavier part of the loss in killed and wounded: a price which the brave are accustomed to pay for the post of honour. The batteries which were long engaged suffered much in this action, and especially those of Colonel Lindsay Walker. Placed in a prominent position, from which there was no retreat, and made the target for a continual fire for many hours, they were often struck, and lost many men and horses.

After all the necessary dispositions had been made for the night, General Jackson retired to his tent to seek a few hours' repose. There his friend, Colonel Boteler, awaited him, to whom he offered a share of his pallet; but

long after the other had lain down, he continued to write and send despatches. At length, near midnight, he lay down beside him, without removing any of his clothing, and slept for two or three hours, when he again arose, lighted his candle, and resumed his writing. But, observing that the rays fell full in the face of his friend, whom he supposed to be still asleep, he immediately procured a book, which he so adjusted upon his table as to screen him from the light, that he might not disturb his slumbers. About four o'clock in the morning he called to his faithful Jim for his horse; and, after a friendly altercation with him, concerning his desire to ride the same one which had borne him through the battle of the previous day, in which Jim came off victorious, he rode away with a single aide. He had mounted thus early in order to redeem an hour before the day dawned to pay a visit to the dying soldier, General Maxey Gregg. This heroic man had fallen the day before, shot through the body in the irruption of the enemy through the line of A. P. Hill, and now lay in a neighbouring dwelling, drawing near to his last hour; but still as calm as upon the field of battle, and as ready to render up his life a sacrifice for his country. General Jackson spent a few solemn moments by his couch, and bade adieu to him with tender sympathy. He then returned to the front, to meet the first dawn of day among his men, and to assure himself that they were prepared for the expected renewal of the assault.

General Lee, on his part, had spent the night in diligent preparations for such an event. The enemy had been so

easily repulsed by a fraction of the Confederate army, and still possessed so enormous a superiority of numbers, that he could not believe Burnside would accept a final defeat on those terms. He therefore supposed that the attempt of Saturday was but the prelude to a more strenuous attack to be made on the Sabbath. He earnestly desired that the assault should be renewed; because the strength of his position assured him that it would only result in the further destruction of the enemy. His troops were therefore all prepared with supplies of ammunition for another day of yet more tremendous battle; and the weaker points of his line were strengthened with works hastily thrown up during the night. The morning disclosed the Federalists still drawn up on the plain, in full array, and showing a steady front; but the day wore away without any demonstration, save a continual skirmish of the sharpshooters and artillery. In truth, Burnside purposed a renewal of the attack; but his three lieutenants, who seem to have assumed a practical independence of his will, remonstrated so boldly, and gave such representations of the demoralization of their troops, that he was compelled to relinquish his design. The next subject for his consideration therefore was, in what way he might best extricate himself from his perilous position. This was a problem which was not easy of solution; for, to retreat across his narrow floating bridges, in the face of a watchful and victorious foe, was to invite destruction. He therefore spent the day strengthening his position, especially before the front of the town, with hastily-dug trenches, and kept his outposts pressed close up to those

of General Lee, as though preparing for further aggressive movements.

During the night of the 14th of December, General Jackson held his troops in the same lines, except that the division of D. H. Hill was placed in the front, and that of Early was relieved by retiring to a less exposed place. During Monday, the 15th, a flag of truce was sent, requesting a few hours' truce between the Confederate right wing and the Federal left, in order that the latter might relieve their wounded, many of whom had now been lying upon the freezing ground two days and two nights. The note containing this request was signed by a general of subordinate rank. At Sharpsburg some of the Confederate generals had granted a temporary truce upon a similar application, which had been afterwards disclaimed by M'Clellan. General Jackson therefore replied to this, that when authenticated by the general commanding the Federal army, the application would receive an answer. After a time, it was returned with the authority of Burnside, when the truce was promptly granted. In his front grim-visaged war now smoothed its horrors for a few hours; and while the hospital attendants were busy in removing the dead and wounded, officers and men from the adverse ranks mingled together in familiar intercourse.

The second day after the battle was now ended. The Confederates were eager in their hopes that the enemy would attack again on the morrow, when an opportunity would be again found to avenge upon the invaders of their homes the barbarities which had marked the war. Such

was the enthusiasm which reigned among them, that the division of D. H. Hill, which should in turn have been relieved from the front on the 15th, sent a written request to Jackson to be allowed to remain there another night, in the hope that they might have the honour of receiving the enemy's first attack the next morning. Their request was granted; but with the morning came a grievous disappointment. The whole opposing army was gone, with all its appurtenances, and had removed its bridges, and resumed its post upon the Stafford heights. The weather had come to their assistance in the shape of a storm of rain, accompanied with a tempestuous wind from the south, which, driving from the Confederates toward the enemy, had effectually stifled the sound of every note of preparation for the march. Under cover of this wind and the Egyptian darkness, they had been busy all night withdrawing their army and artillery over a number of bridges, while the numerous sentries close to the Confederate front kept up a bold show to the last. After all the rest had retired, these outposts also were called in, their officers passing from man to man, and giving the order to fall back in a whisper. With such industry and adroitness was the retreat conducted, that the vast multitude, with its countless carriages, was withdrawn in one night, in the midst of intense darkness, and without the aid of even a lamp; for they feared to draw on themselves the fire of the Confederate cannon. When some of the citizens, who had remained shut up in their houses during the whole struggle, came with candles to their doors to learn the cause of the strange dull buzz which filled the air, they

were startled to find the streets packed with dense columns of men, whose faces were all turned toward the river, and who instantly greeted their appearance with the stern whisper, "Put out that light! Put out that light!" Some of the officers also sprang from the ranks, snatched the lights from their hands, extinguished them, and thrust the bearers back within doors. The movement was all accomplished before the Confederate pickets learned anything. When the dull and dreary dawn began to steal over the ground, they perceived that the sentries who had confronted them were either gone or were motionless; and upon approaching the latter, they found that they were dead corpses, stiff and stark, which the Federals had propped up against stones or posts, placing muskets in their hands!

On re-entering the afflicted city, the Confederates discovered also that the enemy had employed the leisure of the two days after the battle in sacking its dwellings from one end to the other. The only houses which escaped were those which, being occupied by wounded men, or by the quarters of general officers, were guarded by their sentries. Not only was every species of food and other portable property, which a soldier could desire, carried away, but the most ingenious and laborious destruction was wrought upon that which they did not need. Costly furniture and pianos were hewn to pieces with axes, the wardrobes of ladies torn into shreds, mirrors precipitated upon the pavements, and the morocco-bound books of gentlemen's libraries carried in hampers to the river, and tumbled into the slime of the tides. But otherwise, the

general aspect of the buildings gave singular proof of the difficulty of actually destroying a city by a bombardment. After all the tempest of projectiles by which it seemed the doomed city must be levelled with the ground, only a few houses were burned, and a few seriously broken down. In the others, the only signs of bombardment were a few small holes perforated in the walls and roofs by the shot, and a number of places where glass and plastering had been broken by the explosions; while many buildings had almost miraculously escaped.

In this retreat the Federalists had every circumstance to favour the secrecy of their movements; yet their success casts a reflection upon the watchfulness of the Confederates. It was true that the darkness, the rain, and the tempestuous wind were sufficient to hide all the movements of the fugitives from the sentries; but surely, on all that extended front, there ought to have been some scouts adventurous and shrewd enough to penetrate the enemy's lines, by some mode, and gather some data which would be decisive of their purpose to fight or flee. The Confederate commander was much disappointed by the result. Another imperfect victory had been added to the list of his exploits, in which the glory of a masterly strategy and heroic courage at the beginning was overclouded by a partial forfeiture of the anticipated fruits of victory. His beaten enemy had again extricated himself from a situation which promised a complete triumph and a speedy peace to the Confederacy. Doubtless, General Lee admitted in his own breast, that had he foreseen this escape of Burnside, he ought to have taken the aggressive against

him during the two days of inaction in some way. But what that way should have been it was still not so easy to determine. His advantage over Burnside in position and facility of attack was, after all, more seeming than real. In front of the Confederate right the Federalists held fast to the two embankments of the river road, which they made almost impregnable with countless batteries, and double lines of infantry, and where they were protected by the fire of their guns of long range from the north bank. If General Jackson would reach these lines he must leave his position in the wooded hills and advance into the plain, where every advantage passed from his side to that of his enemy. At Fredericksburg the more contracted space brought either party which took the aggressive immediately under a murderous fire from the opposing heights. If the Confederates advanced, they seemed to incur the same disadvantages which the Federalists had found so disastrous at Marye's Hill.

But in one particular General Jackson differed from his associates in his estimate of the situation. He did not consider the battle of the 13th of December as a mere prelude to a greater struggle. He appreciated the full influence of the events of that day upon the army of Burnside, and was convinced that it was at the end of that day a beaten army, and would attempt nothing more on that ground. He did not expect a renewal of their assaults the next morning, although his vigilance prompted him to take every precaution against it. He saw clearly that it was for the Confederates to take the initiative next, or else the affair would continue incomplete. In this he

showed his customary sagacity, and that almost infallible insight into his adversary's condition and temper, which had guided him in previous campaigns. But his habitual modesty prevented his obtruding his opinions; and there is no certain evidence what plan of action he would have recommended.

The handling of Captain Hardaway's Whitworth rifle during the 14th, upon the highlands east of the Massaponax gave one indication which deserved to be followed up. Mounting a straw-rick which stood upon a bold hill there, in range with the distant line of the river road, he stationed his gun beside it; and glass in hand, directed a slow and accurate fire upon the enemy's position. They could make no effective reply; and with his one piece, he so enfiladed and raked that road as to compel them to remove their batteries to other ground. One of his shells was supposed to have slain the Federal General Bayard, near the centre of the Federal army, and three miles distant. Now, had a strong detachment of Jackson's guns of longest range been likewise posted in the highlands, during the 14th, their fire might so far have counterbalanced that of the Federal artillery, as to enable him, with the remainder of his corps, to overwhelm their left, without ruinous loss to himself, by a front and flank attack combined. But the most obvious expedient for completing the discomfiture of Burnside's army, was to concentrate powerful masses of artillery on all the hills commanding the city itself, and disregarding the reply from the Stafford heights, to overwhelm the whole locality with a sustained cannonade. The drift of the Federal

troops was continually toward the streets of the town, after the battle of Saturday; there were their most numerous bridges; and thither the stragglers rushed for spoils. The streets and open spaces were doubtless so crowded with men during the whole occupation, that such a bombardment must have inflicted a bloody loss; and the approaches to all the bridges near the town being thus made impracticable, the sense of its insecurity might have plunged the whole army into panic. Two motives held back the hands of the Confederates from this obvious experiment; the expectation of having a more urgent use for the ammunition, to fight another general action in their chosen position; and compassion for two or three hundred citizens of the gallant town, who were supposed to be still clinging to their ruined homes.

The failure of this grand attempt of Burnside plunged the Federal Government and people into mortification and rage. For once, the disappointment was too bitter to be concealed; and their anguish rendered them temporarily honest enough to forego their customary boastings. The butchery of their men and the profound discouragement of the survivors were fully avowed. The Federal ministry compelled poor Burnside to make himself the scapegoat for the fault, by assuming, in a published order, the whole responsibility of the movement. The blatant press now denounced their late favourite with an injustice equal to their former senseless adulation. And a Congressional Committee of inquiry visited the army, and gathered the evidence for completing his disgrace. He was, after a little, removed from his command, and succeeded by his

insubordinate and boastful lieutenant, Hooker. His army was quietly withdrawn a few miles from the river, and cantoned in winter-quarters in the counties of Stafford and King George.

It is believed that the reader, in reviewing the affair of Fredericksburg, will concur in the assertion with which the narrative began—that Burnside's plan was not ill-conceived. With the means which his Government placed at his disposal, the attempt to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, in the face of Lee's army, was feasible; and since Burnside's masters dictated to him the necessity of marching on Richmond by some route, the essay which he chose was proper for him to make. The only real obstacle was the Confederate army; but that must be met somewhere; and his Government and people were unanimous in asserting that he both could and must overthrow it in some way. The conception of Burnside, then, was good. His first fault was, that he did not estimate with practical wisdom the uncertainties and bureau impotency of the administration; so as to make sure of all the apparatus necessary for a prompt movement, such as pontoon trains, by his own personal superintendence. He began to move from Warrenton to his new base on the 13th of November. Two marches should have brought him to Fredericksburg. The last of Longstreet's corps did not arrive until the 21st. With all his preparations duly anticipated, and with reasonably prompt movements, he should have crossed the river in force, and been master of the southern bank, before the Confederates were in a condition to meet him. But the very odds which they found themselves compelled

to bring against the Confederates, in order to cope with them, always rendered their army an unwieldy monster, too cumbrous for any one mind to comprehend or handle with precision.

After the opportunity for a sudden surprise was thus lost, Burnside proceeded with skill and judgment in the disposition which he made of his superior artillery, and in the measures by which he forced the passage of the river. But then his blunders began again. Of these the greatest was the direct attempt to storm Marye's Hill, which was the very last point to which his efforts should have been directed. An attack upon the extreme of the Confederate left, or upon their centre,—anything would have been less reprehensible. But his opportunity was, in fact, only upon the right; and all his real weight should have been thrown against Jackson. If he had moved promptly under the dense fog of the 12th of December, while as yet neither Early nor D. H. Hill was in position, he might have carried, by his infantry, positions which would have transferred the decisive battle to the interior of Spottsylvania, or to the North Anna. Or else, if he had employed that day in bridging the Massaponax near its mouth, and in opening ways for his vast artillery force near the eastern highlands; if he had made all his operations nearer Fredericksburg, on the 13th, a feint, and instead of allowing a large part of Hooker's grand division to hang as a useless reserve about the Stafford heights until the day was practically lost, had pressed forward the whole of it to support Franklin, and had thus moved in force upon both sides of the Massaponax, he might have reasonably promised him-

self a successful issue. It was manifest that the railroad from Fredericksburg to Richmond must be the essential part of General Lee's line of operations. But the direction of that thoroughfare down the valley of the Rappahannock indicated that Burnside should advance only by his left; besides that, the country on his left flank was every way the more favourable to him. There is no boast in saying, that if it had been Jackson with the Confederate army who had seized the northern edge of the plateau of Fredericksburg, and Burnside who stood on the defensive upon the Spottsylvania hills, the former would have been as sure of occupying enough of the hills of the Massaponax to turn the position of the latter successfully, as the sun of the 13th rose upon the two armies.

It was manifest that the retreat of Burnside was the end of the campaign for the winter. The army of General Lee therefore proceeded to construct its winter quarters in the wooded country behind the Rappahannock, the corps of General Jackson stretching from the neighbourhood of Guinea's Station toward Port Royal. Very soon the men were comfortably housed in huts of their own construction, and settled down into the monotonous routine of the cantonment. General Jackson, after a few days' hesitation, established his head-quarters at Moss Neck, the hospitable mansion of Mr. Corbin, midway between Fredericksburg and Port Royal, and near the centre of his troops. Declining the offer of rooms in the commodious dwelling, lest he should unavoidably trespass upon the convenience of its inmates, he accepted the use of a sporting-lodge at the edge of the lawn for his lodgings. In the upper room

of this cottage his pallet was spread; and the lower, still ornamented with the prints and trophies of the chase appropriate to its former uses, was occupied as his office. A large tent, erected near by, supplied the place of a dining-room for his mess. With these humble arrangements he addressed himself diligently to the improvement of his command, and the preparation of his official reports, to which the bustle of the extraordinary campaign just closed had forbidden his giving attention before. While the troops were steadily engaged in the construction of their winter quarters, of roads to the stations whence they drew their supplies through the railroad, and of an elaborate line of entrenchments, which covered the whole country from Fredericksburg to Port Royal, he set himself busily to bring up this arrear of office-work. In the composition of the reports of his battles his reverence for truth and justice was conspicuous. The facts were laboriously examined by him; and then every sentence of his narrative was reviewed and scanned with most anxious care, that all might be true to the reality. The language of exaggeration was jealously avoided, nor did he descend to rhetorical portraiture: all was the severe simplicity of history. Yet these reports are models of perspicuity, of transparent plainness, and of true graphic power; and the literary man of true taste will esteem them as excellent specimens of narrative. This labour was continued, at intervals, throughout the winter; and was just completed when the advance of Hooker, in the following spring, summoned him to that crowning exploit, of which his death left the narration in other hands.

His attention was now addressed to an evil which had always been grievous in the Confederate armies,—absence from the ranks without leave. Employing his friend, the Hon. Mr. Boteler, as his advocate in Congress, he urgently called the attention of the Committee on Military Affairs to this abuse. He declared that if it could be corrected, even approximately, and the larger part of the absentees could be recalled to the ranks, the army would be so increased that, with the Divine blessing, one more campaign would sweep the enemy from the soil of the Confederate States. One of his brigades reported twelve hundred absentees! He proposed a novel plan, in which he expressed great confidence, for abating the nuisance. This was, to offer a pecuniary reward for the apprehension and delivery of all men reported as absent without leave, to be paid at first by the Government, but afterwards reimbursed from the pay of the delinquent. To carry out this conception, he proposed that it should be embodied substantially in the following form :—

"Suppose, for instance, that a brigade-commander makes an arrangement with persons not liable to military duty, to arrest and deliver his absentees, and that he requires each company-commander, as soon as he knows that one of his men is absent without leave, to send up to brigade-headquarters a certificate of the fact, and the brigade-commander sends the certificate to one of the persons with whom he has previously agreed to arrest and bring back his absentees; and that *whenever the delinquent and certificate shall be delivered to the commanding officer of a military post or camp, such commanding officer gives a*

receipt for the same; and upon the presentation of such receipt to the quartermaster of the post or camp, he pays the reward,—say fifteen dollars. In order to indemnify the Government, let the commanding officer of the post or camp not only send to the company-commander the man, but also a notification that a receipt has been given for his delivery, in order that the company-commander may enter the reward opposite the man's name on the muster and pay-roll, so as to have it stopped from his pay."

This proposal was never submitted to the test of experiment. General Jackson at least endeavoured to set a wholesome example of the duty of adherence to the service. He had never had a day of furlough. When invited by a friend to allow himself a little respite for a visit at his house, where he might meet his wife and the infant daughter which he had never seen, he replied, expressing the delight which such a vacation would give him, but firmly declining the proposal. A characteristic letter to Mrs. Jackson may be introduced here, illustrating this matter:—

"*Christmas*, 1862.

"I do earnestly pray for peace. Oh that our country was such a Christian, God-fearing people as it should be! Then might we very speedily look for peace.

"It appears to me that it is better for me to remain with my command, so long as the war continues, if our ever gracious Heavenly Father permits. The army suffers immensely by absentees. If all our troops, officers, and men, were at their posts, we might, through God's bless-

ing, expect a more speedy termination of the war. The temporal affairs of some are so deranged as to make a strong plea for their returning home for a short time; but *our God* has greatly blessed me and mine during my absence; and whilst it would be a great comfort to see you, and our darling little daughter, and others in whom I take special interest, yet duty appears to require me to remain with my command. It is important that those at head-quarters set an example by remaining at the post of duty.

"Dr. — writes, 'our little prayer-meeting is still meeting daily, to pray for our army and leaders.' This prayer-meeting may be the means of accomplishing more than an army. I wish that such existed everywhere. How it does cheer my heart to hear of God's people praying for our cause, and for me! I greatly prize the prayers of the pious."

The new year brought him the sad news of the re-occupation of Winchester by the Federal army. His friends there were now subjected to the tyranny and outrages of the Federal general Milroy. Under his rule, the most vexatious and cruel restrictions were placed upon the people, and the plunder of their dwellings was shamelessly transferred to the private baggage of the commander. Nothing which could characterize the baseness of a petty despot was lacking to the history of this man; and when, after the fall of General Jackson, Winchester was re-captured by his corps under General Ewell, Milroy crowned his infamy by running away from his command through

by-roads, leaving them without a leader in the clutches of the avenging patriots. The story of the wrongs of the people now stirred the depths of Jackson's heart. His estimate of the value of the district to the Confederacy was revived by his grief and indignation, and he exerted all his influence with the Commander-in-Chief to have an army sent for its deliverance. His constant judgment was still that a force stationed in the lower valley, and supported by the resources of the country, would render a service more efficient than the same numbers could render elsewhere, by preserving the riches of the country to the Confederacy, and by making a threatening diversion, which would embarrass any invasion of Northern Virginia. He declared that the country would still sustain twenty thousand men, who should be sent there under an energetic leader, and he proposed General Early for the post. But General Lee did not deem that he had men to spare for the detachment, although the difficulty of provisioning his army in Spottsylvania did induce him, later in the season, to send General Longstreet, with a part of his corps, to south-eastern Virginia, where they were detained until after the battle of Chancellorsville, without other result than some successful foraging.

While General Jackson was himself the commander in the Valley District, his modesty and disinterestedness had prevented his asking for larger powers, although he had felt, in the campaign of 1862, the cruel inconvenience of his subordination to a distant commander who was necessarily ignorant of much which should guide his action there. But now, in asking that another should command

there, he urged that the country should be elevated to an independent military department, with its own general, who should receive his orders directly from the supreme power. He strenuously declared that he did not desire to be again detached for that service, but every way preferred a subordinate command near General Lee's person.

Indeed, it was manifest that his happiness was greatly increased by the removal of the load of separate responsibility and administrative cares which his present position gained for him. His companions in arms noted in him a considerable and pleasing change. The brow of care was more frequently relaxed; his warm social impulses were more freely indulged; and his meals, which had been usually despatched in haste and silence, became now seasons of cheerful relaxation, in which he was a quiet and unobtrusive, but joyous participant. Especially did he unbend when visited, after the hours of business, by his valued comrade in arms, General Stuart. In patriotism, in zeal for duty, in daring courage, and in military enterprise, these two men were kindred and sympathetic spirits; but in temperament, Stuart's exuberant cheerfulness and humour seemed to be the happy relief, as they were the opposites to Jackson's serious and diffident temper. To Jackson himself it was a pleasure to have his sobriety thawed by the gay laugh and jest of the great cavalier, while his occasional visits to the mess were the signals of high fun to the young men of the Staff. While Stuart poured out his "quips and cranks," not seldom at Jackson's expense, the latter sat by, sometimes unprepared with any repartee, sometimes blushing, but always enjoying the

jest with a quiet and sunny laugh. The ornaments which the former proprietor of Moss Neck had left upon the walls of the General's quarters gave Stuart many a topic for badinage. Affecting to believe that they were of General Jackson's selection, he pointed now to the portrait of some famous racer, and now to the print of some dog celebrated for his hunting feats, as queer revelations of the private tastes of the great Presbyterian. He, with a quiet smile, only replied, that perhaps he had, in his youth, had more to do with race-horses than his friends suspected. He referred to his school-boy days at the forest home of his uncle, Cummings Jackson. It was in the midst of such a scene as this, one day, that dinner was announced, and the two generals passed to the mess-table. It so happened that Jackson had just received, as a present from a patriotic lady, some butter, upon the adornment of which the fair donor had exhausted her housewife's skill, and that the print impressed upon its surface was a gallant cock. The servants, in honour of General Stuart's presence, had chosen this to grace the centre of the board. As his eye fell upon it, he paused, and with mock gravity pointed to it, saying, "See there, gentlemen! If there is not the crowning evidence of our host's sporting tastes. He even puts his favourite game-cock upon his butter!" The dinner of course began with inextinguishable laughter, in which General Jackson joined with as much enjoyment as any.

His fame had now become world-wide; and while he attracted the enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen, strangers from Europe made pilgrimages to the army to

gain a view of the great soldier. They found him, not the *bizarre* and austere hero he had been described by popular fancy, but the modest, courteous gentleman, who offered the scanty hospitality of his quarters, and cared for their comfort with an almost feminine tenderness. His domestic tastes soon began to seek their solace among the children of the family near by, and he selected one, a sweet girl of six years, Jane Corbin, as his special favourite. He requested of her mother that she should visit him every afternoon after the labours of the day were finished, and he always provided himself with some present, suitable for her child's taste, which he laid away in his drawer: an apple, an orange, a bundle of candy, or a gay print. Sometimes the interview was passed with his little friend sitting upon his knee, engaged in eager converse; while at others, the noises which proceeded from the office showed that they were indulging in a good, hearty romp together. One evening when she came he had no gift for her. At the close of their play, his eye fell upon a new cap, which Mrs. Jackson had lately sent him, which was far plainer than that appropriate to a lieutenant-general, but which still was encircled with one band of broad gold braid. Taking his penknife, he ripped this off, and saying to the child, "This shall be your coronet," fastened it with his own hand round her fair locks, and then stood contemplating her with delight. A letter to his wife contains the following reference to it:—

"I became so much ashamed of the broad gold lace that was on the cap you sent me, as to induce me to take it off. I like simplicity." This gift, the reader will say, Jane

Corbin doubtless preserved with jealous care, to be the most cherished ornament of her womanhood. Alas! no. The sweet child was destined to precede her hero-friend to that world where they both wear a purer crown; and the sad mother, now also a soldier's widow, guards it as the memorial of her bereavement. The very day General Jackson left Moss Neck to prepare for the spring campaign, little Jane was seized with that fearful scourge of the innocents, scarlet fever, and expired after a sickness of a day. The General felt her loss with a pungent grief, but the sterner cares of the army forbade his expending time in the indulgence of sorrow. He left his quarters for the last time, cumbered with the thousand wants of his great command, while the child lay dying. His sympathy with the bereaved parents was also quickened by his own parental anxieties. It was about this time that his letters brought him news that his own infant daughter, whose face he had never seen, was ill with a threatening disease. He stated the accounts of its symptoms to his friend Dr. M'Guire, in whose medical wisdom he so confided, and asked his advice, that he might write it to his wife. As he closed his inquiries, he said, with a voice quivering with emotion, "I do wish that dear child, if it is God's will, to be spared to us." This prayer was answered, and the witnessing of its smiles was the last earthly joy which was assigned to him as he finished his course.

The winter at Moss Neck was also marked by a further increase of General Jackson's spirituality and Christian activity. Like the planet approaching its central sun, his soul moved with accelerated speed toward the Sun of

righteousness. As he drew nearer to the centre of his divine attraction his spiritual joy became more abundant. While his modesty was undiminished, his plans of exertion for the Church of God became more bold and comprehensive. His enjoyment of the Sabbath day became higher than ever, and every source of happiness was traced up more gratefully to the Heavenly Giver. A few extracts from his letters to his wife are introduced here, evincing the glowing piety of his affections:—

"Our ever gracious Heavenly Father is exceedingly kind to me, and strikingly manifests it by the kindness with which He disposes people to treat me." (Then mentioning a number of presents.) "And so God, my exceeding great joy, is continually showering His blessings upon me, an unworthy creature.

"I hope to have the privilege of joining in prayer for peace at the time you name, and hope that all our Christian people will; but peace should not be the chief object of prayer in our country. It should aim more specially at imploring God's forgiveness of our sins, and praying that He will make our people a holy people. If we are but His, all things shall work together for the good of our country, and no good thing will He withhold from it." . . . . "If I know my unworthy self, my desire is to live *entirely and unreservedly to God's glory.* Pray that I may so live."

January 17th, 1863.—"I derive an additional pleasure in reading a letter, resulting from a conviction that it has not been travelling on the Sabbath. How delightful will be our heavenly home, where everything is sanctified!".

January 22*d.*—"I regret to see our Winchester friends again in the hands of the enemy. I trust that, in answer to prayer, our country will soon be blessed with peace. If we were only that obedient people that we should be, I should, with increased confidence, look for a speedy termination of hostilities. Let us pray more, and live more to the glory of God.

"Our Heavenly Father is continually blessing me with presents. He withholds no good thing from me. I desire to be more thankful, and trust that through His blessing I shall grow in grace."

February 3*d.*—"I trust that, in answer to the prayers of *God's people*, He will soon give us peace. I haven't seen my wife for nearly a year, and my home for nearly two years; and I never have seen my sweet little daughter." . . . . "My old brigade has built a log church; as yet I have not been in it. I am much interested in reading Hunter's 'Life of Moses.' It is a delightful book, and I feel more improved in reading it than by an ordinary sermon. I am thankful to say that my Sabbaths are passed more in meditation than formerly. Time thus spent is genuine enjoyment."

Writing of some presents from *London*, he says, "Our ever kind Heavenly Father gives me friends among strangers. He is the source of every blessing, and I desire to be more grateful to Him.

"To-morrow is the Sabbath. My Sabbaths are looked forward to with pleasure. I don't know that I ever enjoyed Sabbaths as I do this winter. I do hope, trust, and pray, that our people will religiously observe the 27th day

of next month as a day of humiliation, prayer, and fasting, as the President has designated in his proclamation."

General Jackson, hoping, in common with many of his fellow-citizens, that the victories which God had vouchsafed to the Confederate arms in the year 1862 would convince the Federal people of the wickedness and unreasonable nature of their war, indulged some expectation that peace was not far off. It was his earnest desire that, when the people of the Confederate States then proceeded to adjust the working of their institutions, they should recognise the rights of God more distinctly, and that the Christian Church should put forth more saving power in society. One subject of his pious solicitude was the laws of Congress which required the carrying and opening of the mails on the Sabbath; thus not only permitting, but exacting of a class of the citizens the profaning of the day by secular labour. He had ever been accustomed to cherish a peculiar reverence for the Sabbath day; and hearing that the propriety of this anti-Christian legislation was discussed in Congress, he exerted every lawful influence to bring about its repeal. To his friend the Hon. Mr. Boteler he wrote as follows :—

"*December* 10, 1862.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—I have read with great interest the Congressional Report of the Committee, recommending the repeal of the law requiring the mails to be carried on the Sabbath, and I hope that you will feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to urge its repeal. I do not see how a nation that thus arrays itself, by such a law, against God's

holy day, can expect to escape His wrath. The punishment of national sins must be confined to this world, as there are no nationalities beyond the grave. For fifteen years I have refused to mail letters on Sunday, or to take them out of the office on that day, except since I came into the field; and, so far from having to regret my course, it has been a source of true enjoyment. I have never sustained loss in observing what God enjoins, and I am well satisfied that the law should be repealed at the earliest practicable moment. My rule is, to let the Sabbath mails remain unopened, unless they contain a despatch; but despatches are generally sent by couriers or telegraph, or some special messenger. I do not recollect a single instance of any special despatch having reached me, since the commencement of the war, by the mails.

"If you desire the repeal of the law, I trust you will bring all your influence to bear in its accomplishment. Now is the time, it appears to me, to effect so desirable an object. I understand that not only our President, but also most of his Cabinet, and a majority of our Congressmen, are professing Christians. God has greatly blessed us, and I trust He will make us that people whose God is the Lord. Let us look to God for an illustration in our history, that 'righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.' . . . . Very truly, your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

Similar letters were also written to others, engaging their assistance to further the repeal of the law. To his friend Colonel Preston of Lexington, an elder of his

church, he wrote to the same effect, seeking to enlist his pen; and afterward to secure, through him, the weight of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at its approaching meeting. To Colonel Preston he wrote thus:—

"I greatly desire to see peace,—*blessed peace.* And I am persuaded that if God's people throughout our Confederacy will earnestly and perseveringly unite in imploring His interposition for peace, we may expect it. Let our Government acknowledge the God of the Bible as its God, and we may expect soon to be a happy and independent people. It appears to me that extremes are to be avoided, and it also appears to me that the old United States occupied an extreme position in the means it took to prevent the union of Church and State. We call ourselves a Christian people, and it seems to me that our Government may be of the same character, without connecting itself with an established church. It does appear to me that as our President, our Congress, and our people have thanked God for victories, and prayed to Him for additional ones, and He has answered such prayers, and gives us a Government, it is gross ingratitude not to acknowledge Him in the gift. Let the framework of our Government show that we are not ungrateful to Him."

But the great work which most engrossed his heart was the spiritual improvement of the army, and especially of his corps. His soul had rejoiced, with unspeakable gladness, at the incipient showers of Divine grace which began to descend during the autumn. He had from the first

lamented the destitution of the army, where more than half the regiments were without chaplains, and the inefficiency of those who were present. He saw them labouring without plan and concert, and therefore without efficiency. He saw them leaving their charges in the midst of hardships and dangers, upon unnecessary grounds, thus unconsciously fostering the feeling of the unbelieving many, that the spiritual officer was less essential to the regiment than the secular, and so inviting indifference to their labours when they were present. He was accustomed to say, that if an ecclesiastical organization and control for clergymen had been found necessary in civil life, they should equally be applied to these military pastors; and again, that it was as reasonable that they should be held to their duties by a due subordination, as surgeons or captains. It had long been his desire to have some impulse communicated to their labours, and he now made the following suggestions to the Rev. Dr. White :—

"CAROLINE COUNTY, VIRGINIA,
March 9th, 1863.

"MY DEAR PASTOR,—Your letter of the 5th inst. was handed me yesterday. I am much obliged to you for it, and thankful to God and yourself for the deep interest you take in the army. I feel that, if you were a young man, you would delight to labour in the army. Though your health will not admit of such constant labour, yet I trust that you will find it convenient to come and preach a few sermons. I do not feel that I can adequately express by letter the inducements that exist for Christian labour among our troops. If you could come for a few days and

see for yourself, I believe that good would be accomplished, not only by your labours here, but by the impressions which you would carry away.

"When I wrote the letter to Colonel Preston which he showed you, I had given up the idea that the Rev. B. T. Lacy would return." (The letter here referred to had authorized and requested Colonel Preston to invite the Rev. Dr. Palmer, an eminent minister recently driven from his pulpit in New Orleans by the enemy, to come to his head-quarters and labour as a missionary in his corps; promising to make a contribution of five hundred dollars per year to his support out of his private purse.) "He had visited me soon after my arrival here, and I desired him to labour in my army corps, and expected him to return in about a week, though not necessarily to accept a proposition which I had made him; for he told me that, as he was in charge of a congregation, he could not decide what his course would be until he should see more respecting his charge. Shortly after my writing to Colonel Preston, Mr. Lacy returned; and I hope that, through God's blessing, his labours will be with the army until the war terminates. . . .

"Whilst I hope to have Mr. L. in my corps, yet if you think that our church, in making a proper distribution of her ministerial talent and piety, can send to my corps another of her gifted sons, I will be greatly gratified, and will contribute to his support as promised in my letter to Colonel Preston. And I should like very much to have Dr. Palmer, judging from what I have heard of him. But I do not wish to make invidious distinctions. My desire

is to see just such a distribution of labours as will most promote the glory of God. . . .

"You suggest that I give my views and wishes in such form and extent as I am willing should be made public. This I shrink from doing, because it looks like presumption in me to come before the public and even intimate what course I think should be pursued by the people of God. I have had so little experience in church matters, as to make it very proper, it appears to me, to keep quite beyond the expression of my views to friends. Whilst I feel that this is the proper course for me to pursue, and the one which is congenial to my feelings, yet if you and Colonel Preston, after prayerful consultation, are of opinion that my name, in connexion with my wishes, will be the means of doing good, I do not desire any sensibility that I may have to be a drawback in the way of doing good. I desire myself and all that I have to be dedicated to the service of God. So averse am I to appearing as though I would like to attempt in any way publicity to suggest what, in my opinion, the church should do, that I do not feel justified in consenting to my name being used as you have suggested, except after prayerful consultation between yourself and Colonel Preston. I take the liberty of writing to you and him my views; both of you have had large experience in the church; you have both been known to the church for years, and, after maturely considering what I write, *you* can with propriety publish, should you think best, anything that I may have said, *without saying that such was my view.*

"My views are summed up in a few words, which are

these: each Christian branch of the Church should send into the army some of its most prominent ministers, who are distinguished for their piety, talents, and zeal; and such ministers should labour to produce concert of action among chaplains and Christians in the army. These ministers should give special attention to preaching to regiments which are without chaplains, and induce them to take steps to get chaplains, to let the regiments name the denomination from which they desire chaplains selected, and then to see that suitable chaplains are secured. A bad selection of a chaplain may prove a curse instead of a blessing. If the few prominent ministers thus connected with each army would cordially co-operate, I believe that glorious fruits would be the result. Denominational distinctions should be kept out of view, and not touched upon; and, as a general rule, I do not think that a chaplain who would preach denominational sermons should be in the army. His congregation is his regiment, and it is composed of persons of various denominations. I would like to see no question asked in the army as to what denomination a chaplain belongs; but let the question be, does he preach the Gospel? The neglect of spiritual interests in the army may be partially seen in the fact that not half of my regiments have chaplains."

On the 1st of March, the Rev. Mr. Lacy, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, came, on General Jackson's invitation, to his head-quarters, to begin the species of labours described in the above letter. The Government, after a time, commissioned him as an army chaplain, without

assigning him to a particular regiment; an exceptional act of courtesy accorded to General Jackson's high character and express request. In his letter to his other friends, he had modestly expressed his inexperience of ecclesiastical affairs, and his intention to commit the details of the plan of evangelical labours in the army to the advice of the clergyman, after Mr. Lacy had examined the ground. But the scheme adopted was that which the General had entertained in his own mind in the beginning of the campaign of 1862, and which indeed he had then attempted to effect. The exacting nature of the campaign, and the failure to enjoy at that time the assistance upon which he relied for its execution, had caused its postponement. But it was his design which was now in substance resumed. His objects were three: to supply regiments destitute of chaplains with a partial substitute in the shape of the itinerant labours of efficient ministers; to supply a channel of intercourse between the army and the bodies of clergy of different denominations, through which the latter might learn the wants of the former, and to give to the labours of the chaplains and other ministers in the army the unity and impulse of an ecclesiastical organization within their own peculiar field. His chaplain was intended by him to be an exemplar, who, he hoped, would be followed by many others from among the most efficient preachers of all churches, until they should be brought into vital sympathy with the army.

One of the measures adopted was the preaching of the Gospel at the head-quarters of General Jackson, and under his immediate countenance, every Sabbath, while

the troops were in their camps. For this end, a place in the open field was prepared near Hamilton's Crossing (to which General Jackson removed his quarters soon after), with rude seats and a temporary pulpit, where public worship was held in the open air. The example of so famous a warrior, always potent among soldiers when sustained by official rank, the curiosity to see him and the galaxy of celebrities who came to worship with him, the eloquence of the preachers, and the purer motives which the great religious awakening now began to propagate far and wide, soon drew a vast congregation to this spot on the Sabbath days. From hundreds it grew to thousands, until the assemblage surrounded the preacher in a compact mass, as far as his voice could be distinctly heard. Here, on a bright Sabbath in the spring, might be seen the stately head of the Commander-in-Chief, with a crowd of generals, whose names had been borne by fame across the ocean, and of legislators and statesmen, bowed along with the multitude of private soldiers in divine worship; while the solemn and tender wave of sacred emotion subdued the great and the unknown alike before it. At these scenes, which were so directly produced by his instrumentality, General Jackson was the most unobtrusive assistant. Seated in some retired spot amidst the private soldiers, he listened to the worship and the preaching with an edifying attention, and watched the power of the truth upon the great congregation, with a glow of elevated and tender delight. Never, since the days when Whitefield preached to the mingled crowd of peers and beggars

in Moorfields, has the sky looked down upon a more imposing worship.

Another enterprise which marked the evangelical labours of this winter was the building of temporary chapels by the men for their own worship. Two or three contiguous regiments usually concurred in the work. Tall trees were cut down and brought to the spot by the teams of the quartermasters, and built into walls of logs. Chimneys were built of the same rude material, and plastered with clay, whence the huge fires and the torches of resinous pine diffused a ruddy glow of warmth and light. The structure was roofed with clapboards, and seated with rude benches formed from the split bodies of trees. The Stonewall Brigade was the first to begin this work, to General Jackson's great delight. No sooner had they completed their own huts, than they set to work, and, by a multitude of willing hands, completed their church in a few days. The next Sabbath it was formally dedicated to the worship of God, and, during the winter, was constantly occupied in turn by the chaplains of the several regiments. During the week frequent meetings for prayer and Bible classes were held here by torchlight, and the men were encouraged to expend their leisure in the study of the Scriptures and in sacred music, instead of the degrading amusements of the card-table. As this chapel was near the quarters of General Jackson, he often came to worship in it with his favourite brigade. Instead of affecting the chief seat in the synagogue, he delighted to sit among the rough, weather-beaten privates, and lay aside all official dignity to accompany them to the

Throne of Grace on the common footing of worshippers. Their reverence for his person sometimes led them to leave a respectful distance between themselves and the seat he occupied; but he would never consent that any space should be thus lost, where so many were crowding to hear the word. As he saw them seeking seats elsewhere, he was accustomed to rise and invite them by gesture to the vacancies near him, and was never so well satisfied as when he had an unkempt soldier touching his elbow on either hand, and all the room about him compactly filled. Then he was ready to address himself with his usual fixed attention to the services.

The most important measure which he introduced was the weekly chaplains' meeting. This was a temporary association of all the chaplains and evangelists of his corps, who, on meeting, appointed one of their own number to preside as a chairman or moderator, and another as their secretary, and, after joining in public worship, proceeded to consult upon the spiritual interests of their charges, to arrange and concert their labours, and to devise means for supplying the destitution of the army. These councils were a true evangelical union. By a common and silent consent, which bears high testimony to the cultivation and honour of these laborious men, all subjects of sectarian debate were effectually excluded, and their deliberations were confined to the interests of our common Christianity. But it was also a high evidence of the general soundness of religious opinion in the Confederate States, that there was not a single regiment in the army which showed a disposition to introduce a minister

who did not belong to an evangelical and orthodox communion as their chaplain, except one or two priests of the Romish Church. On the other hand, the office in the Federal army was as frequently filled by Universalists and other erratic heretics, or by laymen who never preached, as by regular ministers of the gospel.

General Jackson displayed his delicate sense of propriety by not attending these weekly synods of his chaplains statedly himself. But he watched them with lively interest. As soon as his own chaplain returned from them he was accustomed to call him, and say, "Now, come and report." He inquired into all that was said and done, and all the measures proposed, for evangelizing his command. When he was told of the fraternal love which reigned among his chaplains, of the devout spirit manifested in their worship, and of the news of the ingathering of souls which they brought from their several charges, his eyes were often filled with happy tears, and he blessed God for the grace. The stated meetings of the chaplains were the means of awakening them to a greatly increased zeal and fidelity, as well as for adding system and concert to their labours. So that this service, which, while adorned by the fidelity of a number of truly apostolic men, had yet fallen, in general, into no little disfavour, was now thoroughly renovated. Thus the energy of General Jackson's will, though so modestly exerted, made itself felt among his chaplains, just as among his staff and field-officers, in communicating efficiency and vigour to all their performance of duty. It was remarked of him, that while no general officer had so unpretending a staff, none

other was so efficient as his. This was due not so much to the character of the men who constituted it, as to the force of his own example and energy in inspiring the spirit of endeavour among all who were subject to his authority.

The weekly meetings of the chaplains effected more good than he had hoped from them; for he had warned others not to anticipate too much. Hence, when he found that his plans were bearing so much fruit, he was filled with delight. One of the benefits of the movement was the bringing of the ministers in the army into closer connexion with his person. His own chaplain was a bond of union also between himself and the others, through which they were encouraged to visit his quarters more unreservedly, and to know and love him, not as a commander only, but also as a Christian. To every worthy preacher of the gospel his manner was full of warmth and tenderness, showing that he esteemed him very highly in love for his work's sake. Everything was done with a thoughtful affection to facilitate their labours, and provide for their comforts. His contributions from his private purse were also large, to provide them with means for supplying their charges with Bibles and religious reading. The Government had never made any provision for the support of the chaplains in their work, other than a very inadequate salary. The General now applied to the Military Committee of Congress to bring in a law enabling quartermasters to provide chaplains, like other officers, with tents, fuel, and forage for horses. This just measure was indeed neglected amidst the hurry of the closing session, but was finally adopted by a subsequent Congress.

General Jackson, in his intercourse with his chaplains, often inculcated their obligation to "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," to live with their regiments, and acquire their confidence by sharing their exposures, and to cleave to their work amidst all the pains and crosses which the common soldiers were compelled by the law of their country to endure. He said that a chaplain should not think of resigning his post for any less cause than would justify a field-officer in laying down his commission; and that they should no more think than he, of leaving his regiment without a regular furlough, founded upon just cause. To do so, he argued, taught the men by a practical lesson that the soul was less important than the body, and that secular duties were more urgent than the business of redemption.

When with chaplains whom he esteemed like-minded, General Jackson was very sure to turn all conversation speedily into a spiritual channel. With intimate Christian friends, the things of God were almost his exclusive topics in private. His favourite subjects now were, the importance of an unshaken faith; of casting all our care upon God in the diligent performance of duty; and of the evidences of the Divine faithfulness in the course of Providence and redemption. He spoke emphatically of the duty of conforming our wills to God's, and of a thoroughly cheerful acquiescence whenever His will was manifested. He was often delighted to speculate upon the modes in which the Divine will might be safely ascertained. His favourite maxim was: "Duty is ours: consequences are God's." He spoke much also of the blessedness of a full

and hearty obedience, in its effects upon the Christian's own happiness. He often declared that it was his first desire to command a "converted army." This, he believed, enjoying the spiritual favour of God upon their individual souls, engaged in a just cause, and undertaking every enterprise with prayer, must meet with success, and prove in the end invincible. He spoke frequently also of the connexion between national obedience and public prosperity; declaring that it is holiness which exalteth a people; and showing the supreme importance of the Government at least refraining from placing itself in any way in opposition to God's laws and institutions. Hence his zeal for the outward and spiritual observance of the Sabbath, which has been noted.

One more favourite project remains to be mentioned, in which about this time he sought to interest those who met him. This was the establishment of a Christian daily newspaper, which should honour God by refraining from all Sabbath work. He argued that their issue of Monday should contain nothing printed after Saturday evening, and that Christians should be willing to receive their news later by one day once during the week in order to honour God's law. If this delay should diminish the circulation of such a journal, and make it less remunerative than others, he declared that he was willing to repay a part of this loss out of his own means.

As soon as his quarters were established at Hamilton's Crossing, he began the custom of regular domestic worship in his mess each morning. These services were willingly attended by all his staff, out of respect for his Christian

character, or from their own interest in them. He, who was of all men least obtrusive in his religion, forbore from commanding their attendance, although his beaming face indicated plainly enough the pleasure he felt in seeing them present. Whenever his chaplain was not there, he always conducted these services himself, with his customary unction and humility. On Wednesday and Sunday nights, there was also a prayer-meeting observed at his quarters, where he was always a worshipper, and led the devotions of his brethren when desired to do so by a minister. A few of the young men upon his staff had cultivated the delightful art of sacred music. On the afternoon of the Sabbaths, when the necessary business, which he always reduced within the narrowest limits, was despatched, it was his favourite occupation to have singing; and frequently, as the little choir was concluding, he said, "Now let us have the hymn"—

> "How happy are they
> Who their Saviour obey."

On every intelligent Christian who approached him at this time he made the impression of the most eminent sanctity. They all left him with this testimony: that he was the holiest man they had ever seen.

The following extracts from letters to Mrs. Jackson may be introduced here:—

"*March 14th*, 1863.

"On next Monday there is to be a meeting of the chaplains of my corps, and I pray that good may result from the meeting.

"The time has about come for campaigning, and I hope early next week to leave my room and go into a tent near Hamilton's Crossing, which is on the railroad, about five miles from Fredericksburg. It is rather a relief to get where there will be less comfort than in a room; as I hope thereby persons will be prevented from encroaching so much on my time. I am greatly behind with my reports, and am desirous of getting through with them before another campaign commences."

"*April 10th.*

"I trust that God is going to bless us with great success, and in such a manner as to show that it is all His gift; and I trust and pray that it will lead our country to acknowledge Him, and to live in accordance with His will as revealed in the Bible. There appears to be an increased religious interest among our troops here. Our chaplains have weekly meetings on Tuesdays; and the one of this week was more charming than the preceding one," etc.

The effort thus begun in General Jackson's corps was imitated in the others. The movement was not limited to the army of Virginia, but was also propagated in the South and West. Soon the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the other ecclesiastical authorities, encouraged by the advice which the friends of General Jackson were permitted to quote from him, began to take action on behalf of the army, and a number of the most distinguished ministers were sent to the different corps to labour with the chaplains as itinerants, and to communicate the wants of the army to the churches. The speedy

fall of the originator of the work rather gave new impetus to it than retarded it; and the result was, that general revival of religion in the Confederate armies, which has been even more astonishing to the world than the herculean exertions of the Confederate States. A wide-spread reform of morals was wrought, which was obvious to every spectator, in the repression of profanity and drunkenness, the increase of order and discipline, and the good conduct of the troops in battle. It was just those commands in which this work of grace was most powerful that became the most trustworthy in the post of danger. The brigade of Barksdale, for instance, which had held its ground in Fredericksburg with almost incredible resolution under the great bombardment, was equally noted for its religious zeal. Returning to their post of honour in the city, they occupied one of the deserted churches as their chapel, and maintained a constant series of nightly meetings, attended by numerous conversions, for many weeks. In short, the conversions in the various Confederate armies within the ensuing year were counted, by the most sober estimate, at twelve thousand men. The strange spectacle was now presented of a people among whom the active religious life seemed to be transferred from the churches at home —the customary seats of piety—to the army; which, among other nations, has always been dreaded as the school of vice and infidelity. Thus the grief and fears of the good, lest this gigantic war should arrest the religious training of the whole youth of the land, cut off the supply of young preachers for its pulpits, and rear up for the country a generation of men profane and unchristian, were

happily consoled; they accepted this new marvel, of an army made the home and source of the religious life of a nation, with grateful joy, as another evidence of the favour of God to the afflicted people.

The reader has seen an allusion of General Jackson's letter to the bright hopes which he entertained of a prosperous campaign. By his diligence during the winter his corps had been brought to such numbers and efficiency as it had never reached before. It now contained more than thirty thousand fighting men; and it was animated by a towering spirit of determination and confidence. It was soon after his removal to Hamilton's Crossing that a member of his staff, alluding to the reported vast preparations of the enemy, described to him the temper of his own men, and their eagerness for the coming collision. As he listened the fire of battle kindled more and more in his face, until he sprang from his seat, and exclaimed: "I wish the enemy would come on!" Then raising his eyes reverently, he added: "My trust is in God." Thus his spirit was girding itself for the coming struggle with faith and prayer. The collision which was approaching promised indeed to be one which might well have made the heart stand still with awe. Hooker was again recruiting his monstrous army to its former numbers, and was preparing every means for a new advance on Richmond. The precursor of the new campaign was an irruption of three thousand Federal cavalry across Kelly's Ford into the county of Culpepper. The design of their general, Averill, was to reach the Central Railroad, ascertain something of the positions and numbers of the Confederates,

and break up their line of supplies toward Gordonsville. But General Stuart met him near Kelly's Ford with eight hundred men of the brigade of FitzHugh Lee, and after a stubbornly-contested combat drove him back across the Rappahannock.

The season of quiet was happily closed for General Jackson by a visit from his wife and daughter. Having secured lodgings for them at the neighbouring country-seat of a gentleman, near Hamilton's Crossing, he yielded at length to Mrs. Jackson's solicitations, and to his own affection, and about the middle of April met them at the railroad station. The arrival of the mail-train from Richmond was the signal every day for the assemblage of a great crowd of officers and soldiers off duty around the place. In the midst of these the General came forward to the doors of the cars to receive his expected treasures.

The infant, refreshed by long slumber, had just awakened, and looked up at him with a countenance very fresh and bright. His first care after the accustomed salutation was to get the mother and child safely through the crowd and rain into the carriage which was to convey them to their temporary home. Arrived there, he divested himself of his wet overcoat, and taking his baby into his arms, caressed it with tender delight, exclaiming upon its beauty and size. Henceforth his chief pleasure was in caressing her, and he was several times seen, while she was sleeping, kneeling long over her cradle, watching her with a face beaming with admiration and happiness.

This visit was a source of unalloyed delight to him. His first care was to make arrangements for the baptism of

the child; for the uncertainties of the day warned him that both the parents might not speedily meet again to concur in the sacred rite. He therefore caused his chaplain to administer baptism to it at the quarters of Mrs. Jackson, among a small circle of their personal friends. Such was his devotion to duty, that the attractions of his family made slight change in his busy habits; and his time was employed as strictly as ever in the care of his command. After the labours of the day were completed, he was accustomed to leave his tent and dine with one or two comrades with Mrs. Jackson, spending his evenings with her, chiefly in joyous romps with little Julia. She, on her part, immediately formed the closest intimacy with her new admirer, and learned to prefer his caresses to all others.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

As the time drew near for that resumption of active hostilities, which General Jackson knew to be inevitable, his temper began to rise in its animation and resolve to meet the crisis. He now spoke with less reserve than before to the members of his military family concerning the general principles which should govern the war upon the Confederate side. Speaking of the coming campaign, he said, with an intense concentration of fire and will, "We must make it an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared; but struck him the first blow by virtue of his superior activity."

Early upon the 29th of April, he was aroused by a message, which said that an officer was below with something important to communicate immediately. As he arose he remarked, "That sounds as if something stirring were afoot." After a few moments he returned and informed Mrs. Jackson that General Early, to whom he had committed

the guardianship of the river bank, had sent his adjutant to report that Hooker was crossing in force. He said that great events were probably at hand, and that he must go immediately to verify the news he had received; that if it were as he supposed, and the hostilities were about to be resumed on a great scale, Mr. Yerby's would be no place for a lady and infant; and she would be compelled to retire to Richmond. He therefore requested Mrs. Jackson to make immediate preparations for her journey, so that, if his surmises proved true, she might leave at a moment's warning in the forenoon. He promised, if it were practicable, to return in person and assist her departure, but added that, as his duties might deprive him of the power to do so, he would say good-bye now. Thus, after an affectionate leave-taking, he hurried away, without breakfast, and she saw him no more until she returned to the side of his dying bed. Her heart was oppressed with gloomy forebodings for his safety, arising from her anticipation of the desperate struggle into which she well knew it was his purpose to plunge, rather than yield ground to his gigantic adversary; his animated eagerness seemed to leave him no time for such thoughts for self.

Hurrying to his troops, he now made it his first business to communicate the movements of the enemy to the Commander-in-Chief. The aide whom he sent found him still in his tent; and in reply to the message, he said, "Well, I heard firing, and I was beginning to think it was time some of you lazy young fellows were coming to tell me what it was all about. Say to General Jackson that he knows just as well what to do with the enemy as I do."

This answer indicated his high confidence in his great Lieutenant; and the strain of kindly pleasantry habitual with Lee had a happy influence in infusing into all who came near him his own composure and serene courage in great emergencies. When General Jackson joined his troops, he found so much demanding his oversight that he did not return to the assistance of his wife, but sent her brother, his aide, Lieutenant Joseph Morrison, to provide her with an ambulance, and escort her to Guinea's Station, whence she was to proceed by railroad to Richmond. This young officer, eager to be in the post of danger with his chief, transferred his task to his chaplain, who convoyed her to Guinea's, and then also hurried back to his duties with the army.

When General Jackson got his corps under arms, he saw that the Federalists were crossing in great force below Deep Run, and entrenching themselves at the edge of the plateau, on the same ground occupied by Franklin and Hooker at the battle of Fredericksburg. He estimated their numbers at thirty-five thousand men. But he saw at a glance that there was, as yet, no sufficient evidence that Hooker was about to provoke a serious collision on the ground which had been so disastrous to Burnside. That ground had now been strengthened by a continuous line of field-works along the edge of the plateau near the Spottsylvania hills, and by a second partial line within the verge of the forest. He suspected that this crossing was the feint, while the real movement was made upon one or the other flank, and he therefore awaited the reports of the vigilant Stuart, whose cavalry pickets were stretched from

Port Royal to the higher course of the Rappahanock. It has already been explained that the character of the ground rendered an assault upon the enemy near the northern edge of the plain inexpedient, because of their commanding artillery upon the Stafford heights.

The Confederate generals were not long left in doubt. Stuart soon reported appearances which indicated a passage of the Rappahannock by Hooker west of Fredericksburg. He had now restored the Federal army to the same vast numbers which had accompanied Burnside, and discarding the three grand divisions with their commanders, which had afforded to him, when one of the three, so good a pretext for insubordination, had thrown his forces into nine *corps d'armée*, commanded by as many generals, besides the cavalry division under Stoneman. The plan of campaign which he now adopted was a complicated one. He proposed with three corps under General Sedgwick to cross the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, and make a demonstration sufficiently formidable in appearance to occupy General Lee there. Meantime, the remainder of his great army was to proceed by forced marches up the northern bank of the Rappahannock, screened from observation by the forest country and an intervening line of pickets, to Kelly's Ford. There he proposed to force a passage into Culpepper, and marching rapidly to Germanna and Ely's Fords, upon the Rapidan, in a south-easterly direction, to cross them while the Confederates were amused at Fredericksburg, establish himself in the wilderness of Spottsylvania, and fortify on General Lee's flank. If he remained at Fredericksburg, Hooker persuaded himself

that he would be able, from this new temporary base, to command his communications with Richmond. If he left Fredericksburg, to make head against this formidable threat upon his left and rear, Hooker proposed to withdraw the larger part of his troops employed in the feint there, to bring them over by the United States Ford, which his movement into the wilderness would uncover to him, and receive the attack of General Lee in his entrenched position. While his infantry was thus employed, nearly all his cavalry, under Stoneman, was to cross the Rapidan above the army, upon a grand raid, to penetrate the country across the Central Railroad, destroy it, pass down toward the junction of the Central and Fredericksburg roads, cut the latter, and thus break up all communication between the Confederates and their capital. The Federal Commander had persuaded himself that General Lee was laid aside by sickness, that all his force, except Jackson's corps, was either absent with Longstreet, or disaffected and scattered, and that with his vast numbers he would easily surround and crush the remainder, leaving no organized foe between him and Richmond. In his usual boastful spirit he exalted the invincibility of his host, declaring it to be the "finest army upon the planet."

To meet this tremendous force, General Lee had the corps of General Jackson, and two divisions of the corps of General Longstreet, those of Anderson and M'Laws. The other three, with Longstreet, under Hood, Pickett, Ransom, were absent in south-eastern Virginia, making a demonstration against Suffolk, whither they had been directed by the scarcity of forage and food in Spottsyl-

vania. The corps of General Jackson now consisted of four divisions,—those of A. P. Hill; D. H. Hill, commanded by Brigadier General Rhodes; Trimble, commanded by Brigadier-General Colston; and Early. General D. H. Hill had been detached to another and more important command, and Major-General Trimble was detained by infirmity at his home. The four divisions now contained about twenty-eight thousand muskets, and an aggregate of more than thirty thousand men and officers. They were supported by twenty-eight field batteries, containing one hundred and fifteen guns, but of these many were deficient in horses to move them with promptitude. The scarcity of forage had reduced the larger part of the artillery horses, and had destroyed not a few. Besides these batteries, the army was still accompanied by a reserved corps of artillery, commanded by Brigadier-General Pendleton. Stuart's division of cavalry was also acting upon the left. So that General Lee had, in all, an aggregate of about forty-five thousand men, with which to meet one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

The enemy no sooner appeared upon the Rapidan, than General Anderson's division was marched westward to meet them, supported by a part of M'Laws's. On Thursday, the remainder of M'Laws's brigade, except one left upon Marye's Hill, was sent to the support of Anderson. Meantime, General Jackson lay in the lines occupied by the Confederate army on the 13th of December, watching the proceedings of Sedgwick before him, who was ostentatiously parading his force, and seeking to magnify the impression of his numbers. The attitude of

Hooker was now most threatening to the Confederates; but he had committed the capital error of dividing his army, and operating with the parts upon two lines, which, although convergent, were exterior lines to General Lee. The latter had his option to attack the one or the other part with the weight of his main force, and thus to deal with the two fragments in detail. No doubt could be entertained by the true strategist as to this leading principle. When some person about the staff, after the development of Hooker's plan, expressed his anxiety and his fear lest the army should be compelled to retreat before him, General Jackson replied sharply, "Who said that? No, sir, we shall not fall back; we shall attack them." But the question to be decided was, which part should be attacked first? In favour of assailing Sedgwick were some plausible reasons. Time was an important element in the movements of the inferior army, possessing the interior lines; and if it were not improved, the loss of its own line of communications, or the approximation of the two separated parts of its enemy would speedily transfer the advantage of concentration to him again. But Jackson was already in front of Sedgwick, and no march was necessary to bring him into collision with him; whereas a day must be consumed in going to the wilderness to seek Hooker. Sedgwick's was also the smaller force; but still, its overthrow would probably decide the failure of Hooker's grand combination. These considerations were counterbalanced by the facts that Sedgwick had now entrenched himself, and that the assault upon him must be made under the fire of the Stafford batteries.

After animated discussion between Generals Lee and Jackson, the former decided to meet Sedgwick's feint by a feint; to leave Early's division, of about seven thousand men, in the entrenchments with Barksdale's brigade, upon Marye's Hill, to confront his thirty-five thousand, while the whole remainder of the army stole away to reinforce Generals Anderson and M'Laws, and to take the aggressive against Hooker. In this plan General Jackson cheerfully acquiesced.

Thursday, the 30th of April, had now arrived, and he prepared to break up his quarters. The opening of the campaign had metamorphosed the whole man. Those who had seen him in his winter quarters, toiling with a patient smile over his heaps of official papers, who had received his gentle and almost feminine kindnesses there, who had only beheld him among his chaplains, or at public worship, the deferential and tender Christian, had been tempted to wonder whether this were indeed the thunderbolt of war he was described by fame; and whether so meek a spirit as his would be capable of directing its terrors. But when they met him on this morning, all such doubts fled before his first glance. His step was quick and firm, his whole stature unconsciously erected and elate with genius and majesty, while all-comprehending thought, decision, and unconquerable will, burned in his eye. His mind seemed, with equal rapidity and clearness, to remember everything, and to judge everything. In a firm and decisive tone he issued his rapid orders to every branch of his service, overlooking nothing which could possibly affect the efficiency of his

corps. The tents, which for a month and a half had formed his quarters, were now about to be struck and removed, when he rode up to them for the last time. A mob of officers, aides, soldiers, and teamsters, was bustling around, in all the confusion of a hurried removal, when he dismounted and threw the rein of his horse to his servant Jim, and retired within his tent. A moment after, he raised his hand to the people around, with a warning gesture, and whispered, "Hush. . . . The General is praying!" An instant silence fell on every person. After a full quarter of an hour he raised the curtain and came out, with an elevated and serene countenance, and mounting his horse, after some final directions, rode away. That tent had, doubtless, been pitched with prayer; and now the last act of its occupant was prayer. With this final preparation he turned to meet the enemies of his country.

General Lee had now proceeded in person to examine the formidable demonstration of Hooker above, and had written back to General Jackson informing him of the situation of affairs, and instructing him to move to his support. The enemy, in great force, had crossed the Rapidan at Germanna and Ely's Fords, driving back the guards placed there by General Stuart; had advanced into the country a number of miles, uncovering for themselves the United States Ford, which crosses the Rappahannock a mile below the junction of the two rivers, and had established themselves at the villa of Chancellorsville, fifteen miles west of Fredericksburg. The reader's attention must now be claimed for a description of the place. Two main roads lead from Fredericksburg, westward, to Orange,—the

one called the old turnpike, because first made; the other, called the plank-road, because once paved with wooden boards. The plank-road is south of the old turnpike, and separated from it during the most of its course by a space of a few miles. But the traveller who proceeds along it from Fredericksburg, westward, at the distance of fifteen miles from the town finds the two thoroughfares merge themselves into one, and continue to pursue the same track for three miles, when they again diverge, even more widely than before; the plank-road, as before, bearing towards the left or south. At the spot where the two highways unite stood the ample villa of Chancellor, in the midst of a farm of a mile in extent, which, like an island amidst the waters, was surrounded on every side by forests. From the same spot two other roads diverged,—the one leading toward the north-east and Banks' Ford; the other, toward the north-west. This last, after proceeding two miles, divided into two, of which the right or northern branch led to the United States Ford, and the left or western to the ford of Ely, over the Rapidan. The surface of the country around Chancellorsville is undulating, but presents no hills of great altitude. Immediately west of that farm begins the country known as the wilderness of Spottsylvania,—a region interspersed with a few small and inferior farms, but whose poor and gravelly soil is otherwise covered, for a few miles, with a tangled forest of oak and shrubbery. It was in this region that the fuel had been cut, ever since the days when Governor Spottiswoode of the colony first wrought the iron mines of the neighbourhood, to supply the furnaces. Hence arose the dense cop-

pices which covered the larger part of the surface of the country, in which every stump had sent up two or three minor stems in place of the parent trunk removed by the axe of the woodsman, and the undergrowth had availed itself of the temporary flood of sunlight let in upon the soil, to occupy it with an almost impenetrable thicket of dwarf oak, chinquepin, and whortleberry. But six or seven miles west of Chancellorsville, the Wilderness Run, a pellucid stream flowing northward to the Rapidan, presents a zone of better soil, which is covered with handsome farms and country seats.

Hooker had concentrated his forces at Chancellorsville by the 30th of April, and was now busy in protecting himself by barricades and earthworks fronting toward the east, south, and south-west; which, with an irregular circuit, conformed to the gentle declivities of the surface, embraced not only the whole farm of Chancellor, but an annular belt of the forest in which it was embosomed also. By this arrangement, Hooker's whole circuit of defences was masked in the woods; and, as the thickets in front were infested with his sharpshooters, an exact discovery of the position and nature of his works could only be made by an attack in force. The difficulties of the assault were thus vastly increased; and it was with some show of reason that the braggart General declared on Thursday that he now had a position from which nothing could dislodge him. The longer axis of the partially entrenched camp thus formed, extending from east to west, was about two miles. But other works were stretched two or three miles farther westward, fronting toward the south and

south-west, and designed to cover the turnpike and the two farms of Melzi Chancellor and Talley, which were also occupied with Federal camps, from an attack coming from the south.

Having thus established himself, Hooker began on Thursday to push forward his skirmishing parties to the east, in order to feel his way toward General Lee's supposed rear, and to reach his hand toward Sedgwick. Proceeding three miles toward Fredericksburg, he was estopped by the division of General Anderson at Tabernacle Church, which was drawn up on a strong north and south line, and defended on its flanks by artillery and cavalry. To his assistance M'Laws came speedily; and it was expected that General Stuart, who had retired out of Culpepper before the Federalists, and had placed himself upon their south front, would connect himself with General Anderson's left before dawn on Friday morning. Meantime Hooker was endeavouring to watch every Confederate movement by means of sundry balloons raised to the sky from the north side of the Rappahannock, from which his scouts maintained a constant intercourse with the earth and with his headquarters by telegraph wires. Such was the position of affairs at nightfall on the last day of April.

General Jackson now debated with himself the question of moving to the support of General Anderson at once by a night march, or of awaiting the dawn of Friday the 1st of May. He was reluctant to adopt the former determination, because the troops would be unfitted for the arduous work before them, by occupying in the toil of a march the

hours which should be devoted to sleep. But, on the other hand, he was powerfully persuaded to it by the facts that Anderson and M'Laws might be assailed with overwhelming numbers at the dawn of the next morning, and that a night march would conceal his withdrawal much more effectually from Sedgwick. Having obtained trusty guides, he therefore determined to draw his whole corps, except the division of Early, out of the trenches silently, beginning at midnight, to retire a few miles southward, as though proceeding toward Spottsylvania Court House, and then make his way by the country roads of the interior across to the Orange plank-road, and thus proceed westward. Orders were accordingly issued to all the staff departments and commanders of divisions, and the movement was begun at the appointed time by the light of a brilliant moon. The column was led by the division of General D. H. Hill, under Brigadier-General Rhodes. Before the mists of the morning had cleared away, the whole corps was far on its way, and securely out of view amidst the woods of the interior, beyond the most piercing espionage of Hooker's balloonists. General Jackson reached the position of Anderson about eleven o'clock A.M., and found him still confronting the detachments of Hooker, which were of unknown strength. The Confederate line now reached from the plank-road northward to the old turnpike, and thence toward the Rappahannock through a region chiefly covered with dense woods and thickets.

General Jackson, as the superior officer under the Commander-in-Chief, was now intrusted with the direction of the field, and was ordered to take the aggressive and press

back the Federal outposts, until Hooker's real strength and position were disclosed. This he proceeded to do with all his accustomed vigour. Some of the best regiments of Anderson's, and his own divisions were deployed as skirmishers, and steadily advanced through the woods, hunting out the concealed enemy, and driving them in with continual slaughter. The rattle of the rifles was heard creeping along, upon a front of several miles' extent, like the crackling of some vast forest conflagration, while a few light field-pieces advanced along the several roads, abreast of the riflemen, cleared the way as often as the enemy attempted to gather a force in any open space. General Jackson himself rode with the line of skirmishers, and often before them, urging them on whenever they paused, and assuring them of his powerful support. There are few services which put the nerve of the brave soldier to a more trying test than such an advance upon a concealed enemy in a tangled wood. He knows not what danger is near him in front, or at what moment the stealthy shot may burst upon him from an unseen foe. He cannot practise the same concealment with the enemy who lies in ambush for him, because he is continually in motion. But the Confederate line, urged on by General Jackson and his staff, kept up a slow but steady advance throughout the afternoon, until the Federal pickets were at nightfall driven in upon their main line. Hooker, on his part, endeavoured to retard their advance by detachments of riflemen, and by batteries, which, masked behind the dense woods, dropped their shells over in every direction toward the roads which were occupied by the Confederates. But

all this proved rather an annoyance than a resistance, and the successes of the day were won with slight loss.

When Friday night arrived, Generals Lee and Jackson met at a spot where the road to the Catharine Iron Furnace turned south-westward from the plank-road, which was barely a mile in front of Hooker's works. Here, upon the brow of a gentle hill, grew a cluster of pine-trees, while the ground was carpeted with the clean dry sedge and fallen leaves. They selected this spot, with their respective staffs, to bivouac, while the army lay upon their weapons, a few yards before them, and prepared to sleep upon the ground like their men. General Stuart had now joined them, and reported the results of his reconnaissances upon the south and west of Hooker's position. He had ascertained that the Federal commander had left a whole corps under General Reynolds at Ely's Ford, to guard his communications there, and that he had massed ninety thousand men around Chancellorsville, under his own eye, fortifying them upon the east, south, and south-west, as has been described. But upon the west and north-west his encampments were open, and their movements were watched by Stuart's pickets, who were secreted in the wilderness there. He had also ascertained that almost all their cavalry had broken through the line of the Rapidan in one body, and had invaded the south, followed and watched by the brigade of W. H. Lee, evidently bent upon a grand raid against the Confederate communications.

Generals Lee and Jackson now withdrew and held an anxious consultation. That Hooker must be attacked, and

that speedily, was clear to the judgments of both. It was not to be hoped that the absence of Jackson's corps from the front of Sedgwick could remain very long unknown to that general; or that Early's seven thousand could permanently restrain his corps with such additions as it might receive from Hooker. To hold the stationary defensive in front of Chancellorsville would, therefore, be equivalent to the loss of the whole line of the Rappahannock, with a hazardous retreat along a new and crooked line of operations; for the success of Sedgwick would deprive them of the direct one, and place him in alarming proximity to any other which they might adopt. Hooker, then, must be at once fought and beaten, or the initial act of the campaign would close in disaster.

General Lee had promptly concluded that while, on the one hand, immediate attack was proper, some more favourable place for assault must be sought, by moving farther toward Hooker's right. The attempt to rout ninety thousand well-armed troops, entrenched at their leisure, by a front attack, with thirty-five thousand, would be too prodigal of patriot blood, and would offer too great a risk of repulse. He had accordingly already commanded his troops to commence a movement toward their left, and communicated his views to General Jackson, who warmly concurred in their wisdom. A report was about this time received from General FitzHugh Lee, of Stuart's command, describing the position of the Federal army, and the roads which he held with his cavalry leading to its rear. General Jackson now proposed to throw his command entirely into Hooker's rear, availing himself of the absence

of the Federal cavalry, and the presence of the Confederate horse, and to assail him from the west, in concert with Anderson and M'Laws.

Stuart was there with his active horsemen to cover this movement; and he believed that it could be made with comparatively little risk, and, when accomplished, would enable him to crush the surprised enemy. He well knew that he was apparently proposing a "grand detachment;" a measure pronounced by military science so reprehensible in the presence of an active adversary. It might seem that, in venturing one instance of this hazardous measure,—the detaching of Early to remain at Fredericksburg,—they had tempted fortune sufficiently far, without again repeating it by a further division of forces before Hooker. But the maxims of the military art should be our servants, and not our masters; and the part of good sense is to modify their application to actual instances, according to circumstances. In this case, the only choice was between his proposed expedient, which he well knew was unusual and hazardous, and another measure still more hazardous. The unwieldy and sluggish strategy of the huge Federal armies was to be considered, and, along with that, the unsuspecting, boastful, and overweening temper of their chief, who was precisely the man to be thus dealt with. He was known to be a man who would make a stubborn fight against a plain front attack, but whose lack of vigilance would make surprise practicable, and whose small resources of mind in the moment of confusion would probably offer him little aid in extricating himself from that surprise. It must be remembered, also,

that if General Jackson's proposal were adopted, it would be the body moving with him which would really be the main army, and the divisions of Anderson and M'Laws which would be the detachment. But if the issue of affairs at Chancellorsville were adverse, whatever were the plan of assault adopted, the retreat which must follow must be by a new line at any rate; so that the separation of his corps from its original line of operations was not, in this case, a valid objection. It would still have its chance of retreat upon the Central Railroad, in Louisa county; and in whatever shape a repulse came at Chancellorsville, if it should perchance come, the army there would have no other resort. But if the assault were a victory, then the question of lines of retreat lost all its importance. Last, the two parts of the army would be in supporting distance during the whole movement.

After profound reflection, General Lee gave the sanction of his judgment to this plan, and committed its execution to General Jackson. He proposed to remain with Anderson and M'Laws, and superintend their efforts to "contain" the vast army of Hooker until the hour for the critical attack should arrive. They then lay down upon the ground to seek a few hours of repose, which they so much needed. General Jackson, with his usual self-forgetfulness, had left his quarters, his mind absorbed in the care of the army, without any of those provisions of overcoat or blanket which the professional soldier is usually so careful to attach to his saddle. He now lay down at the foot of a pine-tree, without covering. One of his adjutants, Colonel Alex. S. Pendleton, urged upon him his

overcoat; but he, with persistent politeness, declined it. He then detached the large cape, and spread it over the General, retaining the body of the garment for himself. The General remained quiet until Pendleton fell asleep, when he arose and spread the cape upon him, and resumed his place without covering. In the morning he awoke chilled, and found that he had contracted a cold, but made no remark about it.

When his chaplain awoke in the morning, before the dawn of day, he perceived a little fire kindled under the trees, and General Jackson sitting by it upon a box, such as was used to contain biscuit for the soldiers. The General knew that his former pastoral labours had led him to this region, and desired to learn something from him about its by-roads. He therefore requested him to sit beside him on the box, and when the other declined to incommode him by doing so, made room for him and repeated, "Come, sit down; I wish to talk with you." As he took his seat, he perceived that Jackson was shuddering with cold, and was embracing the little blaze with expressions of great enjoyment. He then proceeded to state that the enemy were in great force at Chancellorsville, in a fortified position, and that to dislodge them by a front attack, would cost a fearful loss of life. He wished to know whether he was acquainted with any way by which their flank might be turned, either on the right or the left. He was informed in reply, that after proceeding southward along the Furnace road for a space, a blind road would present itself, leading westward and nearly parallel to the Orange plank-road, which, in its turn, would con-

duct into a plainer route, that fell into the great road four miles above Chancellorsville. The General, quickly drawing from his pocket an outline map, prepared for him by one of his engineers, and a pencil, said, "Take this map, and mark it down for me." When he saw it, he said, "That is too near; it goes within the line of the enemy's pickets. I wish to get around *well* to his rear, without being observed. Do you know no other road?" He replied that he had no perfect knowledge of any other, but presumed that the road which he had described as entering the Orange plank-road four miles above Chancellorsville, must intersect the Furnace road somewhere in the interior, because their directions were convergent. "Then," said Jackson, "where can you find this out certainly?" He was told that everything could doubtless be learned at the house of the proprietor of the Furnace, a mile and a half distant, whose son, a patriotic and gallant man, would be an excellent guide. He then said, "Go with Mr. Hotchkiss (his topographical engineer) to the Furnace, ascertain whether those roads meet, at what distance, and whether they are practicable for artillery. Send Mr. Hotchkiss back with the information, and do you procure me a guide."

The desired information was speedily obtained, and it was discovered that the two roads crossed each other at the distance of a few miles; so that, by a circuit of fifteen miles, a point would be reached near Wilderness Run, several miles above the farthest outposts of Hooker. The intersecting road, by which the Orange plank-road was to be regained, was known as the Brock road. Leading from

Culpepper south-eastward, it crosses the old turnpike near the Wilderness tavern, and the plank-road two or three miles south of it; so that by this route General Jackson's purposes were perfectly met. As soon as he received the necessary assurance of this, he gave orders for his corps to begin their march, and a little after sunrise appeared at the Furnace at the head of the column. He declined the urgent request of the family there to partake of the breakfast which they were preparing for him, and without any refreshment busied himself in pushing on his troops.

Forgetful of no prudent precaution, he directed that a regiment of General M'Laws should be sent to guard the entrance of the blind road near the Furnace, lest the Federalists should attack the side of his passing column by that outlet. He then caused the regiments of Stuart, which were present, to patrol the country between his line of march and their outposts, that they might learn nothing of his journey.

But before the whole column had passed the Furnace, some of Hooker's scouts, mounted in the tops of the highest trees south-east of Chancellor's house, perceived it, and reported its movement to him. That sagacious commander was now perfectly certain that the disheartened "Rebels" were in full retreat upon Richmond. Their early march to the southward could bear, in his judgment, no other explanation. He therefore prepared to harass the rear of their flight; and to this end posted some artillery upon the declivities facing the Furnace road, which cannonaded the ammunition train of General Jack-

son; and sent down a few regiments, after a time, to ascertain the direction of his retreat. These came into collision with the regiment of M'Laws, captured a part of them, and were in turn driven off by a demonstration of other Confederate troops from the plank-road. Hooker now found the same firm resistance upon his eastern front which he had met the day before, and, after some feeble skirmishing of artillery and riflemen, became quiescent, awaiting further developments. It was here that he committed his fatal blunder,—a blunder inexcusable even when judged, in the absence of the light cast upon his situation by subsequent events, by his own professed conclusions. If he believed that the Confederate army was indeed retreating into the interior of Spottsylvania, and thence toward Richmond, it is strange that the bold front still maintained against him on the east by General Lee did not suggest an anxious doubt. Was not this a new manner for the rear-guard of a baffled and fleeing army to behave? Did it not point, too strongly for a moment's hesitation, to the propriety of his at once attacking them in such force as to learn what they truly meant? And if he found them obstinate and immovable upon his east front, would not that result dictate still more clearly that he should move upon their south or left flank, if necessary, with his whole force, until they were forced back, and the mystery of Jackson's disappearance on that side, and of the unaccountable gap which he was placing between himself and his friends, was cleared up? The history of war contains no stronger instance of the danger of the policy of "the stationary defensive," when adhered to in

disregard of new circumstances. It was very properly a part of Hooker's programme, after gaining his strong position at Chancellorsville, to await the attack of the Confederates. But the prudence of this plan depended wholly upon their making that attack in that mode in which he had prepared himself to receive it. Just as soon as it became doubtful whether they purposed to do this, the defensive policy became of doubtful propriety; and sound judgment dictated that Hooker should modify his purposes also, and should immediately assume the aggressive, sufficiently, at least, to determine their true project. By sitting still now, he forfeited all the strength of his defensive position. The best justification of General Jackson's strategy is found in the fact that he so correctly estimated the temper of his adversary, and anticipated the blunder which he would commit.

The narrative returns now to his march. The troops, comprehending instantly that he was engaged in one of his famous assaults upon his enemy's flanks, responded to his eager spirit zealously, and pressed forward along the narrow country road at a rapid gait. Often the men were compelled to advance at a double-quick, in order to close up the column. After proceeding south-west, a few miles beyond the Catharine furnace, they came to the intersection of the Brock road, and turning to the right at a sharp angle, assumed a north-western direction. When General Jackson reached the plank-road again, he quietly advanced the Stonewall Brigade down it, under General Paxton, with instructions to form across it at the junction of the road which led thence toward Germanna Ford, so as to

prevent egress at that place. He then continued his march, with the remainder of the corps, until he found himself in the old turnpike near Wilderness Run. He had marched fifteen miles, and three o'clock in the afternoon had arrived. He was six miles west of Chancellorsville, and upon precisely the opposite side of the enemy to that occupied by General Lee. He now addressed to him the following, which is the last of his official notes:—

"*Near* 3 P.M., *May* 2, 1863.

"GENERAL,—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope, so soon as practicable, to attack.

"I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success.—Respectfully,

"T. J. JACKSON, *Lieut.-General.*

"GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

"*P.S.*—The leading division is up, and the next two appear to be well closed. T. J. J."

The place here mentioned as Chancellor's, two miles west of Chancellorsville, was the farm of Melzi Chancellor, which was embraced within the western wing of Hooker's defences, and occupied by the corps of Sigel, now commanded by General Howard. General Jackson found both the plank-road and the old turnpike guarded on the west by the vigilant pickets of Stuart. Advancing to these outposts, he gained a glimpse of the position of the enemy, which convinced him that he had obtained the desired vantage ground from which to attack them. He

therefore directed his column to advance across the old turnpike, and then to wheel to the eastward, so as to present a line toward the foe. The open fields near the old Wilderness tavern afforded him space in which to complete his array. He now formed his army in three parallel lines: the division of Rhodes in front, that of Colston next, and that of A. P. Hill in the rear. He detailed one or two picked batteries to advance along the turnpike, which marked the centre of his lines; and such was the extent of the thickets into which he was about to plunge, that no position could be gained for his other artillery. Two hours were consumed by the issuing of orders, and the galloping of aides and orderlies, when, between five and six o'clock, everything was ready for the advance. The three lines swept grandly forward, at the word, in battle array, and speedily buried themselves in the tangled forests. So dense were the thickets, that the soldiers had the clothing almost torn from their bodies, and could only advance by creeping through the thickest spots; but still the lines swept forward, in tolerable order, and with high enthusiasm.

General A. P. Hill, finding this toilsome march unnecessary to support Rhodes, whose division had Colston just in their rear, was allowed to withdraw his men from line into column again, and thus advanced along the turnpike, leaving a part of its breadth open for the passage of artillery and ambulances, but ready to reinforce any part of the line which might waver.

As the Confederates approached the little farms of Talley and Melzi Chancellor, after a march of two miles

through the woods, they came upon the right wing of Hooker's army, in all the security of unsuspicious indolence. Their little earthworks, which fronted the south, were taken in reverse, and the men were scattered about the field and woods, preparing for their evening meal. With a wild hurra, the line of Rhodes burst upon them from the woods, and the first volley decided their utter rout. The second line, commanded by Colston, unable to restrain their impetuosity, rushed forward at the shout, pressed upon the first, filling up their gaps, and firing over their heads, so that thenceforward the two were almost merged into one, and advanced together, a dense and impetuous mass. For three miles the Federals were now swept back by a resistless charge. Even the works which confronted the west afforded them no protection; no sooner were they manned by the enemy than the Confederates dashed upon them with the bayonet, and the defenders were either captured or again put to flight. The battle was but a continued onward march, with no other pause but that required for the rectification of the line, disordered by the density of the woods. The eleven thousand German mercenaries of Howard fled almost without resistance, carrying away with them the troops sent to their support; they did not pause in Hooker's entrenched camp, but dashing through his whole army in frantic terror, without muskets, without hats, they rushed toward the fords of the Rappahannock. Fugitives, armed men, ambulances, artillery, were mixed together in vast masses, all struggling madly to flee as rapidly as possible from the deadly volleys which were scourging their rear, and those

terrible war-cries of the vengeful patriots. While these confused herds offered an unfailing mark for the bullets of the Confederates, they were able to make no effective reply. Hence the slaughter of the Federalists was heavy, and the loss of the assailants trifling. The ground, moreover, was left strewed with incalculable amounts of spoils. The lavish equipments with which the Federal Government fitted out its armies now fell a prey in a moment to the victors. Blankets, clothing, arms, ammunition, cooking utensils, food, almost covered the surface of the highway, and were thickly scattered through the fields and coppices for three miles.

In this fashion General Jackson urged forward the attack until after nightfall. After the dispositions for the first attack were made, the only order given by him had been his favourite battle-cry, "Press forward." This was his message to every general, and his answer to every inquiry. As he uttered it, he leaned forward upon his horse, and waved his hand as though endeavouring, by its single strength, to urge forward his whole line. Never before had his preoccupation of mind, and his insensibility to danger, been so great. At every cheer from the front, which announced some new success, the smile of triumph flashed over his face, followed and banished immediately by the reverential gratitude with which he raised his face and his right hand to the heavens in prayer and thanksgiving. It was evident that he regarded this as his greatest victory, and never before was he seen so frequently engaged in worship upon the field. Eight o'clock arrived, and the moon was shedding a doubtful

light through the openings of the forest, but the darkness was sufficient to arrest the pursuit of the fugitives. The line of Rhodes was now within a mile of Chancellorsville, but still enveloped within the bushy woods which surrounded the entrenchments there; and they had no means of knowing what was the character of the ground or of the defences before them. Their array had been much disordered by their rapid advance; and now, by a species of common impulse, the whole line, finding no visible enemy, and no firing in their front, paused to rest. The men, leaving their places in the ranks, were clustering in groups to discuss the triumphs of the evening, and many were reclining at the roots of the trees. They had now marched more than twenty miles since the morning, had fought over three miles of difficult ground, and their weariness demanded repose. General Jackson perceiving this, determined to relieve his front line by replacing them with the fresh troops of A. P. Hill, who had closely followed up his advance, keeping the head of his columns a little behind the line of battle upon both margins of the turnpike. He therefore directed that general to file a part of his brigade to the right, and a part to the left of the highway, to replace those of Rhodes and Colston, which were to be withdrawn to the second line as fast as the others were ready to take their places. But his vigilance was dissatisfied with the disorder to which the men in front had yielded; he knew that the present quiet was but a lull in the storm of war, and that the completion of his own movement would be so ruinous to Hooker, it was impossible that general could fail to make another attempt

to arrest it. He therefore expected another collision with fresh troops, and knew not when it might begin.

It was just at this moment that the gallant Colonel Cobb, of the 44th Virginia regiment, in Colston's division, came to report to him that, advancing through the woods on the right of the turnpike, a little space beyond the line where the Confederates had paused in their career, he had captured a number of prisoners, and had also ascertained the existence of a strong barricade of timber, fronted by an abattis, which, beginning at the right margin of the road, seemed to run down a gentle, sinuous vale of the forest an indefinite distance, toward the south and east, and was now deserted by the Federalists. (This defence was, in fact, a part of the main circuit by which Hooker had enclosed his entrenched camp at Chancellorsville, and was now surrendered into General Jackson's hands, almost without a struggle. So complete were the results of his attack, the very citadel of Hooker was now in his grasp.) He found General Jackson near the road, busily engaged in correcting the partial disorder into which the men had fallen. Riding along the lines, he was saying, "Men, get into line! get into line! Whose regiment is this? Colonel, get your men instantly into line." He was almost unattended, and had obviously sent away his Staff to aid in correcting the confusion, or to direct the advance of A. P. Hill's division to the front. Upon receiving the report of Cobb, he said to him, "Find General Rhodes, and tell him to occupy that barricade at once with his troops." He added, "I need your help for a time; this disorder must be corrected. As you go along the right, tell the troops,

from me, to get into line and preserve their order." He then busily resumed his efforts for the same object, and a moment after rode along the turnpike toward Chancellorsville, endeavouring to discover the intentions of the enemy.

His anticipations were indeed verified at once. Hooker was just then advancing a powerful body of fresh troops to endeavour to break the fatal cordon which General Jackson was drawing around his rear, and to escape from General Lee, who was pressing his front. He was pushing a strong battery along the highway, preceded by infantry skirmishers, and in front of General Jackson's right was sending a heavy line of infantry through the woods to retake the all-important barricade. The latter, according to the usual perfidy of the enemy's tactics, was preceded by a flag of truce, which attempted to amuse General Rhodes with some trumpery fable until the enemy could creep upon him unprepared. Rhodes, instantly perceiving the cheat, directed him to be taken to General Jackson with his message, and resumed the effort to man the barricade in accordance with his order. But the trick was partially successful. The men had not yet resumed their ranks, nor was the work fully occupied, before the Federal line of battle appeared upon the brow of the little hill within it, and poured a heavy volley upon the Confederates at point-blank distance. They replied, firing wildly, and made efforts to sustain the strife, but in a feeble and irregular fashion. The combat upon the right was the signal for the resumption of the battle along the whole line; and in its opening upon the turnpike, General Jackson received a mortal wound.

He had now advanced a hundred yards beyond his line of battle, evidently supposing that, in accordance with his constant orders, a line of skirmishers had been sent to the front, immediately upon the recent cessation of the advance. He probably intended to proceed to the place where he supposed his line crossed the turnpike, to ascertain from them what they could learn concerning the enemy. He was attended only by a half-dozen mounted orderlies, his signal officer, Captain Wilbourne, with one of his men, and his aide, Lieutenant Morrison, who had just returned to him. General A. P. Hill, with his staff, also proceeded immediately after him to the front of the line, accompanied by Captain Boswell of the Engineers, whom General Jackson had just detached to assist him. After the General and his escort had proceeded down the road a hundred yards, they were surprised by a volley of musketry from the right, which spread toward their front, until the bullets began to whistle among them, and struck several horses. This was, in fact, the advance of the Federal line assailing the barricade, which they were attempting to regain. General Jackson was now aware of their proximity, and perceived that there was no picket or skirmisher between him and his enemies. He therefore turned to ride hurriedly back to his own troops; and, to avoid the fire, which was thus far limited to the south side of the road, he turned into the woods upon the north side. It so happened that General Hill, with his escort, had been directed by the same motive almost to the same spot. As the party approached within twenty paces of the Confederate troops, these, evidently mistaking them for cavalry, stooped, and

delivered a deadly fire. So sudden and stunning was this volley, and so near at hand, that every horse which was not shot down recoiled from it in panic, and turned to rush back, bearing their riders toward the approaching enemy. Several fell dead upon the spot, among them the amiable and courageous Boswell; and more were wounded. Among the latter was General Jackson. His right hand was penetrated by a ball, his left forearm lacerated by another, and the same limb broken a little below the shoulder by a third, which not only crushed the bone, but severed the main artery. His horse also dashed, panic-stricken, toward the enemy, carrying him beneath the boughs of a tree which inflicted severe blows, lacerating his face, and almost dragged him from the saddle. His bridle-hand was now powerless, but seizing the reins with the right hand, notwithstanding its wounds, he arrested his career, and brought the animal back toward his own lines. He was followed by his faithful attendant, Captain Wilbourne, and his assistant, Wynn, who overtook him as he paused again in the turnpike, near the spot where he had received the fatal shots. The firing of the Confederates had now been arrested by the officers; but the wounded and frantic horses were rushing, without riders, through the woods, and the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Here General Jackson drew up his horse, and sat for an instant gazing toward his own men, as if in astonishment at their cruel mistake, and in doubt whether he should again venture to approach them. To the anxious inquiries of Captain Wilbourne, he replied that he believed his arm was broken; and requested him to assist him from

his horse, and examine whether the wounds were bleeding dangerously. But before he could dismount he sunk fainting into their arms, so completely prostrate, that they were compelled to disengage his feet from the stirrups. They now bore him aside a few yards into the woods north of the turnpike, to shield him from the expected advance of the Federals; and while Wynn was sent for an ambulance and surgeon, Wilbourne proceeded, supporting his head upon his bosom, to strip his mangled arm and bind up his wound. The warm blood was flowing in a stream down his wrist; his clothing impeded all access to its source, and nothing was at hand more efficient than a penknife to remove the obstructions. But at this terrible moment he saw General Hill, with the remnant of his staff approaching, and called to him for assistance. He, with his volunteer aide, Major Leigh, dismounted, and taking the body of the General into his arms, succeeded in reaching the wound, and stanching the blood with a handkerchief. The swelling of the lacerated flesh had already performed this office in part. His two aides, Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, arrived at this moment, the former having been left at the rear to execute some orders, and the latter having just saved himself, at the expense of a stunning fall, by leaping from his horse, as he was carrying him in uncontrollable fright into the enemy's ranks. Morrison, the General's brother by marriage, was agitated by grief; but Smith was full at once of tenderness, and of that clear self-possession which is so valuable in the hour of danger. With the skilful direction of General Hill, they now effectually arrested the

hæmorrhage, and adjusted a sling to support the mangled arm.

It was at this moment that two Federal skirmishers approached within a few feet of the spot where he lay, with their muskets cocked. They little knew what a prize was in their grasp; and when, at the command of General Hill, two orderlies arose from the kneeling group and demanded their surrender, they seemed amazed at the nearness of their enemies, and yielded their arms without resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, suspecting from their approach that the Federalists must be near at hand, stepped out into the road to examine; and by the light of the moon saw a field-piece pointed toward him, apparently not more than a hundred yards distant. Indeed it was so near that the orders given by the officers to the cannoneers could be distinctly heard. Returning hurriedly, he announced that the enemy were planting artillery in the road, and that the General must be immediately removed. General Hill now remounted, and hurried back to make his dispositions to meet this attack. In the combat which ensued he was himself wounded a few moments after, and compelled to leave the field. No ambulance or litter was yet at hand, although Captain Wilbourne had also been sent to seek them; and the necessity of an immediate removal suggested that they should bear the General away in their arms. To this he replied, that if they would assist him to rise, he would walk to the rear, and he was accordingly raised to his feet, and, leaning upon the shoulders of Major Leigh and Lieutenant Smith, went slowly out into the highway, and toward his troops. The party was now met

by a litter, which some one had sent from the rear, and the General was placed upon it, and borne along by two soldiers and Lieutenants Smith and Morrison. As they were placing him upon it, the enemy fired a volley of canister-shot up the road, which passed over their heads. But they had proceeded only a few steps before the discharge was repeated, with a more accurate aim. One of the soldiers bearing the litter was struck down, severely wounded; and had not Major Leigh, who was walking beside it, broken his fall, the General would have been precipitated to the ground. He was placed again upon the earth; and the causeway was now swept by a hurricane of projectiles of every species, before which it seemed that no living thing could survive. The bearers of the litter, and all the attendants, excepting Major Leigh and the General's two aides, left him and fled into the woods on either hand, to escape the fatal tempest; while the sufferer lay along the road, with his feet toward the foe, exposed to all its fury. It was now that his three faithful attendants displayed a heroic fidelity which deserves to go down with the immortal name of Jackson to future ages. Disdaining to save their lives by deserting their chief, they lay down beside him in the causeway, and sought to protect him as far as possible with their bodies. On one side was Major Leigh, and on the other Lieutenant Smith. Again and again was the earth around them torn with volleys of canister, while shells and Minie-balls flew hissing over them, and the stroke of the iron hail raised sparkling flashes from the flinty gravel of the roadway. General Jackson struggled violently to rise, as though to

endeavour to leave the road; but Smith threw his arm over him, and with friendly force held him to the earth, saying, "Sir, you must lie still; it will cost you your life if you rise." He speedily acquiesced, and lay quiet; but none of the four hoped to escape alive. Yet, almost by miracle, they were unharmed; and after a few moments the Federalists, having cleared the road of all except this little party, ceased to fire along it, and directed their aim to another quarter.

They now arose, and resumed their retreat, the General leaning upon his friends, and proceeding along the gutter at the margin of the highway, in order to avoid the troops who were again hurrying to the front. Perceiving that he was recognised by some of them, they diverged still farther into the edge of the thicket. It was here that General Pender of North Carolina, who had succeeded to the command of Hill's division upon the wounding of that officer, recognised General Jackson, and, after expressing his hearty sympathy for his sufferings, added, "My men are thrown into such confusion by this fire, that I fear I shall not be able to hold my ground." Almost fainting with anguish and loss of blood, he still replied, in a voice feeble, but full of his old determination and authority, "General Pender, you *must* keep your men together, and hold your ground." This was the last military order ever given by Jackson. How fit was the termination for such a career as his, and how expressive of the resolute purpose of his soul! His bleeding country could do nothing better than to adopt this as her motto in her hour of trial, in-

scribe it on all her banners, and make it the rallying-cry of all her armies.

General Jackson now complained of faintness, and was again placed upon the litter; and, after some difficulty, men were obtained to bear him. To avoid the enemy's fire, which was again sweeping the road, they made their way through the tangled brushwood, almost tearing his clothing from him, and lacerating his face in their hurried progress. The foot of one of the men bearing his head was here entangled in a vine, and he fell prostrate. The General was thus thrown heavily to the ground upon his wounded side, inflicting painful bruises on his body, and intolerable agony on his mangled arm, and renewing the flow of blood from it. As they lifted him up he uttered one piteous groan,—the only complaint which escaped his lips during the whole scene. Lieutenant Smith raised his head upon his bosom, almost fearing to see him expiring in his arms, and asked, "General, are you much hurt?" He replied, "No, Mr. Smith; don't trouble youself about me." He was then replaced a second time upon the litter, and, under a continuous shower of shells and cannon-balls, borne a half mile farther to the rear, when an ambulance was found, containing his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, who was also wounded. In this he was placed, and hurried towards the field-hospital near Wilderness Run. As the vehicle passed the house of Melzi Chancellor, Dr. M'Guire met the party. Colonel Pendleton, the faithful adjutant of General Jackson, upon ascertaining the misfortune of his chief, had taken upon himself the task of seeking him, and bringing him to the General's aid. In-

deed, one of the first requests made by the latter was to ask for his well-tried friend; and he was therefore summoned from the rear, where he was busily engaged organizing the relief for the numerous wounded from the battle. Upon meeting the sad cavalcade, Dr. M'Guire obtained a candle, and sprang into the ambulance to examine the wound. He found the General almost pulseless, but the hæmorrhage had again ceased. Some alcoholic stimulant had been anxiously sought for him, but hitherto only a few drops could be obtained. Now, through the activity of the Rev. Mr. Vass, a chaplain in the Stonewall Brigade, a sufficient quantity of spirits was found, and the patient was freely stimulated. They then resumed their way to the field-hospital near Wilderness Run, Dr. M'Guire supporting the General as he sat beside him in the carriage. To his anxious inquiries he replied that he was now somewhat revived, but that several times he had felt as though he were about to die. This he said in a tone of perfect calmness. It was, doubtless, the literal truth, and during the removal he was indeed vibrating upon the very turn between life and death. The artery of his left arm was severed; and, in consequence of the inexperience and distress of his affectionate assistants, and yet more of the horrible confusion of the battle, he had nearly bled to death before his wound was stanched. Arriving at the hospital, he was tenderly removed to a tent which had been erected for him; where he was laid in a camp-bed, and covered with blankets, in an atmosphere carefully warmed. Here he speedily sank into a deep sleep, which showed the thorough prostration of his energies.

The melancholy scene which has now been simply and exactly described occupied but a few minutes; for the events followed each other with stunning rapidity. The report of the discovery of the deserted barricade by Colonel Cobb, the order to General Rhodes to occupy it, the attempt to restore the order to his line of battle, the advance of the General and his escort down the road, his collision with the advancing enemy, his hurried retreat, and the fatal fire of his own men, all followed each other almost as rapidly as they are here recited. While he lay upon the ground, assisted at first only by Captain Wilbourne and his man, and afterwards by General A. P. Hill and the officers of the two escorts, the battle was again joined between Hooker and the Confederates; and it was just as the difficult removal of the General was made that it raged through its short but furious course. General Hill had scarcely flown to assume the command of his line, in order to resist the onset, and protect General Jackson from capture, when he was himself struck down with a violent contusion, and compelled to leave the field, surrendering the direction of affairs to Brigadier-Generals Rhodes and Pender. Colonel Crutchfield, chief of artillery, and his assistant, Major Rogers, attempting to make an effective reply to the cannonade which swept the great road, were both severely wounded. In the darkness and confusion the Federalists regained their barricade, and pushed back the right of the Confederates a short distance; but here their successes ended; and the brigades of Hill stubbornly held their ground in the thickets near the turnpike. The fire now gradually died away into a fitful skirmish, which

was continued at intervals all night, without result on either side.

While General Jackson lay bleeding upon the ground, he displayed several traits very characteristic of his nature. Amidst all his sufferings, he was absolutely uncomplaining; save when his agonizing fall wrung a groan from his breast. It was only in answer to the questions of his friends that he said, "I believe my arm is broken," and, "It gives me severe pain;" but this was uttered in a tone perfectly calm and self-possessed. When he was asked whether he was hurt elsewhere, he replied, "Yes, in the right hand." (He seemed to be unconscious that the other fore-arm was shattered by a third ball; nor did the surgeons themselves advert to it, until they examined it in preparing for the amputation.) When he was asked whether his right hand should not also be bound up, he replied, "No, never mind; it is a trifle." Yet two of the bones were broken, and the palm was almost perforated by the bullet! To the many exclamations touching the source of his misfortune, he answered decisively, but without a shade of passion, "All my wounds were undoubtedly from my own men;" and added that they were exactly simultaneous. When he was informed, in answer to his first demand for the assistance of Dr. M'Guire, that that officer must be now engaged in his onerous duties far to the rear, and could not be immediately brought to him, he said to Captain Wilbourne, "Then I wish you to get me a skilful surgeon." On the arrival of General Hill, the anxious inquiry was made of him where a surgeon could be most quickly found. He stated that Dr. Barr,

an assistant-surgeon in one of the regiments of Pender, which had just come to the front, was near at hand; and this gentleman being called, promptly answered. General Jackson now repeated in a whisper to General Hill the question, "Is he a skilful surgeon?" He answered, in substance, that he stood high in his brigade; and that, at most, he did not propose to have him do anything until Dr. M'Guire arrived, save the necessary precautionary acts. To this General Jackson replied, "Very good;" and Dr. Barr speedily procured a tourniquet to apply above the wound; but finding the blood no longer flowing, postponed its application. When General Jackson's field-glass and haversack were removed, they were preserved by Captain Wilbourne. The latter was found to contain no refreshments; its only contents were a few official papers and two gospel tracts. No sooner had friends begun to gather around him, than numerous suggestions were made concerning the importance of concealing his fall from his troops. While he was lying upon General Hill's breast, that officer commanded that no one should tell the men he was wounded. General Jackson opened his eyes, and looking fixedly upon his aides, Smith and Morrison, said, "Tell them simply that you have a wounded Confederate officer." He recognised, on the one hand, the importance of concealment; but, on the other hand, he was anxious that the truth should not be violated in any degree upon his account. With these exceptions, he lay silent and passive in the arms of his friends; his soul doubtless occupied with silent prayer. As he was led past the column of Pender, the unusual attention paid

him excited the lively curiosity of the men. Many asked, "Whom have you there?" and some made vigorous exertions to gain a view of his face. Notwithstanding the efforts of Captain Wilbourne to shield him from their view, one or two recognised him, and exclaimed, their faces blanched with horror and grief, "Great God! it is General Jackson." Thus the news of the catastrophe rapidly spread along the lines; but the men believed that his wounds were slight, and their sorrow only made them more determined.

About midnight, Dr. M'Guire summoned as assistants Drs. Coleman, Black, and Walls, and watched the pulse of the General for such evidences of the reaction of his exhausted powers as would permit a more thorough dealing with his wound. Perceiving that the animal heat had returned, and the pulsations had resumed their volume, they aroused him; and, on examining the whole extent of his injuries, were convinced, beyond all doubt, that his left arm should be immediately removed. Dr. M'Guire now explained to him that it seemed necessary to amputate his arm; and inquired whether he was willing that it should be done immediately. He replied, without tremor, "Dr. M'Guire, do for me what you think best; I am resigned to whatever is necessary." Preparations were then made for the work. Chloroform was administered by Dr. Coleman; Dr. M'Guire, with a steady and deliberate hand, severed the mangled limb from the shoulder; Dr. Walls secured the arteries, and Dr. Black watched the pulse; while Lieutenant Smith stood by holding the lights. The General seemed insensible to pain, although he spoke once

or twice, as though conscious, saying with a placid and dreamy voice, "Dr. M'Guire; I am lying very comfortably." The ball was also extracted from his right hand, and the wound was dressed. The surgeons then directed Smith to watch beside him the remainder of the night; and after an interval of half an hour, to arouse him, in order that he might drink a cup of coffee. During this interval he lay perfectly quiet, as though sleeping; but when he was called, awoke promptly, and in full possession of his faculties. He received the coffee, drank it with appetite, and remarked that it was very good and refreshing. This was, indeed, the first nourishment which he had taken since Friday evening. He now looked at the stump of his arm; and comprehending its loss fully, asked Mr. Smith, "Were you here?" (meaning when the operation was performed.) He then, after a moment's silence, inquired whether he had said anything when under the power of the chloroform; and continued, after being satisfied on this point, in substance thus: "I have always thought it wrong to administer chloroform, in cases where there is a probability of immediate death. But it was, I think, the most delightful physical sensation I ever enjoyed. I had enough consciousness to know what was doing; and at one time thought I heard the most delightful music that ever greeted my ears. I believe it was the sawing of the bone. But I should dislike above all things to enter eternity in such a condition." His meaning evidently was, that he would not wish to be ushered into that spiritual existence from the midst of sensations so thoroughly physical and illusory. He afterwards ex-

claimed to other friends, "What an inestimable blessing is chloroform to the sufferer!" His condition now appeared to be every way hopeful; and Mr. Smith exhorted him to postpone conversation, and to resign himself to sleep. He acquiesced in this, and being well wrapped up, soon fell into a quiet slumber, which continued until nine o'clock in the Sabbath morning.

Leaving him to his much-needed sleep, the narrative will now return to the history of the great battle which he had so gloriously begun; that the interest of the reader in it may be briefly satisfied. About dark on Saturday evening, General Jackson had directed Brigadier-General Pender to send him a regiment for a special service. The 16th North Carolina, Colonel M'Elroy, was sent. Jackson commanded him to accompany a squadron of cavalry, detached by General Stuart, to Ely's Ford, where they would find a corps of Federal troops encamped; to approach them as nearly as possible, and, at a preconcerted signal, to fire three volleys into them, with loud cheers, and then make their way back to their brigade. Colonel M'Elroy reached the enemy's encampment about midnight, and carried out his instructions to the letter. He returned to the field of battle at three o'clock in the morning, and remained for a time ignorant alike of the reasons and results of this strange proceeding. The Federal officers of Reynolds' corps at last revealed it. They stated that, while resting for the night at Ely's Ford, on their way to Chancellorsville, they were so furiously attacked by the "Rebels" in the darkness, that their leader arrested his march, and commenced fortifying his position; and in this

work the Sabbath was consumed. Had this large corps arrived at the main scene of battle that morning, the odds already so fearful against the Confederates might have become overpowering. But by this adroit manœuvre they were detained where they were, wholly useless. Such was the last of the strokes by which the ubiquitous Jackson was accustomed to astonish and baffle his foes.

Upon the retirement of General Hill from the field, a hurried consultation was held between Colonel Pendleton, the acting-adjutant of the corps, and the remaining generals, touching the command of the troops. The night was passing away, and they well knew that the morning must bring a fierce renewal of the struggle, or all that had been won would be lost. Brigadier-General Rhodes, commanding the former division of D. H. Hill, was found to be the senior officer upon the field, and his modesty, with the lack of acquaintanceship between him and the army, made him concur in the suggestion that Major-General Stuart should be sent for and requested to assume the direction of affairs until the pleasure of the Commander-in-Chief should be known. This measure was therefore adopted. It has been said that he was selected by General Jackson to complete the battle after he was himself disabled. This is an error. He was too strict in his obedience to the rules and proprieties of the service to transcend, under any circumstances, his powers as the commander of a corps; and he knew that all his authority could do, was to transmit his functions to the general next in rank in his own command. If any other disposition was to be made of them, he knew that it must be done by an authority

higher than his own. But when Colonel Pendleton, the next morning, reported to him the assumption of temporary command by General Stuart, he cheerfully acquiesced. In reply to the request of Stuart, that he would communicate, through Pendleton, his plans for the second day, he answered that he preferred to leave everything to his own judgment. This reply was an eminent instance of his wisdom. He knew, on the one hand, that as all the reconnaissances on which he himself had acted had been made by General Stuart, that officer was fully possessed of the enemy's attitude. But, on the other hand, he was not now informed what changes in the posture of affairs might have occurred, which, if he were on the field, might modify his plans. To seem to enjoin upon General Stuart the execution of all his purposes of yesterday might therefore impose on him mischievous trammels. He well knew, moreover, that the wisdom of the methods adopted by himself depended in part on his own prestige, his moral power over his men, his celerity in action, the momentum of his tremendous will,—properties in which no other leader might be able to imitate him. He therefore left General Stuart to adopt his own plan of battle, believing, what was doubtless true, that an inferior conception of that commander's mind, applied by him, would be more successful than the impracticable effort to unite the plan of one with the execution of another.

But both General Stuart and General Rhodes proved themselves worthy of the command; and both of them followed their great exemplar to a soldier's grave in the subsequent campaigns of 1864. The brilliant execution of

General Jackson's orders by Rhodes at Chancellorsville won his warm applause; and he declared that his commission as Major-General should date from the 2d of May, when, with one division, he drove before him the whole right wing of Hooker for three hours. This purpose of General Jackson the Government fulfilled immediately after his death, and General Rhodes was promoted and placed in permanent command of the division. He continued to lead this with consummate gallantry and skill until the disastrous battle of Winchester, in the autumn of 1864, when he fell at its head in the execution of an attack against the enemy as splendid and as successful as that of Chancellorsville. And with his fall victory departed from the Confederate banners to perch upon those of the oppressors.

But we are not left in doubt concerning General Jackson's own designs. Speaking afterwards to his friends, he said that if he had had an hour more of daylight, or had not been wounded, he should have occupied the outlets towards Ely's and United States Fords, as well as those on the west. (It has been already explained that of the four roads diverging from Chancellorsville, the one which leads north, after proceeding for a mile and a half in that direction, turns north-westward, and divides into two, the left hand leading to Ely's, and the right to United States Ford. And the point of their junction, afterwards so carefully fortified by Hooker, was on Saturday night entirely open.) General Jackson proposed, therefore, to move still farther to his left during the night and occupy that point. He declared that if he had been able to do so, the dispersion

or capture of Hooker's army would have been certain. "For," said he, "my men sometimes fail to drive the enemy from their position; but the enemy are never able to drive my men from theirs." It has already been seen, that in the confusion of his fall an important vantage-ground, won by him almost without loss, was forfeited; and it was necessary to fight over this ground again on the morrow. General Stuart now departed from the plans of General Jackson, by extending his right rather than his left, so as to approximate the Confederate troops on the south-east of Chancellorsville, under the immediate command of General Lee. Thus the weight of his attack was thrown against the south-west side of Hooker's position. General Jackson would rather have thrown it against the north-west. But the true design of the latter was to assume the defensive for a few hours on Sabbath morning, after occupying both the Orange turnpike and the road to Ely's Ford. He purposed to stand at bay there, and receive, amidst the dense thickets, the attack which he knew this occupation of his line of retreat would force upon Hooker, while General Lee thundered upon his other side. Then, after permitting him to break his strength in these vain assaults, he would have advanced upon his disheartened masses over ground defended by no works; and Hooker would have been crushed between the upper and the nether mill-stones. To comprehend the plausibility of this design, it must be remembered that Chancellorsville, with its few adjoining farms, was an island, completely environed by a sea of forests, through whose tangled depths infantry could scarcely march in line, and the

passage of carriages was impossible. Of the four roads which centred at the villa, General Lee held two, the old turnpike and the plank-road leading towards Fredericksburg. General Jackson proposed to occupy the other two. Had this been done, the strong defence of the surrounding woods in which Hooker trusted would have been his ruin. He would have found his imaginary castle his prison. The necessity which compelled him again to take the aggressive in the leafy woods would have thrown the advantage vastly to General Jackson, by rendering the powerful Federal artillery, in which they so much trusted, a cipher, and by requiring the Federals to come to close quarters with the terrible Confederate infantry. And this was a work always more dreaded by them than the meeting of a "bear bereaved of her whelps." But on the south-west side of his position, within the open farm of Chancellor, Hooker had constructed a second and interior line of works upon the brow of a long declivity, consisting of a row of lunettes, pierced for artillery, and of rifle-pits. General Stuart's line of battle, after running the barricade, once before won by General Jackson, and emerging from the belt of woods which enveloped it, found themselves confronted by these works, manned by numerous batteries, and hence the cruel loss at which the splendid victory of Sunday was won.

The brigadiers of General Jackson's corps, after determining to offer the temporary command to General Stuart, sent Captain Wilbourne to General Lee, to announce what had been done, and to request that he would himself come to that side and assume the direction of affairs. That

officer, accompanied by Captain Hotchkiss, reached the cluster of pines east of Chancellorsville, where he lay, before the break of day, and they announced themselves to his Chief-of-Staff. They found the General lying upon the ground, beneath a thick pine-tree; and he at once requested them to come to him and tell the news. They related the incidents of the battle, and described the glorious victory; but when they told him of the wounding of their General, he said, after a pause, in which he was struggling to suppress his emotion, "Ah! any victory is dearly bought which deprives us of the services of Jackson, even for a short time." When reminded that General Rhodes was now the senior officer in the corps, he said he was a gallant, efficient, and energetic officer. But he acquiesced in the selection of General Stuart to lead the troops on that day; and, after a multitude of inquiries, called his adjutant to write instructions for him. He also dictated that generous note to General Jackson, which has conferred equal honour on its author and its recipient, and which deserves to be immortalized along with the fame of the two noble men. It was in these words:—

"GENERAL,—I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead.

"I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.—Most truly yours,

(Signed) "R. E. LEE, *General.*"

One of the messengers then informed him that General Jackson, after his wounding, had only expressed this thought concerning the future manangement of the campaign, that "the enemy should be pressed in the morning." General Lee replied, "Those people shall be pressed immediately;" arose, and in a few moments was in the saddle, and busy with his dispositions for attack. Meanwhile General Stuart, on his side, brought forward the Stonewall Brigade from the junction of the Orange and Culpepper plank-roads, and joined it to his line of battle. The remainder of the night was spent in busy preparation. When the light appeared, both wings of the Confederate army assumed the aggressive, and advanced against the Federal lines. General Lee thundered from the east and south, and General Stuart from the west. The latter, especially, hurled his infantry impetuously against their enemies, and a furious and bloody struggle ensued. Twenty-one thousand men now composed the whole of Jackson's corps present upon the field; and these, assisted by the two divisions of M'Laws and Anderson, now assailed eighty thousand. In three hours seven thousand men, one-third of the whole number, were killed and wounded from the corps. But the enemy were steadily driven from every work, with frightful losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners, until they took refuge in a new line of entrenchments covering the United States Ford. Seven thousand captives, forty thousand muskets, and a quantity of spoil almost incredible, fell into the hands of the conquerors. When the general onset was ordered by Stuart, the Stonewall Brigade advanced with the cry, 'Charge; and re-

member Jackson!" Even as they moved from their position, their General, Paxton, his friend and former adjutant, was struck dead where he stood! His men rushed forward unconscious of his absence, and, without other than the NAME which formed their battle-cry, swept everything before them.

The sequel of the campaign of Chancellorsville may now be related in a few words. While this great struggle was raging there, General Sedgwick retired to the north bank of the Rappahannock, and, laying down his bridges again opposite to Fredericksburg, on Sunday morning crossed into the town, and with one corps captured Marye's Hill by a surprise. His other corps were despatched, through Stafford, to the support of Hooker, while he retained about eighteen thousand men. General Early now confronted Marye's Hill on another line, while Sedgwick, leaving a detachment to hold him in check, marched westward to open his way to Hooker, at Chancellorsville. But the fate of that general had been already sealed. General Lee was now at liberty to send a part of his force to meet Sedgwick; so that on Monday he found himself confronted and arrested in his march by his troops, while General Early re-captured Marye's Hill, and cut off his retreat toward Fredericksburg. Nothing now remained for him save a retreat across the river at Banks's Ford,—a point between that town and Hooker's position,—which, by the aid of his artillery upon the northern bank, he effected, though not without heavy loss. The next day, his chief also made preparation to retire; and during the night of Tuesday withdrew the remainder of his army. Thus

ended the invasion, and the short career of Hooker as a commander. His cavalry, which had met with slight resistance, had penetrated as far south as the river James, which they reached fifty miles above Richmond. Thence they spread themselves downward through the country, and some detachments had the audacity to venture within ten miles of the city. They caused temporary interruptions in the Central and Fredericksburg Railroads, and the James River Canal; and then, upon hearing of Hooker's disasters, retired precipitately, having effected no other result than a villanous plundering of the peaceful inhabitants.

The short campaign of Chancellorsville was the most brilliant of all which General Lee had hitherto conducted, and stamped his fame as that of a commander of transcendent courage and ability. With forty-five thousand men he had met and defeated one hundred and twenty-five thousand, who were equipped for their onset with everything which lavish wealth, careful discipline, and deliberate preparation could provide. He had inflicted on them a total loss nearly equal to his whole army, had captured enough small arms and camp equipage to furnish forth every man in his command, and, in precisely a week, had hurled back the fragments of this multitudinous host to its starting-point baffled and broken. His line of defence was successfully turned on his right and left by an adroit movement, his communications severed, and his little army seemingly placed within the jaws of destruction. But with an impregnable equanimity he had awaited the full development of his adversary's designs;

and then, disregarding for the time those parts of his assault which his wisdom showed him were not vital, had concentrated his chief strength upon the important point, and with a towering courage which no odds could appal, had assailed his gigantic adversary on his vulnerable side with resistless fury. How much of the credit of this unexampled success is due to the assistance of General Jackson has already been indicated. But the history would be incomplete if it failed to refute the statement which has been made by some of the pretended assertors of Jackson's fame,—that the victories of Lee were due wholly to his military genius, and ceased when he fell. The reputation of Jackson does not need to be supported by these invidious follies. The Commander-in-Chief was the first to recognise, with unrivalled grace and magnanimity, his obligations to Jackson's valued assistance. But he fell in the midst of the struggle, and Lee conducted it to its close with the same skill, genius, and happy audacity, with which it was commenced. It was the glory of Virginia that, superior to the lioness, which rears but one young lion, her fruitful breasts could nourish at once the greatness of more than one heroic son.

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

THE history of Jackson now turns finally from the camp and the battle-field to the sacred quiet of the sick-room and the dying bed. The far different scenes which are to be unfolded may be appropriately introduced by a reference to the calm and thorough acquiescence of General Jackson in his sudden helplessness. So eager and determined a spirit as his might have been expected to chafe at his enforced inactivity at such a time. It might be expected that he would now be seen, like an eagle with broken pinion, beating against the bars of his cage, with a tumultuous struggle to soar again into the storm-cloud, which was his native air. Such anticipations did injustice to the Christian temper which he constantly cultivated. To the amazement of his own nearest friends, from the moment he felt the hand of Providence laid upon his efforts, in the shape of those wounds, he dismissed all the cares of command, and the heat of his soul sank into a sweet and placid calm. He who just before seemed to be pursuing victory with a devouring hunger, was now all acquiescence. He cast upon God every anxiety for his country, and seemed unconscious of the grand designs

which, the day before, were burning in his heart. When he awoke from his long and quiet slumber on the Sabbath morning, the distant sounds of a furious cannonade told his experienced ear that a great battle was again raging. But the thought did not quicken his pulse, nor draw from him a single expression of restlessness. He waited for news of the result with full faith in God, and in the valour of his army, only expressing such anxieties as an affectionate woman might feel, for the safety of his comrades in arms.

His first act, after receiving instructions, was to request Lieut. Morrison to go to Richmond, and bring Mrs. Jackson to his bedside. He then admitted his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Lacy, who had just arrived, and learned his misfortune, to his tent. As he entered, and saw the stump where the left arm had lately been, he exclaimed in distress, "Oh, General! what a calamity!" Jackson first thanked him, with his usual courtesy, for his sympathy, and then proceeded, with marked deliberation and emphasis, as though delivering his Christian testimony touching God's dealing with him, to speak in substance thus, and at a length which was unusual with his taciturn habits. "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed, not unhappy. I believe that it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange; but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day, for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied that either in this life, or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now

regarded as a calamity is a blessing. And if it appears a great calamity (as it surely will be a great inconvenience, to be deprived of my arm), it will result in a great blessing. I can wait until God, in His own time, shall make known to me the object He has in thus afflicting me. But why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing, and not look on it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it, unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father."

He then spoke, in answer to inquiries, of all the incidents of his fall, with entire freedom and quiet. After a little he added, that he thought when he fell from the litter that he should die upon the field, and gave himself up into the hands of his Heavenly Father without a fear. He declared that he was in possession of perfect peace, while thus expecting immediate death. "It has been," he said, "a precious experience to me, that I was brought face to face with death, and found all was well. I then learned an important lesson,—that one who has been the subject of converting grace, and is the child of God, can, in the midst of the severest sufferings, fix the thoughts upon God and heavenly things, and derive great comfort and peace; but that one who had never made his peace with God would be unable to control his mind under such sufferings, so as to understand properly the way of salvation, and repent and believe on Christ. I felt that if I had neglected the salvation of my soul before, it would have been too late then."

These are nearly the exact words in which this valuable witness was borne by General Jackson; for the minister,

impressed with their solemn weight, charged his memory with them, and speedily committed them to writing. It is needless to moralize upon them, in order that their lesson may be felt by every reader. The General was disposed to speak yet more upon these themes, but acquiesced in the friendly caution of his nurse and physician, and remained for a long time in perfect quiet.

About eleven o'clock A.M. Captain Douglass, his Assistant Inspector, arrived from the field with definite news of the victory, and taking his faithful nurse, Lieutenant Smith, aside, detailed such things as he thought would most interest the General. The latter went into the tent, and recited them to him, relating, among other things, the magnificent onset of the Stonewall Brigade. General Stuart had gone to them at the crisis of the battle, and pointing out to them the work which he wished them to do, had commanded them to "charge, and remember Jackson!" Whereupon they had sprung forward, and driving before them threefold numbers with irresistible enthusiasm, had decided the great day. The General listened with glistening eyes, and after a strong effort to repress his tears, said, "It was just like them to do so; just like them. They are a noble body of men." Smith replied, "They have indeed behaved splendidly; but you can easily suppose, General, that it was not without a loss of many valuable men." His anxiety was immediately aroused, and he asked quickly, "Have you heard of any one that is killed?" Said Smith, "Yes, sir; I am sorry to say they have lost their commander." He exclaimed, "Paxton! Paxton!" Smith—"Yes, sir, he has fallen."

Thereupon he turned his face to the wall, closed his eyes, and remained a long time quiet, labouring to suppress his emotion. He then, without any other expression of his own sense of bereavement, began to speak in a serious and tender strain of the genius and virtues of that officer. Smith said that Mr. Lacy had talked confidentially with General Paxton about his spiritual interests, had found him by no means the stranger that some supposed him to the religion of the heart, and believed him a regenerate man. Jackson replied, in a tone of high satisfaction, "That's good! that's good!" It may be added, in confirmation of this judgment, that the last occupation of General Paxton on the battle-field, after he had placed his regiments in position, was to employ the interval of leisure in reading his New Testament; and that as he received the order to carry them into action, he replaced the book in his pocket, and accompanied his command to move, with a brief exhortation to those around him to intrust their safety into the hand of the Almighty in the faithful performance of their duty. It was by this Christian courage that the victories of the Confederacy were won.

General Jackson now directed Lieutenant Smith to obtain materials for writing, and dictated to him a note to General Lee. In the most unpretending words, he stated that he had been disabled by his wounds, and had accordingly demitted his command to the general next him in rank, A. P. Hill. He then congratulated the Commander-in-Chief upon the great victory which God had that day vouchsafed to his arms. He received soon after the note

of General Lee, which was given above. When this was read to him, he was evidently much gratified; and after a little pause, said, "General Lee is very kind; but he should give the glory to God." At a later hour he remarked, "Our movement yesterday was a great success: I think, the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think that I had planned it all from the first; but it was not so—I simply took advantage of circumstances as they were presented to me in the providence of God. I feel that His hand led me: let us give Him all the glory." These words undoubtedly give the most exact representation of the character of his strategy. While no commander was ever more painstaking in his forecast, none was ever fuller of ready resource, or more prompt to modify his plans according to the new circumstances which emerged. And when he was once possessed of the posture of affairs, his decision was as swift as it was correct. The plan of attacking Hooker from the west was conceived and matured on the evening of Friday, almost in a moment. At that time he met General Stuart at the old Furnace in front of Chancellorsville; he gained a view thence of the comparative altitude of that place; he saw the position of the Federal batteries which Stuart was then engaging; and, at a glance, divined thence the disposition of Hooker's forces; he learned the absence of the hostile cavalry; and the friendly screen of forests which surrounded Chancellorsville was described to him. It was then that his decision was made; and after a few moments' anxious conference with General Stuart, he rode rapidly

back to seek General Lee, and to communicate his conclusion to him.

During the Sabbath, General Lee sent word to him that he regarded the Wilderness as so exposed to the insults of the Federal cavalry, that it would be prudent to remove to Guinea's Station as soon as possible. Dr. M'Guire therefore determined to attempt the journey on the morrow. The General hoped, after resting there for a day or two, to proceed to Ashland, a rural village on the same railroad, twelve miles from Richmond, and thence to his beloved Lexington. He dreaded the bustle of the capital, and sighed for the quiet of his home; where, he said, the pure mountain air would soon heal his wounds, and invigorate his exhausted body. On Monday morning he appeared so exceedingly well, that it was determined to attempt the journey. A mattress was placed in an ambulance, and he was laid upon it, with every appliance for his comfort which could be devised. Dr. M'Guire took his place within, by his side, while Lieutenant Smith rode near, and Mr. Hotchkiss, with a party of pioneers, preceded the vehicle, removing everything from the road which might cause a jostle to the sufferer. He seemed bright and cheerful during the journey, and conversed with spirit concerning military affairs and religion. The route taken led southward, by Spottsylvania Court House, and the distance to Guinea's was thus made twenty-five miles. The road was encumbered by the army teamsters, usually a rude and uncouth race, conveying supplies to the army at Chancellorsville. But when they were told that the ambulance contained the wounded General, they made

way for it with tender respect; and their frequent reply to the escort was: "I wish it was I who was wounded." At nightfall, the party reached the house of Mr. Chandler, near the railroad station, whose hospitality General Jackson had shared the previous winter, when he first came from the Valley. Here he was gladly received, and everything possible was done for his comfort; for it was a notable trait of his character, that he inspired in all the people, and especially in the purest and most Christian, that unbounded devotion, which counted every exertion made for him a precious privilege. The house of Mr. Chandler was already full of wounded officers, to whom he sent, by his attendants, most courteous and sympathizing messages. He arrived at this resting-place wearied and painful, complaining of some nausea, and pain in his bruised side; but still declared that he had made the journey with unexpected comfort, for which he should be very grateful to God. Referring to his previous advantage in the use of the remedies of Preissnitz, he earnestly entreated that wet towels should now be placed on his stomach and side. Dr. M'Guire consenting to this, the ambulance was arrested, fresh water was obtained from a spring on the roadside, and the application was made, as he declared, to his great relief. When he was removed to his bed at Mr. Chandler's he took some supper with relish, and then spent the night in quiet sleep.

During this journey, it has been remarked, General Jackson appeared full of vivacity and hope, conversing with his physician, his chaplain, and Mr. Smith on every topic of common interest. He referred again to the Stone-

wall Brigade, and to the proposal which was mooted among them, to ask formal authority from the Government to assume that name as their own, on their rolls and colours. He said with enthusiasm, "They are a noble body of patriots; when this war is ended, the survivors will be proud to say, 'I was a member of the old Stonewall Brigade.' The Government ought certainly to accede to their request, and authorize them to assume this title; for it was fairly earned." He then, with characteristic modesty, added, that "the name Stonewall ought to be attached wholly to the men of the brigade, and not to him; for it was their steadfast heroism which had earned it at first Manassas." Some one asked him of the plan of campaign which Hooker had just attempted to execute. He said, "It was, in the main, a good conception, sir; an excellent plan. But he should not have sent away his cavalry; that was his great blunder. It was that which enabled me to turn him, without his being aware of it, and to take him by his rear. Had he kept his cavalry with him, his plan would have been a very good one." It may be added, in accordance with this verdict of the highest authority, that the strategy of the Federal generals, from that of M'Dowell on the first field of Manassas, onward, was usually good enough, had it been seconded by the courage of their troops. The Federal is rarely found deficient in anything which cunning or diligence can supply; his defect is in the manhood of the soldiery.

On Monday morning General Jackson awoke refreshed, and his wounds were pronounced to be in an admirable condition. He now began to look forward to his restoration

to his command, and inquired of Dr. M'Guire how many weeks would probably elapse before he would be fit for the field. He also requested his chaplain to visit him at ten o'clock each morning for reading the Scriptures and prayer. These seasons were the occasions of much religious conversation, in which he unbosomed himself with unusual freedom and candour. He declared that his faith and hope in his Redeemer were clear. He said he was perfectly willing to die at that time; but believed that his time was not yet come; that his Heavenly Father still had a work for him to do in defence of his beloved country, and that until that was completed he should be spared. During these morning hours he delighted to enlarge on his favourite topics of practical religion, which were such as these: The Christian should carry his religion into everything. Christianity makes man better in any lawful calling; it equally makes the general a better commander, and the shoemaker a better mechanic. In the case of the cobbler or the tailor, for instance, religion will produce more care in promising work, more punctuality, and more fidelity in executing it, from conscientious motives; and these homely examples were fair illustrations of its value in more exalted functions. So prayer aids any man, in any lawful business, not only by bringing down the Divine blessing, which is its direct and prime object, but by harmonizing his own mind and heart. In the commander of an army at the critical hour, it calmed his perplexities, moderated his anxieties, steadied the scales of judgment, and thus preserved him from exaggerated and rash conclusions. Again, he urged that every act of man's life

should be a religious act. He recited with much pleasure the ideas of Doddridge, where he pictured himself as spiritualizing every act of his daily life; as thinking, when he washed himself, of the cleansing blood of Calvary; as praying, while he put on his garments, that he might be clothed with the righteousness of the saints; as endeavouring, while he was eating, to feed upon the Bread of Heaven. General Jackson now also enforced his favourite dogma, that the Bible furnished men with rules for everything. If they would search, he said, they would find a precept, an example, or a general principle, applicable to every possible emergency of duty, no matter what was a man's calling. There the military man might find guidance for every exigency. Then, turning to Lieutenant Smith, he asked him smiling, "Can you tell me where the Bible gives generals a model for their official reports of battles?" He answered, laughing, that it never entered his mind to think of looking for such a thing in the Scriptures. "Nevertheless," said the General, "there are such, and excellent models too. Look, for instance, at the narrative of Joshua's battle with the Amalekites; there you have one. It has clearness, brevity, fairness, modesty; and it traces the victory to its right source, the blessing of God."

After Monday the bright promise of his recovery began to be overcast; pain and restlessness gradually increased, and he was necessarily limited in conversation. It became necessary again to resort to his favourite remedy, the wet napkins, and to employ anodynes to soothe his nerves. Under the influence of opiates his sleep became disturbed and full of dreams. He several times inquired anxiously

about the issue of the battles. On Tuesday he was told that Hooker was entrenched north of Chancellorsville; when he said, "That is bad; very bad." Falling asleep afterwards, he aroused himself, exclaiming, "Major Pendleton, send in and see if there is higher ground back of Chancellorsville." His soul was again struggling, in his dreams, for his invaded country; and he thought of his artillery crowning some eminence, and thence pelting the intruder from his stronghold. It was also on this day that the whole line of the railroad was agitated with rumours of the approach of Stoneman's vagrant cavalry, which had attacked Ashland, and was expected to advance thence toward Fredericksburg, ravaging all the stations. General Jackson expressed the most perfect calmness in view of this danger, and said that he doubted not, if they captured him, God would cause them to treat him with kindness. The confusion prevalent along the railroad had retarded Mr. Morrison in his journey to Richmond, and now made it dangerous for Mrs. Jackson to travel by that route. On Thursday, however, she determined to delay no longer, and setting out by railroad, reached Mr. Chandler's in the forenoon.

But meantime the symptoms of General Jackson's case had become still more ominous. Wednesday brought a cold, drenching rain, with a chilling atmosphere, unhealthy for his enfeebled system. Wednesday evening, Dr. M'Guire, who had scarcely permitted himself to sleep for three or four nights, overpowered by fatigue, retired to rest. But during the night the General began to complain of an intense pain in his side, and urged his servant Jim,

who was watching with him, to apply wet towels. He complied, but the remedy failed to bring relief, and as morning approached he summoned the doctor again. The General was found with a quickened pulse, labouring respiration, and severe pain. Pneumonia was clearly developed, but not with alarming intensity; the pain and difficult breathing being more accounted for by a neuralgic *Pleurodinia*, constricting the muscles of the chest, than by actual inflammation of the lungs. The physician, therefore, resorted to the more vigorous remedies of sinapisms and cupping, but with only partial effect. The chaplain was now despatched to the army, which had returned to its old quarters near Fredericksburg, to bring the General's family physician, Dr. Morrison, now chief surgeon of Early's division. Mr. Lacy, while seeking him, called on General Lee, and told him that the General's condition was more threatening. He replied that he was confident God would not take Jackson away from him at such a time, when his country needed him so much. "Give him," he added, "my affectionate regards, and tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right arm."

Meantime Mrs. Jackson had arrived with her infant. The duties of the sick-room delayed her introduction for an hour, and they sought to prepare her feelings for the change which she must see in her husband. He had asked for a glass of lemonade, and some one proposed, as a kindly relief to her anxiety, that she should busy herself in preparing it. When Mr. Smith took it to him, he tasted,

and looking up, said quickly, "You did not mix this, it is too sweet; take it back." Disease had produced a surprising change in his temper in one respect, that he who in health was almost indifferent to the quality of his food and drink, and satisfied with the simplest, had become critical and exacting in those particulars. He was now informed that Mrs. Jackson had arrived, and expressed great delight. When she entered his room she saw him sadly changed; his features were sunken by the prostration of his energies, and were marked by two or three angry scars, where they had been torn by his horse as he rushed through the brushwood. His cheeks burned with a swarthy and almost livid flush. Yet his face beamed with joy, when, awaking from his disturbed slumber, he saw her near him. When he noted the shade of woful apprehension which passed over her face, he said tenderly, "Now, Anna, cheer up, and don't wear a long face; you know I love a bright face in a sick-room." And nobly did she obey. With a spirit as truly courageous as that of her warrior husband, she commanded her grief, and addressed herself cheerfully to the ministry of love. Many a tear was poured out over her unconscious suckling, yet she returned to his sick-room always with a serene countenance; and continued to be, until the clouds of death descended upon his vision, what he had delighted to call her in the hours of prosperity, his "Sunshine." He now added, with reference to his impaired hearing, that he wished her to speak distinctly while in his room, because he wanted to hear every word she said.

At two o'clock P.M. Dr. Morrison arrived. When he

spoke to him, the General looked up and said affectionately, "That 's an old, familiar face." His condition was now examined thoroughly, and was found so critical that it was determined to send Mr. Smith to Richmond to bring some female friend to Mrs. Jackson's assistance, and to call in the aid of Dr. Tucker of that city, whose skill in pulmonary diseases was greatly valued. But the best treatment which medical science could suggest was immediately commenced, and the symptoms of pneumonia were partially subdued. Nature, however, did not rally as this enemy receded; the vital forces were too much exhausted to be effectually revived. There remained no organic disease of sufficient force to destroy the lungs of an infant, but still his "constitutional symptoms" grew steadily more discouraging. The causes of this decline were several; the cold which he had contracted on Friday night, the fatigue and exhaustion of his long-continued abstinence, labour, and intense excitement during the march and battle; the cruel fall from the litter, and, above all, the fatal hæmorrhage. It was during the horrid confusion of that night combat in the thicket that his strength was drained away; the deceitful appearance of the succeeding days was but a partial flowing again of the tides of life, which were proved too weak to fill their accustomed channel, and so ebbed for ever. During his remaining hours, he was at times oppressed by something, which was not delirium, but the burden of a profound prostration, combined with the slumberous drugs which were given to command his pain. Whenever he was addressed by any one whom he knew, he roused himself, and

memory, reason, and consciousness were found in full exercise; but at other times he lay with closed eyes, seemingly engaged in silent prayer, or overcome by sleep, which was visited with disturbed visions; and at others again he entered into the conversation around his bed with so much intelligence and animation that his physicians checked his exertions of his failing strength. During Thursday night Dr. Morrison had occasion to arouse him from sleep to take some draught, saying, "Will you take this, General?" He looked steadily into his face and said, "Do your duty." Then, as though to signify that he intended what he said, and wished the physician to do for him precisely what his judgment dictated, he repeated, "Do your duty." His vagrant thoughts in sleep were obviously wandering back to the field of strife; at one time he was heard to say quickly, "A. P. Hill, prepare for action;" and several times, "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions for the troops."

On Friday morning Dr. Morrison suggested his fear of a fatal termination of his disease. He dissented from this expectation positively, and said, precisely in these words, "I am not afraid to die; I am willing to abide by the will of my Heavenly Father. But I do not believe that I shall die at this time; I am persuaded the Almighty has yet a work for me to perform." It was not at random that he then employed two different terms to denote God: but their use was intentional, and was a remarkable manifestation of his religion. The favourite term by which he was accustomed to speak of God in the relations of redemption to his own soul, as the attentive reader will have

noticed already, was, "My Heavenly Father." It was this dear name which he now used, when he would express his acquiescence in the Divine will concerning himself. But when, in the next breath, he spoke of the work which he expected God, as the Ruler of nations, to assign to him, he called Him "The Almighty." He also insisted that Dr. M'Guire should be called in, and the appeal be made to him. When he entered he candidly admitted that he shared his fears; but General Jackson, while perfectly willing to die, was still as sturdy as ever in declaring his expectation of life. It may be added that, even so late as Saturday night, when Dr. Morrison renewed the expression of his fears, he still dissented, saying, "I don't think so; I think I shall be better by morning."

On Friday morning Mr. Smith returned from Richmond with the additional assistance which he had gone to seek. But medical skill could suggest no means to replace the vital forces which were surely failing at the fountain of life. It was on the afternoon of this day that he asked Dr. M'Guire whether he supposed the diseased persons healed by the miraculous touch of the Saviour ever suffered again from the same malady. He continued to say that he did not believe they did; that the healing virtue of the Redeemer was too potent, and that the poor paralytic to whom He had once said, "I will; be thou healed," never shook again with palsy. He then, as though invoking the same aid, exclaimed, "Oh for infinite power!" After a season of quiet reflection, he said to Mr. Smith (who, being designed for the pulpit, had received a thorough theological training), "What were the headquarters of Christianity

after the crucifixion?" He replied that Jerusalem was at first the chief seat, but after the dispersion of the disciples thence by persecution, there was none for a time, until Antioch, Iconium, Rome, and Alexandria were finally established as centres of influence. The General interrupted him, "Why do you say 'centres of influence!' is not *Headquarters* a better term?" He then requested him to go on, and Smith, encouraged by Dr. M'Guire, proceeded to explain how the Apostles were directed, by Divine Providence seemingly, to plant their most flourishing churches, at an early period, in these great cities, which were rendered by their political, commercial, and ethnical relations "headquarters" of influence for the whole civilized world. Jackson was much interested in the explanation, and at its end said, "Mr. Smith, I wish you would get the map, and show me precisely where Iconium was." He replied that he thought there was no map at hand where that ancient city would be found. Said the General, "Yes, sir, you will find it in the Atlas which is in my old trunk." This trunk was searched, but the Atlas was not found there, and Mr. Smith suggested that it was probably left in his portable desk. He said, "Yes, you are right, I left it in my desk" (mentioning the shelf). Then, after musing for a moment, he added, "Mr. Smith, I wish you would examine into that matter, *and report to me.*" His meaning was, that he should refresh his knowledge of this interesting feature of the history of the infant Church, by reference to books, and thus prepare himself to unfold it more fully to him.

On Saturday morning, while he was suffering cruelly

from fever and restlessness, and tossing about upon his bed, Mrs. Jackson proposed to read him some psalms from the Old Testament, hoping their sublime consolations would soothe his pains. He at first replied that he was suffering too much to attend, but soon after added, "Yes, we must never refuse that; get the Bible, and read them." In the afternoon he requested that he might see his chaplain. He was then so ill, and his respiration so difficult, that it was thought all conversation would be injurious, and they attempted to dissuade him. But he continued to ask so repeatedly and eagerly, that it was judged better to yield. When Mr. Lacy entered, he inquired whether he was endeavouring to further those views of Sabbath observance of which he had spoken to him. On his assuring him that he was, he entered at some length into conversation with him upon that subject. Thus, his last care and labour for the Church of God was an effort to secure the sanctification of His holy day. As the evening wore away, his sufferings increased, and he requested Mrs. Jackson to sing some psalms, with the assistance of all his friends around his bed, selecting the most spiritual pieces they could. She, with her brother, then sung several of his favourite pieces, concluding, at his request, with the 51st Psalm—

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,"—

sung to the "Old Hundredth." The night was spent by him in feverish tossings, and without quiet sleep. During all its weary hours the attendants sat by his side, sponging his brow with cool water, the only palliative of

his pain which seemed to avail. Whenever they paused, he looked up, and by some gesture or sign, begged them to continue.

Thus the morning of Sabbath, the 10th of May, was ushered in, a holy day which he was destined to begin on earth, and to end in heaven. He had often said that he desired to die upon the Sabbath; and this wish was now about to be fulfilled. His end was evidently so near that Dr. Morrison felt it was due to Mrs. Jackson to inform her plainly of his condition. She remembered that he had often said, when speaking of death, that although he was willing to die at any time, if it was the will of God, he should greatly desire to have a few hours' notice of the approach of his last struggle. She therefore declared that he must be distinctly informed of his nearness to death; and agonizing as was the task, she would herself assume the duty of breaking the solemn news to him. He was now lying quiet, and apparently oppressed by the incubus of his deep prostration. She went to his bedside and aroused him, when he immediately recognised her, although he did not appear at first to apprehend distinctly the tenor of her announcement. The progress of the disease had now nearly robbed him of the power of speech. She repeated several times, "Do you know, the doctors say you must very soon be in heaven? Do you not feel willing to acquiesce in God's allotment, if He wills you to go to-day?" He looked her full in the face, and said, with difficulty, "I prefer it." Then, as though fearing that the intelligence of his answer might not be fully appreciated, he said again, "I *prefer it.*" She said, "Well, be-

fore this day closes, you will be with the blessed Saviour in His glory." He replied with great distinctness and deliberation: "I will be an infinite gainer to be translated.'

He had before requested that the chaplain should preach, as usual, at his headquarters, but he now seemed to be oblivious of the fact. When Colonel Pendleton, his adjutant, entered the room, he greeted him with his unfailing courtesy; and then asked, who was preaching at headquarters. When he was told that the chaplain was gone to do it, he expressed much satisfaction. Mrs. Jackson now determined to employ the fleeting moments to learn his last wishes; first asking for one final assurance more, that his Saviour was present with him in his extremity. To this he only answered with a distinct "Yes." His wife asked him whether it was his will that she and his daughter should reside with her father, Dr. Morrison. He answered, "Yes, you have a kind and good father; but no one is so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." She then inquired where he preferred that his body should be buried. To this he made no reply. When she suggested Lexington, he assented, saying, "Yes, in Lexington;" but his tone expressed rather acquiescence than lively interest. His infant was now brought to receive his last embrace; and as soon as she appeared in the doorway, which he was watching with his eyes, his face was lit up with a beaming smile, and he motioned her toward him, saying fondly, "Little darling!" She was seated on the bed by his side, and he embraced her, and endeavoured to caress her with his poor lacerated hand—

while she smiled upon him with infantile delight. Thus he continued to toy with her, until the near approach of death unnerved his arm, and unconsciousness settled down upon him.

In his restless sleep he seemed attempting to speak; and at length said audibly, "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." These were the last words he uttered. Was his soul wandering back in dreams to the river of his beloved valley, the Shenandoah (the "river of sparkling waters"), whose verdant meads and groves he had redeemed from the invader, and across whose floods he had so often won his passage through the toils of battle? Or was he reaching forward across the river of Death to the golden streets of the Celestial City, and the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? It was to these that God was bringing him; through his last battle and victory; and under their shade he walks with the blessed company of the redeemed.

His attendants, now believing that consciousness had finally departed, ceased to restrain his wife; and she was permitted to abandon herself to all the desolation of her grief. But they were mistaken. Bowing down over him, her eyes raining tears upon his dying face, and covering it with kisses, she cried, "Oh, doctor, cannot you do something more?" That voice had power to recall him once more, for a moment, from the very threshold of heaven's gate; he opened his eyes fully, and gazing upward at her face, with a long look of full intelligence and love, closed them again for ever. His breath then, after a few more

inspirations, ceased, and his labouring breast was stilled. And thus died the hero of so many battles, who had so often confronted death when clothed with his gloomiest terrors; with his last earthly look fixed upon the face which was dearer to him than all else, except that Saviour, whom he was next to behold in glory.

While he was thus passing down beneath the shadow of the portals of death, two different scenes were enacting connected with his fate, contrasted in their actors and accessories as widely as the extremes of earth will admit. But it is not easy to decide which paid the most touching tribute to the dying warrior. Mrs. Chandler, the hostess to whose affectionate hospitality the General was now indebted for a shelter, had a daughter of five years old, whose heart he had won, as he stole the hearts of all the ingenuous, during his short visit of the previous winter. This winning child had noticed the tears which moistened her mother's cheeks, as she was engaged about her household duties; and for a long time had followed her about the house with a restless and wistful countenance. At length she ventured to ask, "Mamma, will General Jackson die?" She was told that the doctors said they could not save him, and he was going to die. Fixing her large solemn eyes upon her mother's face with a look of intense earnestness, she replied, "Oh, I wish God would let me die for him, for if I did, you would cry for me; but if he dies, all the people in the country will cry."

The cotemporaneous scene was at the quarters of the staff of General Jackson's corps, where a vast congregation, of nearly two thousand men, with the Commander-in-

Chief, and a brilliant assemblage of generals, was collected for public worship. When General Lee saw the chaplain approaching, he met him, and anxiously inquired after the sufferer's condition. He was told that it was nearly, or quite hopeless; when, with great feeling, he said, "Surely General Jackson must recover. God will not take him from us, now that we need him so much. Surely he will be spared to us, in answer to the many prayers which are offered for him." He afterwards added, "When you return, I trust you will find him better. When a suitable occasion offers, give him my love, and tell him that I wrestled in prayer for him last night, as I never prayed, I believe, for myself." With these words he hastily turned away, to hide his uncontrollable emotion. This message has not yet been delivered. After public worship, in which the whole multitude was melted into grief while joining in the prayers for his recovery, Mr. Lacy returned, only to find him gone. He had expired about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The dying scene has now been exactly related, without attempt at any dramatic embellishment; for it is believed that this faithful and homely narrative will be more impressive to every rightly constituted mind than any effort of literary art. Nor will any reflections be added upon the lessons of such a death to the hearts of the readers; but each one will be left, in the silence of his own soul, to draw them for himself. They are too plain and solemn to need repetition.

Colonel Pendleton immediately informed General Lee, and the Governor of the Commonwealth, of the departure

of Jackson's soul; and by the latter it was communicated to the Confederate Government. In a few hours the electric telegraph had conveyed the news to all the Confederate States; and to every heart it came as a chilling shock. All over the land, hundreds of miles away from the regions which he had illustrated by his prowess, the people who had never seen his face grieved for him as men grieve for their nearest kindred. Other countries and ages may have witnessed such a national sorrow; but the men of this generation never saw so profound and universal grief as that which throbbed in the heart of the Confederate people at the death of Jackson. Women, who had never known him save by the fame of his virtues and exploits, wept for him as passionately as for a brother. The faces of the men were black with dismay as they heard that the tower of their strength was fallen. All felt what many mouths expressed, that no language could declare their sense of bereavement so well as the requiem of David for his princely friend Jonathan: "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" Men said that had never admitted among their fears of possible calamity the apprehension that Jackson could fall in battle; for he had passed unscathed through so many perils, that he seemed to them to wear a charmed life. He was to his fellow-citizens the man of destiny, the anointed of God to bring

in deliverance for his oppressed Church and country. They had seen his form leading the van of victory, with such trust as the ancient Hebrews reposed in their kings and judges, when they went forth to turn to flight the armies of the aliens, anointed with holy oil, and guided to sure triumph by the oracles of Urim and Thummim and inspired seers. Even those who did not pray themselves, believed with a perfect assurance that his prayers found certain access to the heavens, and that the cause for which he interceded was secure under the shield of Omnipotence. The people of God, with a more intelligent and scriptural trust, gloried in his sanctity and Christian zeal, as a signal proof that the cause of their country was the cause of righteousness, in his pious example as a precious influence for good upon their sons who followed his banners, and in the homage done to Christ and His gospel by his devotion. His soldiers trusted in his prestige with a perfect faith; for they had seen Fortune perch so regularly upon his flag, that the fickleness of her nature seemed to be changed for him into constancy. Jackson's corps, when fighting under his eye, always assailed the enemy with the certain expectation that victory, and nothing but victory, was to be the issue. His Commander-in Chief, who best knew the value of his sleepless vigilance, his industry, his wisdom in council, and his vigour in action, appreciated his loss most fully of all. Men were everywhere speculating with solemn anxiety upon the meaning of his death. They asked themselves: Has God "taken the good man away from the evil to come?" Has He adjudged us as unworthy, because of our ingratitude and disobedience, of

such a deliverer; and after proving us for a time, by lending a Jackson to our cause, has He now withdrawn the gift in judicial displeasure? Or does he only mean to render the example of his military and Christian virtues more shining and instructive by his translation, and thus, while He teaches us to trust more exclusively in Himself, raise up, after this model, a company of Jacksons to defend their country? While some answered these questions in both ways, according to their temperaments, the greater number wisely left them to be solved by God Himself, in the evolution of His providence. In one conclusion all agreed, that the imitation of Jackson's example by his countrymen would make his people invincible, and their final triumph absolutely certain, and that this was the practical lesson set forth by God in his life and death.

General Jackson's remains were shrouded by his staff, Sunday evening, in his military garments, and deposited in an open coffin of wood, which was procured near by. His coat had been almost torn to pieces by his friends, in their eagerness to reach and bind up his wounds, the night he fell; and it was now replaced by the civilian's coat, which he sometimes wore in his hours of relaxation. But his military overcoat covered and concealed this exception. The Congress of the Confederate States had a short time before adopted a design for their flag, and a large and elegant model had just been completed, the first ever made, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. This flag the President now sent, as the gift of the country, to be the winding-sheet of the corpse. The Governor of Virginia, assuming the care of the funeral,

sent up a metallic coffin, with a company of embalmers, on Sunday night, together with a deputation of eminent civilians and military men, to escort the remains to Richmond. During that night they were finally prepared for the tomb, and on Monday morning, May 11th, were conveyed to the Capitol by a special train, attended by the General's staff, his widow and her female friends, and the Governor's Committee. When they approached the suburb through which the Fredericksburg Railroad enters the city, the gathering throng warned them to pause and seek a more quiet approach for the afflicted ladies. The train was therefore arrested, and the wife of the Governor, receiving Mrs. Jackson and her attendants into her carriages, drove rapidly and by circuitous and less frequented streets to his mansion on the Capitol Square. The cars then slowly advanced into the city, through an avenue which, for two miles, was thronged with myriads of men and women. Business had been suspended, and the whole city, as one man, was come forth to meet the mighty dead. Amidst a solemn silence, only broken by the boom of the minute guns and the wails of a military dirge, the coffin was borne into the Governor's gates, and hidden for the time from the eyes of the multitude, of which the major part were wet with tears.

For the next day, a great civic and military pomp was devised, which was thus described in a contemporary publication :—" At the hour appointed, the coffin was borne to the hearse, a signal gun was fired from near the Washington Monument, and the procession began to move to the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul. The hearse

was preceded by two regiments of General Pickett's division, with arms reversed, that General and his staff, the Fayette artillery, and Wren's company of cavalry. Behind came the horse of the dead soldier, caparisoned for battle, and led by a groom; his staff officers, members of the Stonewall Brigade, invalids and wounded; and then a vast array of officials, headed by the President of the Confederate States, and members of his Cabinet, followed by all the general officers in Richmond; after whom came a mighty throng of civic dignitaries and citizens. The procession moved through the main streets of the city, and then returned to the Capitol. Every place of business was closed, and every avenue thronged with solemn and tearful spectators, while a silence more impressive than that of of the Sabbath brooded over the whole town. When the hearse reached the steps of the Capitol, the pall-bearers, headed by General Longstreet, the great comrade of the departed, bore the corpse into the hall of the lower house of the Congress, where it was placed upon a species of altar, draped with snowy white, before the speaker's chair. The coffin was still enfolded with the white, blue, and red of the Confederate flag."

There the head was uncovered, and the people were permitted, during the remainder of the day, to enter and view the features of the dead for the last time. The face was found to be in perfect repose; the livid flush of fever had passed away; the broad and lofty forehead was now smooth and snow white, the cheeks thin, and bronzed by sun and breeze, the expressive mouth firmly closed; while an expression of shining calm shed a species of ghostly

radiance over the countenance. During the whole afternoon the people streamed through the room,—ladies, legislators, old men, children, rugged soldiers, in a mingled silent throng, looked a moment on the dead face, and passed out another way; until twenty thousand persons had paid this last tribute of affection. The women brought some exotic or sweet flower to lay upon the coffin; and these offerings became so numerous, that they loaded the whole bier, and the table on which it rested, and rose to a great heap. Before the pious interest of the people could be satisfied, the hour had arrived for closing the doors, and the officials warned the throng of people to retire. Just then a mutilated veteran from Jackson's old division was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd, to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader. They told him that he was too late, that they were already closing up the coffin for the last time, and that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled forward, refusing to take a denial, until one of the marshals of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back. Upon this, the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, "By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my General once more." Such an appeal as this was irresistible; and, at the instance of the Governor of the Commonwealth, the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader. And this was the last, and surely not the least, glorious tribute which was offered to him before his

remains were finally sealed up for the tomb. The Government shrouded Jackson in their battle-flag; but the people shrouded him in May-flowers. The former contributed to the funereal pomp the outward circumstances of grandeur, the procession, the drooping banners, the dirge, and the gloomy thunders of the burial-salute; but the true tribute paid to the memory of Jackson was that given by the unprompted homage of the people. No ceremonial could be so honourable to him as the tears which were dropped around his corpse by almost every eye, and the order and solemn quiet in which the vast crowds assembled and dispersed. No such homage was ever paid to an American.

On Wednesday, the coffin, followed now by the widow and the General's Staff, was carried by way of Gordonsville to Lynchburg. At every station the people, with a similar spirit, were assembled in crowds, with offerings of flowers. At Lynchburg the scenes of Richmond were repeated; and the remains were placed upon a barge in the canal, to be conveyed in that way to Lexington. They reached the village on Thursday evening, and were borne by the cadets to the Military Institute, where they were laid in the Lecture Room, which Jackson had occupied as Professor, and guarded during the night by his former pupils. Friday, the 15th of May, they were finally brought forth to the church where he had so much delighted to worship, and committed to his venerable and weeping pastor, Dr. White. This good man then celebrated the last rites before a great multitude of weeping worshippers, with an unpretending simplicity and tender-

ness, far more appropriate to the memory of Jackson than the pomp of rhetoric. Thence they bore the coffin, followed by the whole population of the vicinage, to the village burying-ground, and committed it to the earth. His grave was marked by nothing but a green mound, and the fresh garlands which the love of the people, unbidden, had never forgotten to renew. The cemetery covers the smooth crest of a hill, which swells up at the western entrance of the village, and commands a full view of all the smiling landscape, and of the grand ramparts of mountains in which it is encircled. It is a fit resting-place for the body of the modest hero; amidst the village fathers, whose virtues had blessed their happy Christian homes with the peaceful sounds of domestic life and of the Sabbath worship near by, whose sanctities Jackson died to protect from the polluting invader. At the distance of a few steps rest the remains of his lamented comrade, General Paxton, and of his cousin, Alfred Jackson, who gave his life for the liberties of his native soil, which had exiled him for his patriotism. There is no mark to distinguish the grave of Jackson, the humblest in all that simple resting-place; but the stranger needs none to guide him to it. Multitudes of feet, in their pilgrimage to it, have worn a path which cannot be mistaken; and no Confederate ever passes the spot without turning aside to seek a new lesson of patriotism and fortitude from the suggestions of the scene.

The Stonewall Brigade, while expressing their sense of their bereavement, asked permission to assume the task of building his tomb. An association of gentlemen also

began to raise funds to erect, at the Capitol, a grand monument to his memory. The continuance of the war has for the present prevented the completion of both these designs. It would be tedious to recite all the formal expressions of sorrow made by the military, legislative, and judicial bodies of the country. Only the General Order of Lee, announcing his death to the army, will be appended, as giving utterance in the most happy and dignified terms, to the universal grief.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
May 11, 1863.

General Orders, No. 61.

With deep grief, the commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst., at quarter past Three P.M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an All-Wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage, and unshaken confidence in God, as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country. R. E. LEE, *General.*

The narrative of General Jackson's career is now closed. The full description given of his person, character, and capacity at a former part of this work, makes it unnecessary to enter at length into a discussion of his merits as a commander here. Every reader will draw his own conclusions for himself, from the facts which have been faithfully related above. But a few observations remain to be made, without which the historical portraiture of Jackson would be incorrect. It is to be remarked that,

while he rose very rapidly, in the first two years of this war, to the foremost place as a great soldier, none of his comrades have yet displaced him from his eminence. His reputation is manifestly no "nine days' wonder," but one which is destined to endure, and to leave his name among the great of all ages. Few or none of those who inhabit with him the temple of Fame won their way to it by a career so short. All of the events by which his glory was earned are comprised within two years' time. As a strategist, the first Napoleon was undoubtedly his model. He had studied his campaigns diligently, and he was accustomed to remark with enthusiasm upon the evidences of his genius. He said that he was the first to show what an army could be made to accomplish, and to replace the old technical art of war with the conceptions of true science. Napoleon had shown what was the value of time as an element of strategic combinations, and had evinced that good troops, if well cared for, could be made to march twenty-five miles daily, and win battles besides. And this war should show that Confederate soldiers could do as much.

Few generals have waged war with such unvarying success as General Jackson. It has been truly remarked of him, that he was never routed in battle; that he was never successfully surprised by his enemies; that he never had a train, or any organized portion of his army, captured by them; and that he never made entrenchments. His success did not come by chance. While no commander recognised so devoutly and habitually the direction of Divine Providence, none was ever more unwearied

in providing the conditions of success. It was his rule that his chief Quartermaster and chief Commissary should see him every morning at ten o'clock, unless sent for at other hours, and report fully the condition of their departments. Twenty-four hours never passed without interviews with both of them; and he knew the exact state of all his supplies and trains at all times. He was exceedingly jealous for the comfort of his men, so far as this was compatible with celerity of movement. Many instances might be cited of his care about their rations. When preparing for his march to Romney in the winter of 1862, he directed the chief Commissary to carry along rations of rice for the army, in addition to the other supplies. That officer remarked that rice was not much favoured by the men as an article of food, and that they seldom drew it when in quarters. The General replied that, nevertheless, they might desire it when on the march, and he did not wish them to be deprived of any part of their appointed supplies. Several hogsheads of rice were accordingly carried along, and brought back untouched. So, his care of his wounded was great, and no commander kept his medical department more efficiently organized than he.

General Jackson's personal demeanour toward his soldiers was reserved, but courteous. It was impossible for any to assume an improper familiarity towards him; and no one could be further than he from all the arts of the demagogue. He never did anything for dramatic effect or for popularity, and never practised any of those means for inspiring enthusiasm, in which Napoleon was such an

adept. The only manifestation which he ever made of himself to his command was in the simple single-minded performance of his duty. He never was known to show himself, of set purpose, to his troops, never made them speeches, and whenever they cheered him, escaped as quickly as possible. But his politeness to the men was unfailing, and carried its own evidence of sincerity. For instance, he was one day riding where scores of soldiers off duty were passing, and whenever one of these touched his hat to him he did not fail to return the same salutation. After thus noticing perhaps a hundred of them, one more deferential than the rest lifted his hat from his head, when the General also, instead of touching his hat again, removed his wholly, and returned the soldier's bow.

His ideas of discipline and subordination were strict, and he was exacting of his subordinates, in proportion as their rank approximated his own. It was his maxim that he who would govern others, must himself set the example of punctilious obedience. Hence, to his colonels he was a stricter master than to his private soldiers; and to his generals more exacting than to his colonels. If he found in an officer a hearty and zealous purpose to do all his duty, with a willing and self-sacrificing courage and devotion, he was to him the most tolerant and gracious of superiors, overlooking blunders and mistakes with unbounded patience, and repairing them by his own exertions, without even a sign of vexation. But if he believed that his subordinates were self-indulgent or contumacious, he became a stern and exacting master, seeming even to

watch for an opportunity to visit their shortcomings upon them. It must in candour be added, that by this temper he was sometimes misled into prejudice; and during his career a causeless friction was produced in the working of his government over several gallant and meritorious officers who served under him. This was almost the sole fault of his military character; that by this jealousy of intentional inefficiency he diminished the sympathy between himself and the general officers next his person, by whom his orders were to be executed. Had he been able to exercise the same energetic authority, through the medium of a zealous personal affection, he would have been a more perfect leader of armies. But where he had committed unconscious injustice, he was ever ready to amend it, and to correct his estimate of his officers' merits; and nothing was so sure to melt away the last particle of his prejudice as an act of courage and vigour upon the field of battle. The utter absence of the Puritanical turn of mind in him, was strongly displayed in the liberal spirit with which he disregarded his own personal tastes, and even his own moral and religious appetencies, in promoting every man who displayed the elements of efficiency, notwithstanding his private repugnance to his personal character. The man's manners, tastes, religious condition, might all be utterly repulsive to General Jackson's private preferences, but if he saw in him ability to serve the cause, he employed him. Yet all appearance of indifference to error or vice, or of a Sadducean temper, was removed effectually by the care with which he rebuked and suppressed every impropriety in his own presence.

That devotion to duty which he exacted of others he practised with most exemplary fidelity himself. Never was there a man who lived more "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye," consecrating every hour and every energy to his country, with an utter disdain of ease and self. From the day he left his home, in April 1861, to that when he was brought back to it amidst the tears and benedictions of his people, he never had a furlough, was never off duty for a day, whether sick or well, never visited his family, and never even slept one night outside the lines of his own command.

His personal courage was of the truest temper. When the history of his early infirmities is recalled, it will appear very unlikely that he was by nature endowed with that hardihood of animal nerve which makes the courage of the pugilist and gladiator. This surmise will appear more probable, when the strange confession is related which he made to his medical director, Dr. M'Guire. His care for his wounded and sick has been stated, yet he rarely visited the hospital in person. He excused himself by saying that he would often do so, but that when he was in cold blood the sight of wounds and all their disgusting accessories was insupportable to his nerves! It was not unusual to see him pale and tremulous with excitement at the firing of the first gun of an opening battle. But the only true courage is moral courage; and this was so perfect in him, that it had absolutely changed his corporeal nature. No man could exhibit a more calm indifference to personal danger, and more perfect self-possession and equanimity in the greatest perils. The determination of his spirit so

controlled his body, that his very flesh became impassive; the nearest hissing of bullets seemed to produce no quiver of the nerves; and when cannon-balls hurtled across his path, there was no involuntary shrinking of the bridle-hand. The power of concentration was of unrivalled force in his mind; and when occupied in profound thought, or inspired with some great purpose, he seemed to become almost unconscious of external things. This was the true explanation of that seeming recklessness with which he sometimes exposed himself on the field of battle. The populace, who love exaggerations, called him fatalist, and imagined that, like a Mohammedan, he thought natural precautions inconsistent with his firm belief in an over-ruling Providence. But nothing could be more untrue. He always recognised the obligations of prudence, and declared that it was not his purpose to expose himself without necessity.

But this perfect courage does not wholly explain the position which he held in the hearts of his people. In this land of heroic memories and brave men, others besides Jackson have displayed true courage. He was not endowed with several of those native gifts which are supposed to allure the idolatry of mankind towards their heroes. He affected no kingly mien, nor martial pomp; but always bore himself with the modest propriety of the Christian. His port on the battle-field was usually rather suggestive of the zeal and industry of the faithful servant than of the contagious exaltation of the master-spirit. His was a master-spirit; but it was too simply grand to study dramatic sensations. It impressed its might upon

the souls of his countrymen, not through deportment but through deeds. Its discourses were toilsome marches and stubborn battles; its perorations were the thunder-claps of defeat hurled upon the enemies of his country. It revealed itself only through the purity and force of his action; and thence, in part, the intensity of the impression.

This helps to explain the enigma of his reputation. How is it that this man, of all others least accustomed to exercise his own fancy, or address that of others, has stimulated the imagination not only of his own countrymen but of the civilized world above all the sons of genius among us? How has he, the most unromantic of great men, become the hero of a living romance, the ideal of an inflamed fancy, even before his life has been invested with the mystery of distance? How did that calm eye kindle the fire of so passionate a love and admiration in the heart of his people? He was brave; but not the only brave. He revealed transcendent military talent; but the diadem of his country glowed with a galaxy of such talent. He was successful; but it had more than one captain whose banner never stooped before an enemy. The solution is chiefly to be found in the singleness, purity, and elevation of his aims. Every one who observed him was as thoroughly convinced of his unselfish devotion to duty as of his courage; it was no more evident that his was a soul of perfect courage, than that no thought of personal advancement, of ambition or applause, ever for one instant divided the homage of his heart with his great cause; and that "all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his

God's, and truth's." The corrupt men, whose own patriotism was merely the mask of ambition or greedy avarice, and who had been accustomed to mock at disinterested virtue in their secret hearts as an empty dream, when they saw the life of Jackson, had as heartfelt a conviction of his ingenuous devotion as the noblest spirits who delighted to form their souls by the mirror of his example. In the presence of his sincerity the basest were as thoroughly silenced and convinced as the good. The confidence of his countrymen was, therefore, the testimony of the common conscience to the beauty of holiness. It recognised the truth, that the strength of Jackson was in his exalted integrity of soul. It was the confession of our natures, that the virtue of the Sacred Scriptures is true greatness; grander than knowledge, talent, courage, philosophy, or success.

May it not be concluded, then, that this was God's chief lesson in this life and death! He would teach the beauty and power of true Christianity as an element of national life. Therefore He took an exemplar of Christian sincerity, as near perfection as the infirmities of nature would permit, and formed and trained it in an honourable retirement. He set it in the furnace of trial, at an hour when great events and dangers had awakened the popular heart to most intense action; He illustrated it with that species of distinction which, above all others, fires the popular enthusiasm, military glory; and held it up to the admiring inspection of a country grateful for the deliverances it had wrought. Thus God teaches how good, how strong a thing, His fear is. He makes all men see and acknow-

ledge, that in this man Christianity was the source of those virtues which they so rapturously applauded; that it was the fear of God which made him so fearless of all else; that it was the love of God which animated his energies; that it was the singleness of his aims which caused his whole body to be full of light, so that the unerring decisions of his judgment suggested to the unthinking the belief of his actual inspiration; that the lofty chivalry of his nature was but the reflex of the spirit of Christ. Even the profane admit, in their hearts, this explanation of his power, and are prompt to declare that it was Jackson's religion which made him what he was. His life is God's lesson, teaching that "it is righteousness that exalteth a nation."

His fall in the midst of the great struggle for the existence of his country, and in the morning of his usefulness and fame, has appeared to his people a fearful mystery. But if his own interests be regarded, it will appear a time well chosen for God to call him to his rest; when his powers were in their undimmed prime, and his glory at its zenith; when his greatest victory had just been won; and the last sounds which reached him from the outer world were the thanksgivings and blessings of a nation in raptures with his achievements, in tears for his fall.

This tribute to his memory will now be closed with a record of the names of the zealous and faithful men who, at the time of his death, composed his staff. In their selection he had displayed a certain independence, or what many deemed a singularity of judgment. Not many of them were men of military education; for he was of all

men least restricted by professional trammels. But their efficiency was the best justification of his judgment. His Adjutant and Chief of Staff, at the time of his fall, was the Hon. Charles James Faulkner, lately Minister of the United States to France, who succeeded General Paxton in this office, when the latter took command of the Stonewall Brigade. At the battle of Chancellorsville, Colonel Faulkner was absent on sick leave. The Assistant Adjutant was Lieutenant Colonel Alex. S. Pendleton, a zealous and spirited officer, who, after rising to the highest distinction, gave his life to his country in the disastrous campaign of September 1864 in the Valley. The Chief Quartermaster was Major John Harman, and the Chief Commissary, Major Wm. Hawks. The Medical Director was Dr. Hunter M'Guire. These four served under Jackson during his whole career. The Chief of Artillery was Colonel S. Crutchfield, who was wounded at Chancellorsville a few moments after his General. The Chief of Engineers was Captain Boswell, who fell by the same fatal volley which cost Jackson his life. He was assisted by Mr. J. Hotchkiss, as Topographical Engineer; an accomplished draughtsman, whose useful labours are still continued. Captain Wilbourne conducted the signal service. Colonel Allan managed, with unrivalled efficiency, the ordnance of the corps. Lieutenants Smith and Morrison were Aides-de-Camp and personal attendants to the General. The Inspectors of the corps were Colonel A. Smead and Captain H. Douglass. These gentlemen formed a military family of the happiest character, and all, excepting those of the supply departments, messed

together. While their mess table was simple as that of the privates of the army; and the General forbade that any luxuries should be habitually introduced, which were excluded from the soldiers' rations; refinement, courtesy, and purity presided over all their intercourse. Nothing was ever heard in that circle which could raise a blush on the cheek of woman, or provoke a frown from the sacred ministers of religion. It is no detraction from the merit of the gallant men who composed it, to say that this propriety was, in part, the result of the elevated example of the General.

THE END.

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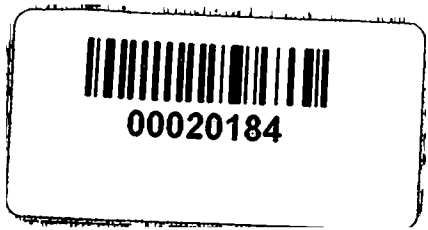
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